

November

15 Cent

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Lacks Op. & D.

NOVEMBER
1936
\$0.15

FLORIDA

The Land of Enchantment

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FOR
DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
AND

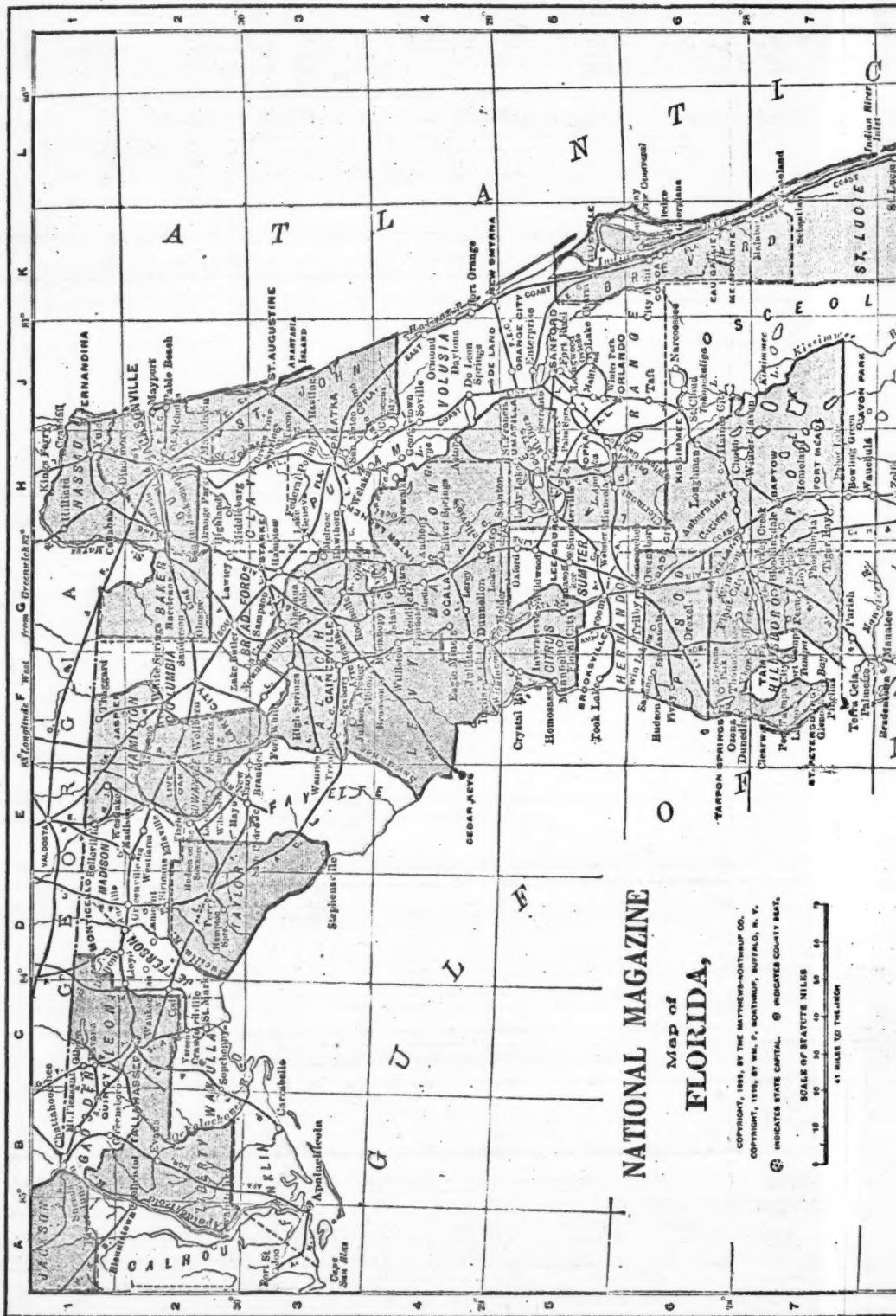


NOVEMBER

PIES — CAKES — PUDDING
PASTRY — ROLLS — BISCUITS — BREAD

COPYRIGHT 1906 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

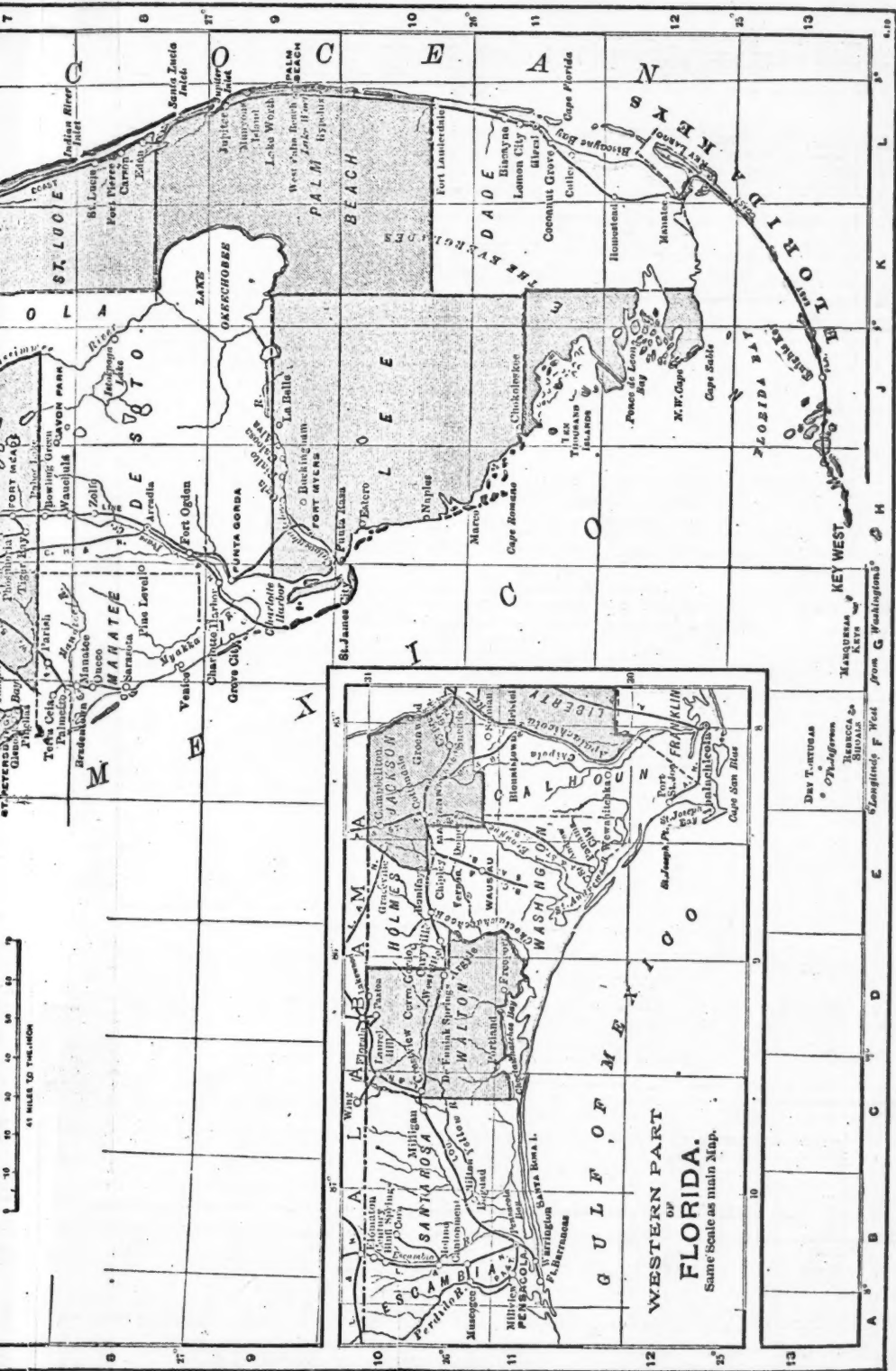


NATIONAL MAGAZINE Map of FLORIDA,

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE MATTHEWS-NORTHROP CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. P. NORTHROP, BUFFALO, N. Y.

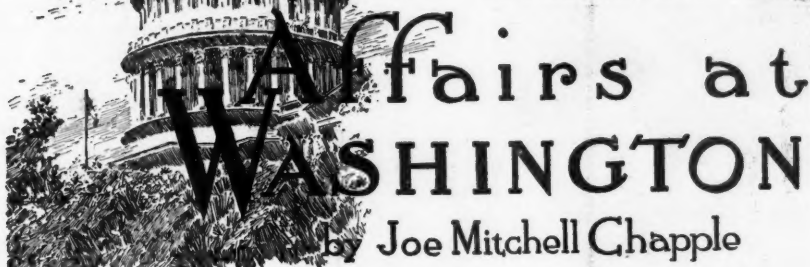
⊙ INDICATES STATE CAPITAL. ⊗ INDICATES COUNTY SEAT.

SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
0 10 20 30 40
41 MILES TO THE INCH



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1910



NOVEMBER awakens anticipation all over the country of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation which, prelude to the great national feast of the year, is the executive act which marks the opening of the season in Washington. After the Proclamation has been duly digested, together with the Thanksgiving dinner, men await with interest the Tuesday after the first Monday in December. The smoke of the fall primaries and elections has swept away, and the members returning can tell just "how it happened." Those who are defeated are compelled to take up the reins rather listlessly while they finish up the fag ends of their administration, preparatory to the entrance of their successors, who take office on the fourth of March.

One of the most interesting studies in all history is found in following the trend of the various state, congressional and presidential elections in the country. The radical changes of sentiment and the swing of the pendulum from the conservative days of prosperity to the days that cluster about the "hard-time" periods and panics are of intense and abiding interest to the student of sociology as well as of history. Despite the bitterness of factional cam-

paigns, there is always an air of good fellowship in the opening days of Congress which shows that however much men may disagree as to party or policies, there is a "how-de-do" spirit at the reassembling of Congress that places the political hatchet for the moment, at least, securely in the belt, if not under the sod.

* * *

TO a little group gathered about the fireplace—for the fall winds grow cold near nightfall—ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue John Yerkes told a new story of the Civil War. It occurred in Kentucky—everything that he tells, by the way, happens in the Blue Grass State; it must be so in order to have the proper environment and the advantage of the inimitable dialect of which Mr. Yerkes is master.

Danville, Kentucky, recruited levies for both the Union and Confederate causes, and after the war was over, the veterans of both sides used to sit in the glow of the corner grocery store fire and rehearse tales of the great conflict. Night after night, they would convene here to expatiate on the dreadful battle-scenes of which they were eye-witnesses. The adventures were aglow with romance, and

many a hearty laugh rang out over scenes that were just a bit exaggerated as to the carnage, or slightly modified in the retelling.

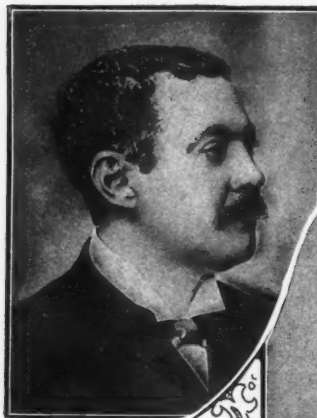
There was one man who always remained silent, and had an annoying way of seeming bored when they launched into their best yarns. Finally, they could stand the pressure no longer; they asked him

warrin'. I warn't in many battles myself, but I want to tell yuh I was out in a tent on a mountain down there, and there come along one of the goldarndest rainstorms I ever heerd tell of! And that *was* a rainstorm, too!" His eyes kindled as he burst into the most hilarious laughter; his sides shook and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

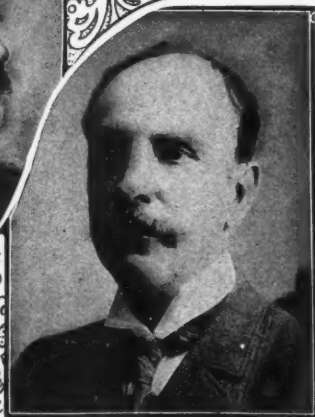
But the veterans were speechless with indignation when they reflected that the most thrilling stories they could recount had failed to bring a smile or word from this Mexican "coffee-cooler," who became almost hysterical at the recollection of experiencing the "goldarndest rainstorm he ever heerd tell of" in a tent down in Mexico.

* * *

THE election of a successor to President Obeldia of Panama has occasioned quite a stir on the Isthmus. It was thought at the outset that acting President Mendoza might be chosen; he, however, has been decidedly unfriendly to American interests, though he feels that the Americans are unfriendly to him because of his color. It is reported that he sent for Colonel



DR. CARLOS ANTONIO
MENDOZA
President of Panama



DR. RICARDO JIMENEZ
President of Costa Rica

why it was that he had nothing to say. "Warn't yuh in the war?" they demanded.

"Yessir," he nodded sagely, "I was."

"What war?"

"Mexican."

"Good!" the crowd exclaimed in chorus.

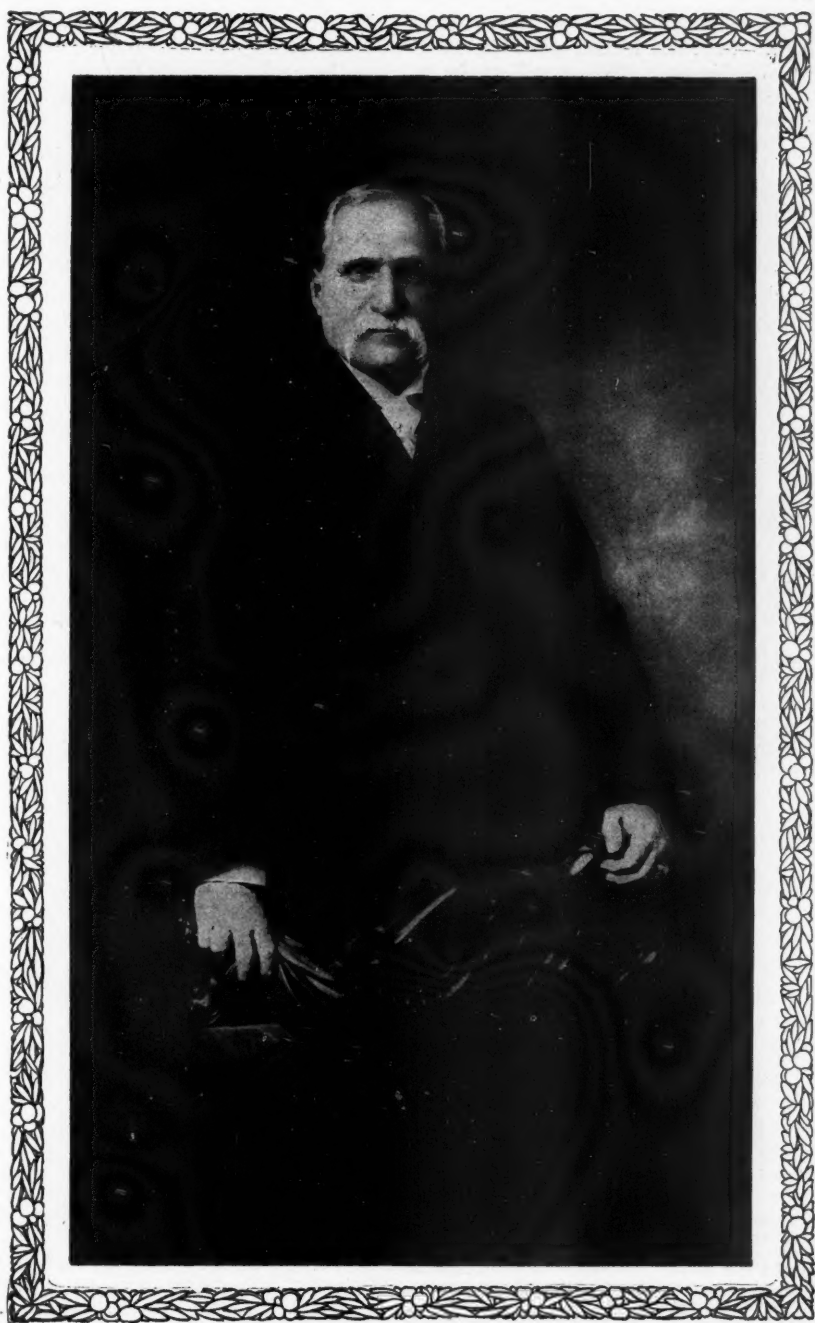
"Now we'll have something new—a regular rousing story."

John puckered his mouth, shifted his knees and scratched his head; he tried to recall some scene of carnage that would thrill with the days of Chapultepec or of General Scott storming the Molino del Rey. Then he shifted his quid to the other side of his jaw, and said:

"Well, I want to tell you fellers that in that Mexican War we had some mighty great experiences. Mighty great, yep—they was the days when they had reel

Goethals on several occasions, insistently demanding his presence and then deliberately snubbed him. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Colonel Goethals will manage affairs with a firm and steady hand, without partiality.

Sometimes one is constrained to believe that the aid afforded to newly established Latin republics by the United States in Central America and elsewhere is not altogether a grateful task. The new-born republics probably do not comprehend or appreciate the attitude and policy of the United States Government as regards their affairs, and until they can be made to understand the really sincere and friendly interest taken by the United States in their prosperity and welfare, there is likely to be more or less misunderstanding.



THE LATE PRESIDENT OBELDIA OF PANAMA

Whose long and eventful life is associated with the initiation and building of the Panama Canal

YES, there was a book agent abroad in Washington. He seemed to be a "live wire," and kept things going by sheer energy and persistence. Now a group of congressmen makes rather poor material for the wiles of an ordinary book agent, but a few of them could remember the summer vacation days when they too were out trying to sell tales, masterpieces and complete works. One of these was



Photo by American Press Association

PRINCESS RADZIWILL

This is the first photograph of Princess Radziwill, who was Dorothy Deacon of Boston, taken since her marriage recently to Prince Radziwill at St. Mary's, London. Prince Radziwill is a scion of the Polish house of that name and his father was formerly Court Marshal for ceremonies in St. Petersburg. The Princess for several years declined to have her picture taken and likenesses of her are very rare in the United States

Senator Tom Carter of Montana. "Now," said he, reflectively stroking his beard, "I want you to watch that young fellow and see if he isn't deserving of a few orders."

The Senators formed a group, and stealthily watched the agent as he proceeded with his victim. It was a real object lesson in salesmanship. You could see, the moment he confronted his prospect, that he was relying purely on his own native ability and resources. There was no imitation; no borrowed grandiloquence of language. He was himself—and his individuality asserted itself even in the way he pounded the table to give force to his argument. The Senator got nervous, but the salesman skilfully continued the argument in low, persuasive tones and with natural suavity—he was cooling him down. Finally, those in the corridor saw the agent take something from his pocket which the Senator bent over, and in his own distinguished chirography subscribed his name on an order blank.

The Senators were open in their flattery of the youthful bookman. "What rules do you use?" asked one.

"Rules? No rules. I simply go at it and ask for something for which I give something that's of value to my customer. I know he ought to have it, and it's up to me to make him know it."

He departed with a well-filled order book.

* * *

FROM far-off Manila I have received some sentiments regarding the "advantages of an educated woman" that I think could be read profitably by the women of this country. How interesting it is to hear a Filipino woman's intelligent comment and suggestions as to the education of her countrywomen. The writer is Mrs. Luz Aycardo, and her work abounds in terse epigrams. "An educated woman," she says, "appreciates things that are beautiful in nature, and things that are essential to life. She makes her surroundings attractive, she prepares her food diligently, she makes her home comfortable." The old customs of keeping women as a class in ignorance are doomed.

"It was a great mistake for our parents, in ancient times, to deprive their daughters of education, simply because they believed that they are easily wooed and loved. A woman thus deprived of education is robbed of her future felicity, because, as is to be expected, she marries one who, like herself, is destitute of any education, and both will stumble and fall during their pilgrimage of life. . . .

"Education is but good living, and good living is the immediate fruit, the worthy reward, of good education."

* * *

THE various rulings of the commissions and departments at Washington are oftentimes thought to be arbitrary and



Photo by American Press Association

MRS. HETTY GREEN

The illness of Mrs. Green has caused considerable anxiety among her friends and business associates. She is in her 75th year and has recently shown the first signs of failing. Relatives have prevailed upon her to give up active life in Wall Street and turn over her affairs to her son, who was recently elected director of the Seaboard Air Line. Mr. Green is now in New York in immediate charge of his mother's business

unnecessary. No less a personage than David Starr Jordan joked about the laws of the International Fisheries Commission.

"The fish there have no chance," he lamented; "they have as hard a time of

it as the whites in the interior of China.

"A druggist there said to his clerk one day:

"'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?'



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

The Papal Secretary of State, who became prominent during the recent Roosevelt episode in Rome

"'Yes, sir,' the clerk meekly responded. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache.'

"'And you sold him—'

"'Rat poison, sir.'"

* * *

IN the census returns published from time to time there are some remarkable revelations. The prophecy of James J. Hill, that if our population and productiveness continue at the present ratio, in twenty years a large number of people must go to bed supperless, is hardly consistent with the tenor of our crop returns. The Department of Agriculture is keeping its Argus eyes upon every acre of land that is not being utilized, and there are thousands of acres all over the country that, if properly cultivated, would yield twice their

present production, not to speak of the arid lands of the West, which respond so luxuriantly under the magic spell of irrigation. The reclamation of these vast expanses of thirsty valley and plain



Photo by American Press Association;

HIRAM JOHNSON

Republican nominee for Governor of California

promises to give speedy solution of the very serious problem of "bread enough and to spare."

* * *

IT is proposed to build as a national tribute to the memory of our late ex-President, Grover Cleveland, a simple tower emblematic of his strength and sincerity of character. His friends and admirers, without regard to party, have organized a Cleveland Monument Association, of which the Hon. John F. Dryden is president. The memorial will be erected on a commanding site near

the Graduate School within the grounds of Princeton University, with which institution Mr. Cleveland was closely associated during the last years of his life. It is to be 150 feet high, built of silvery-gray stone and of great architectural dignity. The interior is to be devoted to suitable memorials, and also as a repository for personal, municipal, state and national relics associated with the ex-President's long and varied public service.

The directors of the Cleveland Monument Association include Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, Paul Morton, George B. Cortelyou, Richard Olney, Franklin Murphy and some half a hundred other distinguished American citizens from all sections of the country.

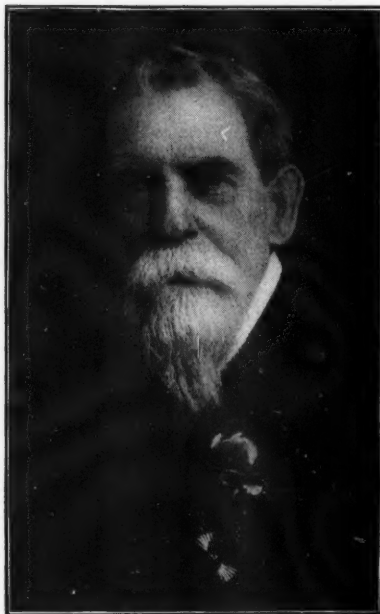


Photo by American Press Association

GROVE L. JOHNSON

Of Sacramento, California, "standpat" candidate for nomination of Assemblyman, was defeated by the man who was on the insurgent ticket headed by Johnson's son, Hiram, who was nominated for Governor by the insurgents. One Prohibitionist placed Grove L. Johnson's name on his ballot and thus he won the Prohibition nomination. Further, twenty-eight Democrats voted for Grove L. Johnson and the same number voted for Bliss on the Democratic ballots. This tie makes it necessary for the Supervisors to select the Democratic nominee by tossing a coin



THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS SON

At his home, "Westland," near Princeton, N. J. It is near this spot that the magnificent Cleveland monument is proposed to be erected

No one who ever met Grover Cleveland could fail to appreciate his sturdy integrity and patriotic fervor. I recall, vividly, the last time I saw him at Princeton, where, surrounded by all the comforts of an ideal home life, he was still the same

The approximate cost of the tower will be one hundred thousand dollars, over three-quarters of which amount has already been subscribed. Those who desire to assist in its erection may send contributions to Senator Dryden at Newark, New Jersey.

* * *



SENATOR EUGENE HALE OF MAINE

Who retires at the end of his present term and will be succeeded by a Democrat owing to the overturning Maine got at the recent election

alert, unswerving patriot ready for service at a moment's notice, after giving the best years of his life to the interests of his country. Every loyal American should have an opportunity of contributing to this memorial to commemorate the life of a man whose career covered a most important epoch in the history of the country.

THE busy days of the summer capital at Beverly are over. The executive force has returned to Washington, although loth to leave their comfortable vacation quarters at the Pickering Cottage, their "home by the sea." The executive cottage is colonial in general effect, and the great hall, adorned with trophies of the chase, with its quaint, spindle-balustraded stairway and real rag-carpet on the floors, has an air of old-time dignity and charm. The broad verandas in the rear, facing the sea and its picturesque surroundings, made the cottage an ideal residence for the dozen men of the executive force; night and day the stiff ocean breezes from the North Shore swept through the house. President Taft visited his summer offices just before leaving for the West, to see for himself that the executive quarters were exactly suited for the work next season.

The effort made to keep visitors away on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays was not successful; as at Washington "rules were suspended" often in the case of prominent visitors, whose official rank largely determined how long they must wait outside for an audience.

The President contemplated a trip to Panama during the fall, and the first meeting of the Cabinet held after the summer vacation occurred at Washington during the latter days of the Indian summer. While Assistant-Secretary Foster was in Europe, Judge Latta, who has been a member of the executive force since early in McKinley's administration, was in charge of transferring the clerical force from Beverly. The opening of the second Taft season at the White House was redolent with happy memories of the summer days at the North Shore of Massachusetts, and President Taft's suggestion of a vacation for all every year shows his kindly consideration and thoughtfulness.

SINCE the ladies of the land have so generally decreed that furs must be worn in the winter season, even the despised muskrat is being watched and studied, and marshlands are being cultivated for his sustenance and home-building. Muskrat trapping has for some years past been

SOME startling surprises have been brought out by the report of customs receipts during the first full year of the new Tariff Law. The imports were larger than for any corresponding year, and the value of goods entering free of duty has been larger than even under the Wilson



THE THREE MODERN MUSKETEERS WHO HAVE BEEN DOING SOME STUNTS AT ATLANTIC CITY AND WILL NOW GO INTO COMIC OPERA IN TOWN

a profitable occupation among owners of such lands in various parts of the country, and the skins sold to furriers and dyers are splendidly dyed, dressed and made up to imitate costly furs. The government experts are now studying a scientific way of saving the muskrat. Verily, "things do change," as Parson Piffs would say.

Bill. The comparison of the Payne Law since its adoption with that of the Dingley, McKinley and Wilson laws shows forty-nine per cent of the total imports free of duty under the Payne Bill, against forty-four per cent under the Dingley Bill, fifty-three per cent under the McKinley Bill, and forty-eight per cent under the

Wilson Bill. There is now a disposition to wait till the test is made and the returns are all in before condemning the tariff bill that has so upset the calculation of politicians, pro and con.

* * *

VIGOROUS house-cleaning has been going on at the White House; it was made "spick and span" from cellar to garret. Chimney-sweeps scoured out the



EX-CONGRESSMAN J. ADAM BEDE
of Minnesota

flues; painters were at work here and there, paint-pot in hand; furniture was re-upholstered, the walls whitened, and a real old-time "fall house-cleaning" was conducted during the President's absence. The White House is truly said to be one of the few domiciles of rulers that has the real aspect of a home.

* * *

IT was positively glorious, while out West, to come across Adam Bede, former congressman from Minnesota. The House of Representatives never had a wit that equaled that of the Gopher legislator whose name recalls George Eliot's novel. I found him in the Union

Station at Omaha, totting two enormous suitcases to the Northwestern train.

He stopped just a minute to talk politics, remarking, as he set down the small trunks: "My coat-of-arms, these. Take 'em along for company, you know. I'm so used to looking after a houseful of children that these trunks, emblems of the G. O. P. ensign, make me feel right at home."

Adam is lecturing and keeping in touch with political matters in Minnesota, and when that state wants a congressman that will keep the country awake with his nimble wit and hard horse sense, Adam Bede will be returned to Washington—



COL. JOHN E. STILLMAN
Collector of the Port, Pensacola, Florida

accompanied by a special train, probably, for impedimenta.

* * *

THE social season at Washington will soon be under way, and with it arises the perennial discussion of fashionable costume. Generally, women dislike to see it discussed "from the editor's easy chair," but, nevertheless, it is a question



MARSHAL HERMES DA FONSECA, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF BRAZIL

Marshal da Fonseca, the new President of Brazil, was born at San Gabriel, State of Rio Grande do Sul, May 12, 1855. He comes from one of the representative families of Alagoas, his uncle, Marshal Deodoro, having been the first President of the Republic. Choosing a military career, he entered the Military School, which he left at the age of 20 years as a lieutenant. He passed successfully through all the grades of the army until he reached the highest rank, that of Marshal. In 1904 he was placed at the head of the Military School of Realengo. In November of that year he gave proof of his loyalty to the Government by successfully preventing his school from joining the revolt against President Rodrigues Alves. Soon after he became commander of the Fourth Military District of Rio de Janeiro, and when President Penna came into power, in 1906, was made Minister of War, in which position his remarkable reorganization of the Brazilian Army attracted the attention of Emperor William of Germany, who invited him to be his guest to witness the maneuvers of the German Army. His inauguration will take place on November 15, 1910

of economic importance. Statistics—and "figgers can't lie"—demonstrate that it costs the women of today much more to dress than it did formerly; and where does the blame belong? Do they really spend more now? If they do, why is it?

After a recent convention ball, the men, gathered in one corner, were discussing the splendors of the affair just past. Decorations, flowers and excellence of cuisine came up in turn, and then the talk turned to the costumes worn by the ladies, when,



JAMES W. GOOD, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
Representative in Congress from the Fifth Congressional District of Iowa

after some discussion, all decided that the favorite costumes were the most simple and unpretentious.

So it seems that the old argument advanced by the fair sex—"it's to please the fastidious men"—ought to be revised and some other excuse made for the extravagant cost of dress.

* * *

EVERY time a visit is made to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the incident is recalled of one country boy who first saw here the white electric lights of modern days. The

feelings and emotions of that event explain a personal interest in the affairs of that district. Coming down to "see the Circus" from the country, with a return-trip ticket, he felt as happy as any country lad with a whole half-dollar (judiciously divided into jingling dimes) in his pocket.

Of course, there were temptations at the side-shows to take the extra dimes, which would mean missing the real "circus" in the great main tent, but even the stentorian voices of the "spielers" outside had to be resolutely resisted so that the whole half-dollar would not be exhausted until he was safely inside the "big show."

That evening, standing at the station waiting for the train to go home, tired and hungry—for supper was out of the question with empty pockets—he stood meditating over the wonders of the day, when a revelation came with the glimmering white light from the arc lamp. To him it was an unseen world revealed. The stars with which he was so familiar paled into insignificance as the carbon sputtered, and the moths fluttering about the dazzling brilliancy made him think what a place Chicago and New York must be if all this wonderment was at Cedar Rapids.

The incident was in mind when Congressman James W. Good of Cedar Rapids was found at home in the midst of his campaign. Those who know him in Washington realize that a busier or more hardworking Representative never had a cedar-chest with his name and "M. C." on it. He simply "goes at things" with the same persistence that he pursued when as city attorney he won the famous gas case at Cedar Rapids and secured ninety-cent gas for the people. This was the first case of the kind in the state, and his firm belief in government regulation of public service corporations has been evidenced in his energetic congressional career.

At the last session of Congress, Mr. Good introduced a bill providing for the withdrawal of coal and oil lands of the territory of Alaska; and the scope of the bill was limited to Alaska that it might be referred to the Committee on the Territories, of which Mr. Good is a member. He insists that national resources of this kind can only be regulated properly by having the Government hold the fee simple title, and



Photograph by Harris-Ewing

DESSALINES

Marble bust of Jean Jaques Dessalines, the work of a Haitian sculptor living in Paris; presented by the Haitian Government to the International Bureau of the American Republics, and which occupies a position in the Hall of the Patriots

does not see any reason why this rule should not apply to all minerals and water-power sites of the Government domain. The measure for the establishment of a non-partisan tariff commission, introduced by Mr. Good, attracted the widespread and

have most heartily and publicly agreed. Mr. Good has been especially active in measures relative to the Indian lands, and one that he introduced provides for the allotment in severalty of the lands of the Sac and Fox Indians at Tama, Iowa, the Secretary of the Interior holding the title of the lands as long as shall be necessary to preserve the property inviolably for the original owners.

Mr. Good also introduced the bill for granting second-class privileges to the publications of trades unions, labor organizations, mutual benefit and fraternal societies, permitting them to carry advertisements the same as other periodicals enjoying second-class privileges. As a member of the House Committee on War Claims, Irrigation of the Arid Lands and the Territories, he was in touch with much of the most important legislation of the last Congress, in which the Committee on the Territories was very prominent. Of the fifteen sub-committees of three members appointed to investigate and report on various measures, Mr. Good served on all but three, and was closely identified with the bill amending the organic act of the Territory of Hawaii, which included some very radical changes. He took active part in discussing every bill from the committees.

Born on a farm within a few miles of the city in which he lives, Mr. Good is recognized as one of the "home boys" at Cedar Rapids. He has a charming home in an addition to the city which he was active in developing, and the very oak and hickory in the furnishings of that home came from the trees surrounding the old homestead on the farm. His library and study are redolent with the sweet sentiment which the farmer boy never loses for the old farm.

Congressman Good always seems to be busy; that day he was preparing a speech for laying the cornerstone of a church, but whether at speech-making or preparing measures to follow out his well-defined convictions, Mr. Good is never idle, and his townsfolk respect his broadmindedness, his unflinching good-nature and aggressive activities. Progressive in all his ideals, he nevertheless stands firm for fair play and justice to the interests of all constituents.

Mr. Good will concentrate his attention on the bill which he has introduced

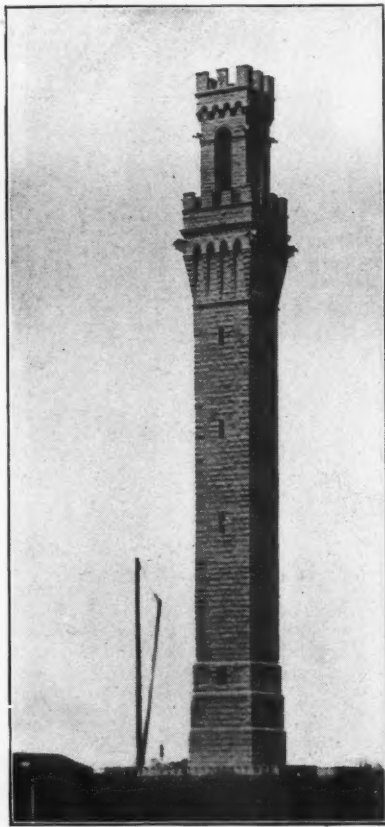


Photo by American Press Association

PILGRIMS' MEMORIAL AT PROVINCE-TOWN

President Taft attended the dedication of the new monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Provincetown, Mass., on August 5. Theodore Roosevelt laid the corner stone of the structure four years ago. The monument is a tower of granite rising more than 350 feet above sea level. It stands on the bow of Town Hill, is over 250 feet high, and cost \$100,000

favorable comment of the press, and it is hoped that the bill will be enacted into a law at the next session. These two measures are the two things on which Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft

to create a tariff commission consisting of five commissioners appointed by the President. The commissioners are to be in no way connected with Congress, nor engaged in any other business, vocation or employment. The duty of the commission is, in general, to thoroughly investigate all the various questions relating to the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial and mining interests of the United States so far as the same may be necessary or helpful to Congress in the enactment of customs tariff laws, and in aiding the President and other officers of the government in the administration of such laws. The purpose of the bill is to eliminate, as far as possible, all political or sectional prejudices in the formulation of a tariff measure.

* * *

THE first American International Humane Conference, which was held in Washington during the week of October 10 to 15, had President Taft as its honorary president and King George V., of England, as its first honorary vice-president. The Conference was called to discuss the practical problems confronting anti-cruelists everywhere, to exchange views concerning methods and policies now practiced, to encourage unity and co-operation among humanitarians, and to promote humane progress throughout the world. It was held under the auspices of the American Humane Association in conjunction with its thirty-fourth annual meeting. Delegates and visitors were in attendance from the principal countries of Europe and other foreign sections, as well as from many of the four hundred humane societies in this country. These include societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and the so-called "compound" societies which include in their work the protection of both children and animals.

The first three days of the Conference were devoted exclusively to subjects relating to children, while the sessions held on October 13, 14 and 15 were devoted exclusively to the consideration of subjects relating to animals. Addresses were delivered and papers were

read by some of the most prominent humane workers in this country and abroad. Discussions were carried on in English, French and German. The delegates were received at the White House by President Taft, and were also given a reception at one of the finest private residences in Washington.

One of the features of the Conference was an exhibition of books of interest to humanitarians, also pictures, manuscripts, model child shelters, medals, prizes, diplomas, banners, photographs,



THE LATE HENRY BERGH
Founder of anti-cruelty work in America

literature, reports, office and statistical blanks, and humane devices and inventions of every description. Special exhibits were shown relating to the barbarities of bull-fights; work-horse parade medals and ribbons; devices for humane killing in slaughter-houses and dog pounds; improved stock cars; dog kennels; inventions for feeding horses in streets; humane bits, bridles, and harnesses; model ambulances for the transportation of animals; drinking fountains and fire-escape inventions for animals, and many other things pertaining to both children and animals.

While this was the first international affair of the kind to be held in this country,

it is interesting to note that previous international conferences have been held in Europe. The first was at Graz, in Austria, in 1895. In 1900 a similar one was held in Paris, and in 1903, Frankfort, Germany, entertained the third International Humane Congress. Another convened at Helsingborg, Sweden, in 1906. Last year there was an international humane gathering in England, which was the birthplace of the anti-cruelty movement. All of



XX. How he summons all of his ability and native eloquence to defend his measure

these meetings were devoted exclusively to animals. The first law for the prevention of cruelty was passed by the British Parliament in 1822. The first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty was organized in 1824, and later became the present Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized in New York City in 1874. The four first Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all organized between 1866 and 1868, are the American, in New York City; the Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia; the Massachusetts, in Boston; and the San Francisco, in the order of their priority. They are, today, the largest institutions in the country devoted exclusively to the care of animals.

The active president of the Washington Conference was Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, New York, president of

the American Humane Association. Mr. Walter Stilson Hutchins, president of the Washington Humane Society, was chairman of the local committee of arrangements, which included a score of well-known Washington names. Headquarters of the Conference were established at the Arlington. All the day meetings were held in the auditorium of the new building of the United States National Museum. There was one platform meeting held elsewhere and addressed by speakers of national reputation to which the general public were especially invited. A complimentary dinner was tendered the foreign delegates at the Arlington.

* * *

NOW that the establishment of a Bureau of Health is proposed at Washington, every known panacea for maintaining health and for the prevention and cure of



Love letters have always played a conspicuous part in the affairs of nations

diseases seems to have found its way to the Capital. There is the cold bath enthusiast, the "don't worry" man, the gymnast, the advocate of long walks, the promoter of rolling on the floor to make brawn—in fact, men with all kinds of suggestions for the promotion of health or the cure of disease have come to offer them to the proposed department.

One man has sent in a new and less strenuous method of preserving and protecting health—the cultivation of enthusiasm. Active, perennial enthusiasm, a keen interest in what one is doing, he insists, will do more to promote good health than all the other ideas combined. Something that will keep the heart's blood of youth in action, something that keeps ideals and anticipations alive, is the cure suggested by this old-school philosopher. As the passing away of youth as described by Wordsworth is recalled, it lends us encouragement to feel that our work is so varied and multiplied that it can never be accomplished; and as long as that feeling endures, life will have an ever-increasing interest.

Take for instance the senator or congressman with a bill to pass. Witness the enthusiasm with which he enters the lists, how he summons up all his ability and native eloquence to defend his measure;



One hundred and twenty-two affect railroads exclusively

how his chest swells with pride as one-of the older members approves his ideas; and even when the bill has been defeated, how he concentrates his mind in so modifying the plan that it may meet with the approval of his fellows.

It seems to be a pretty good plan for everyone to have some one avocation in which his interest can always be

awakened; it may be politics, music, art, the pursuits of peace or even war itself—but whatever it is, it should be all-absorbing to the enthusiast.

* * *

ONE unique suggestion coming to the Patent Office recently is for a self-burning letter. Though the commissioners tried to keep the process secret, the story soon leaked out and the suggestion was



An educated woman appreciates things that are beautiful

offered as a defence to the ardent swain who pours forth his soul in endearing and eloquent correspondence, which later in the hands of some unsympathetic lawyer increases the damages in a breach of promise suit or in the divorce court helps to swell the alimony and excite popular derision.

Love letters have always played a conspicuous part in the affairs of nations, and a still more momentous role in the history of hearts; but they generally possess peculiar features that make them "impossible" in cold type. Of course, much depends upon the eyes that read them, but no matter how romantic the reader, if the eloquence is not intended particularly for him or her, the sentiments appear "stilted," "silly," or "disgustingly sentimental." Hence the advantage of the self-burning letter; so far as has been learned, however, the "novel contrivance" is but a sheet to which a certain brand of very flat match is attached for a suggestion.



Photograph by Harris-Ewing

**A BRONZE STATUE OF KOSCIUSZKO—PATRIOT, SOLDIER AND STATESMAN—ERECTED
IN LAFAYETTE PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

This statue, which has been presented to the United States by the Polish-American Society and the Polish people of America, was unveiled the first week of May, 1910. The statue and subsidiary figures, also of bronze, are supported on a granite pedestal for which an appropriation was granted by the United States Congress. It is the work of the well-known Chicago sculptor, Antoni Popiel, and stands in the northeast corner of the park, opposite the Arlington Hotel. Tadeusz Kosciuszko was born at Siechnowice in Lithuania in 1746. Coming to America in 1776, he served with distinction under Washington in the Revolutionary War. He planned the defenses at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, which General Burgoyne endeavored to take, and also planned the works at West Point. He was made engineer in chief of the army and in 1783 was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general by Congress in recognition of his services. He returned to Poland in 1786, taking part in the uprising against Russia. Later he settled in France and then in Switzerland, where he died in 1817, his remains being removed to Cracow, Poland.

IF a vote were polled to designate the most popular Congressman at Washington during the last session, the name of John Kinley Tener of Pennsylvania would instantly command a strong lead. A big, genial, whole-souled man—that partially expresses it—and explains why he has been chosen Exalted Ruler of the Protective Order of Elks, and is so well beloved and honored by the home-folks.

Still he's just the same John Tener as when back in the 90's he held the box as the brilliant young pitcher of the famous Spaulding baseball nine that journeyed around the world introducing star plays and players in Uncle Sam's great national game. Mr. Tener plays ball as he plays politics and everything else; in an earnest, energetic manner that commands results.

A branch of his family settled in Pennsylvania prior to the Revolution, but Congressman Tener came direct from County Tyrone, Ireland, when a young lad, after the death of his father. With his ten brothers and sisters the family located in Pittsburg. Young Tener worked nights and mornings and finished his public and high school course with honors. His first employment was in a clerical capacity, where he clerked as hard as he played ball. His fondness for athletics made him a leader in boyhood sports, and later he became nationally popular as a baseball player, commanding a salary that made his clerical wages look small.

Upon his return from a trip around the world he settled down to a business career with the same determination with which he had fitted himself for the pitcher's box; and was made cashier of the First National Bank of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, an institution of which he is today president. The town—one of those little municipalities that lie outside the large centers of population and have had much to do with the great strides in urban development—has enjoyed a substantial, steady growth, and there have been few public enterprises concerning its interests in which Mr. Tener has not taken an active part. Essentially a self-made man, his success came in good measure from understanding just how and when to throw the ball and strike hard.

Although a staunch Republican, Mr.

Tener never accepted any office until in 1907 he became a candidate for Congress. It was a lively fight, but his popularity at home was so great that he carried his town by a vote of 866 to 87. Soon after entering Congress, he was given some very important committee appointments, and made a record of which any veteran might well be proud.

When he passed along the corridors of the Capitol in his jolly, good-natured way, he had but to suggest what ought to be done to some of his colleagues—and it was done.



CONGRESSMAN J. K. TENER

Republican nominee for governor of Pennsylvania

One of Mr. Tener's impressive virtues is plain common sense, and an unswerving integrity that inspires confidence.

Mr. Tener has been an active business man for over twenty years, yet he is still of the "home boy" type; it was at home I found him at Salisbury Beach, Massachusetts, during the summer days, visiting the old home of Mrs. Tener at Haverhill nearby, the scenes of the courtship days two decades ago. The Tener home has long been the center of social activities in Charleroi, since Mr. Tener first brought his bride to the state which now honors him with a nomination for Governor.



SENATOR-ELECT NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BROWARD

A former Governor of the state of Florida and "Father of the Everglades"

The fact that he carried his county with a majority of five thousand and was able to increase this score to ten thousand in the presidential election, indicates the sort of a campaign John Tener conducts. Known everywhere throughout the state, it seemed in good old Pittsburg, where he made his start in life, that everyone knew him—street car men, hack drivers, storekeepers and even in the little tobacconist's shop at the end of town. He will be one of the few governors chosen from the western part of the state, and it is predicted will have an old-fashioned Republican majority, although the aggressive "Keystone" party is making an

active campaign which its projectors hope will draw some of the strength of the Republican ticket. Regardless of party affiliations, Mr. Tener's colleagues in Congress will miss his genial and wholesome personality, and although congratulating him on his step forward in his political career, they all hope to see him back to help push things along. His presence in the Committee Rooms, in the corridors or in the cloak rooms gave to congressional routine that flavor of human good-fellowship so often lacking in the legislators of more serious temperament. Pennsylvania will have a popular and progressive governor in John Kinley Tener.



Julia Ward Howe.

The beloved of all America, who passed away October 17th. She will be most deeply mourned.

THE BIRD MEN

AT SQUANTUM FIELD

By W^m H. Chapple

THERE isn't much wonderment in a first close view of the aeroplane, of whatever nature it may be—the thousands of pictures that have been printed in periodicals and newspapers are almost as lifelike as the originals themselves. But when the aeroplane is wheeled from its hangar to the starting line—when the propeller is started with its whirl and buzz—the new sensation begins. Great clouds of dust are kicked up in the rear like the foam and commotion that spout from a great geyser. The aviator sits tensely in his seat, while his mechanics, holding to the rear of the machine, act as cables to keep the aeroplane from taking a premature flight. The air beating back at them from the propeller has the force of a miniature tornado, whipping their clothes and hair until it seems as though they must surely be stripped naked and made bald-headed.

Finally the aviator is satisfied with the rhythmic droning of the cylinders; his voice cannot possibly be heard, so he raises and lowers his hand as the signal to start. The aeroplane, loosed from its leash, darts off along the ground for a hundred feet or so; the aviator pulls a lever for elevation and the monster bird takes to the air in a gradual ascent that causes the new onlooker to hold his breath in wonderment. It is the most impressive moment in the first witnessing of human flying. After the human bird has circled

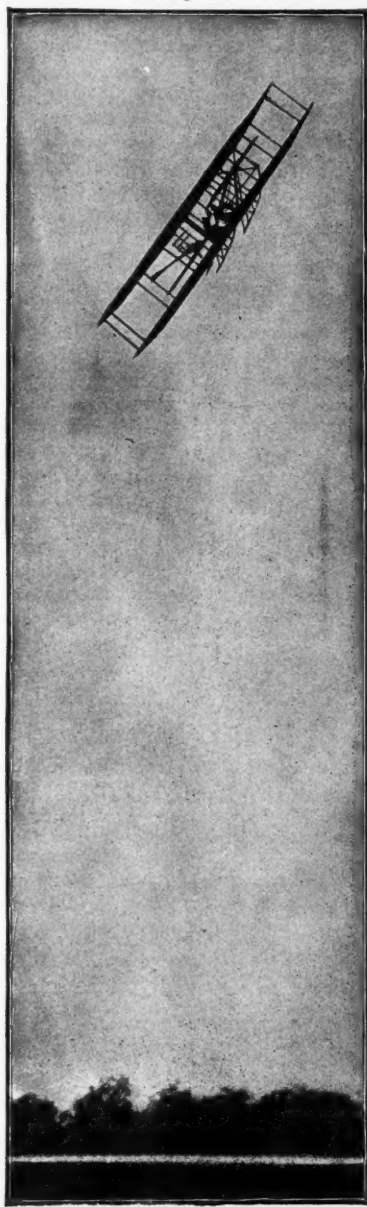
the course before one's very eyes and coming back over a hundred feet in the air goes forth again over the land and over the water, the miracle is established. Behold, the dream has come true! And before this cloud of witnesses!

Probably a million people became eye-witnesses of this modern miracle during the ten days of flying at Squantum Field, near Boston, in September. They saw the winged mechanism, under human control, circle and dash about through the air; attain such an altitude as to become all but invisible, and glide to earth again with outstretched pinions, as lightly as their feathered inspiration. They saw them soar aloft in a graceful flight of the course, then suddenly dart off over the sea until they had vanished for nearly a half hour, then come back within the reach of vision again after having turned the goal of flight, Boston Light—but without coming to earth for renewal of strength, dash away again, to repeat the same flight.

After this spectacular flight, which was accomplished by Grahame-White, the English aviator, he became the popular hero of the Squantum meet, and his Bleriot racing monoplane, in which he made the flight, the favorite of all the craft in the air. No one but rejoiced in his gaining the prize he was awarded, the ten thousand dollars offered by the *Boston Globe*. Of course, there was a certain disappointment that some American aviator did not secure the prize; but such is the uncertainty in



all matters of competition. Superiority in the qualification demanded was dem-



BROOKINS "JOCKEYING" IN A WRIGHT BIPLANE

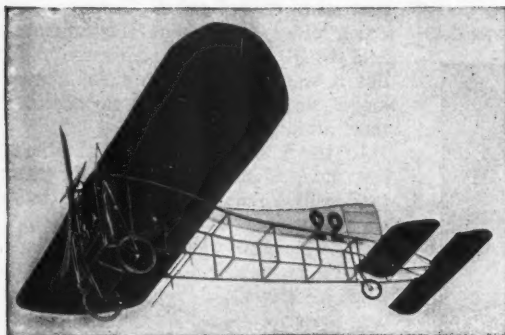
His altitude flights were a feature of the meet

onstrated—that of speed. Perhaps a half dozen other aviators at the Squantum field could have made the same flight, but it would have taken them a much longer time, so there was no object in their attempting it.

In the international meet at Rheims last year, Glenn Curtiss, the American, practically unknown at that time, carried off first honors. It was Bleriot, a Frenchman, who won the prize offered by a London newspaper for a flight over the English Channel; a Frenchman, too, who won the prize offered for the over-country trip from London to Manchester, while his English rival slept. Now it is an Englishman who comes over from his native heath to become the popular hero of the most important aeronautical event ever held in America, capturing the major portion of the prizes and placing a speed-mark for distance flying that will require marked advancement in the speed-quality features of American-made aeroplanes to better. England is coming into her own, although her representative at this American event was really a product of French training, having been graduated from the Bleriot school about a year ago, and flying in a French craft, the Bleriot racing monoplane. Less resistance to the air from his monoplane and a more highly developed motor (Gnome) to furnish it power, are given as the reasons for Grahame-White's speed victory; but may there not also be some fraction of advantage offered in the fact that the position of the propeller is in front; where it eats its terrific way into the atmosphere without anything before to possibly deflect the air or diminish its attack? The biplane is pushed along by its propeller or propellers; the monoplane is pulled along—it's like having the locomotive behind a train of cars in the one instance, or in front, in the other.

* * *

In the development of air craft as displayed at Squantum Field, there has been very little deviation from the original flyer with which the Wright brothers first astonished the world. The monoplane, the biplane and the triplane are all variations of the same principle—the



Courtesy Boston Post

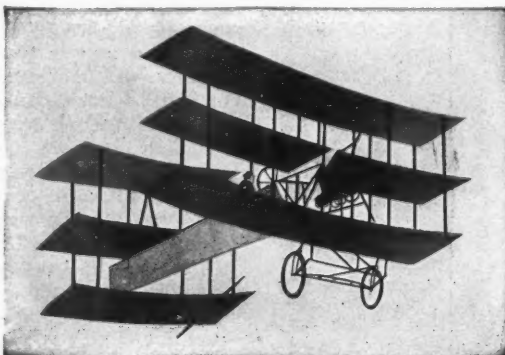
THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE
In which Grahame-White flew to the Boston Light

machines look much the same when on the ground, but are easily distinguished—the monoplane with one spread of wings, the biplane with two spread of wings and the triplane with three spread of wings. The latter made no flights of any consequence whatever, its aviator, Mr. Roe, simply taking it off the ground occasionally in little jumps of

fifteen or twenty feet into the air, looking for all the world like a turkey gobbler accentuating his haste by the flapping of his wings. According to reports the triplane has made successful flights in England, but its English aviator on American soil seemed able to get no higher than the bounce of an ordinary rubber ball. But you never can tell. Perhaps the triplane will develop reliability and durability, such as will give it a lasting place in air craft—it certainly does not seem that it can ever attain much accomplishment in the

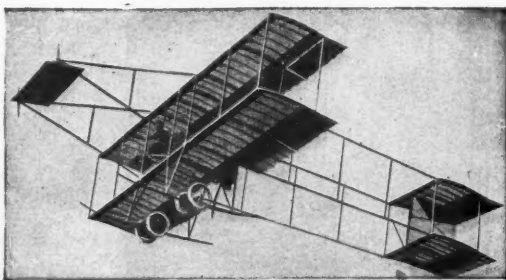
matter of speed, for the history of speed in the air, even at this early period of development, confirms the fact that the more resistance offered the less speed. There is more resistance to the biplane than the monoplane, and more to the triplane than the biplane. The monoplane in its flights looks like a great mosquito hawk buzzing along in the full possession of all five senses, and constantly alert in each. The single spread of wings, the elongated body and the rudder, for all the world like a tail, make it the most natural-looking and lifelike of air craft. The biplane looks more mechanical.

What of the respective merits of the different air craft exhibited at Squantum Field? The final awards tell the story concisely. In speed, the monoplane is superior, with the Glenn Curtiss biplane a good second. In duration, altitude and distance, all qualities very closely related, the Wright biplane took first honors together with



Courtesy Boston Post

THE ROE TRIPLANE
Which was partly wrecked at the Squantum Meet



THE FARMAN BIPLANE
Grahame-White used this in his bomb-throwing, and for carrying passengers at \$100 a minute

accuracy in alighting. The latter was a world's record, for Brookins, in his Wright biplane, descended from one of his awe-inspiring altitude flights in a series of graceful spirals and alighted within five and a half feet of the point where his biplane left the ground at the beginning of the flight.

The matter of accuracy in alighting is very important.

The Wrights seem to be content to develop their biplane along the lines of easy control, accuracy, duration and lifting power. Surely these qualities are essential. Glenn Curtiss is endeavoring to add speed to these qualities, but the French are clearly in the lead in this requisite at the present time.

* * *

In tracing the development of flying, it all looks very simple, now that it has been accomplished. Lillienthal gliding was the art first removed from

actual flying, and it was a tragic close of his life of devotion to an idea, when in 1895 he was killed after two thousand successful trips. But back of Lillienthal's gliding, the same idea that has developed the aeroplane is found in kite-flying.

It is pressure against the air that makes

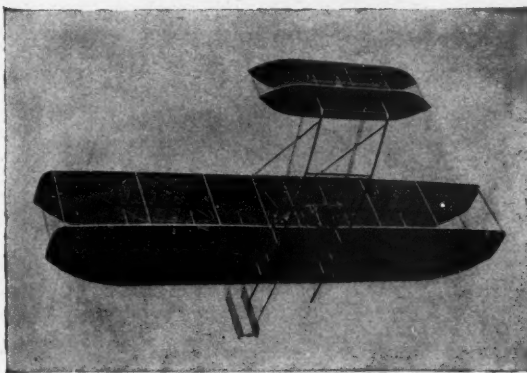


THE FARMAN BIPLANE USED BY CLIFFORD B. HARMON

It landed too suddenly the first day of the meet and was put out of commission

the kite soar; it is pressure against the air that makes the aeroplane soar—pressure promoted by the rapidly revolving propeller. Ascent, descent, balance and direction are the problems which confront the aviator when he takes his seat in the

air craft. In every movement while he is in the air there must be constant alertness, to adjust his machine for varying air currents, or "holes in the atmosphere." If the engine fails to work there is left the probability of reaching earth again



RALPH JOHNSTONE REACHING FOR ALTITUDE AGAIN AFTER ONE OF HIS HAIR-RAISING "DIPS"

The Wright Biplane

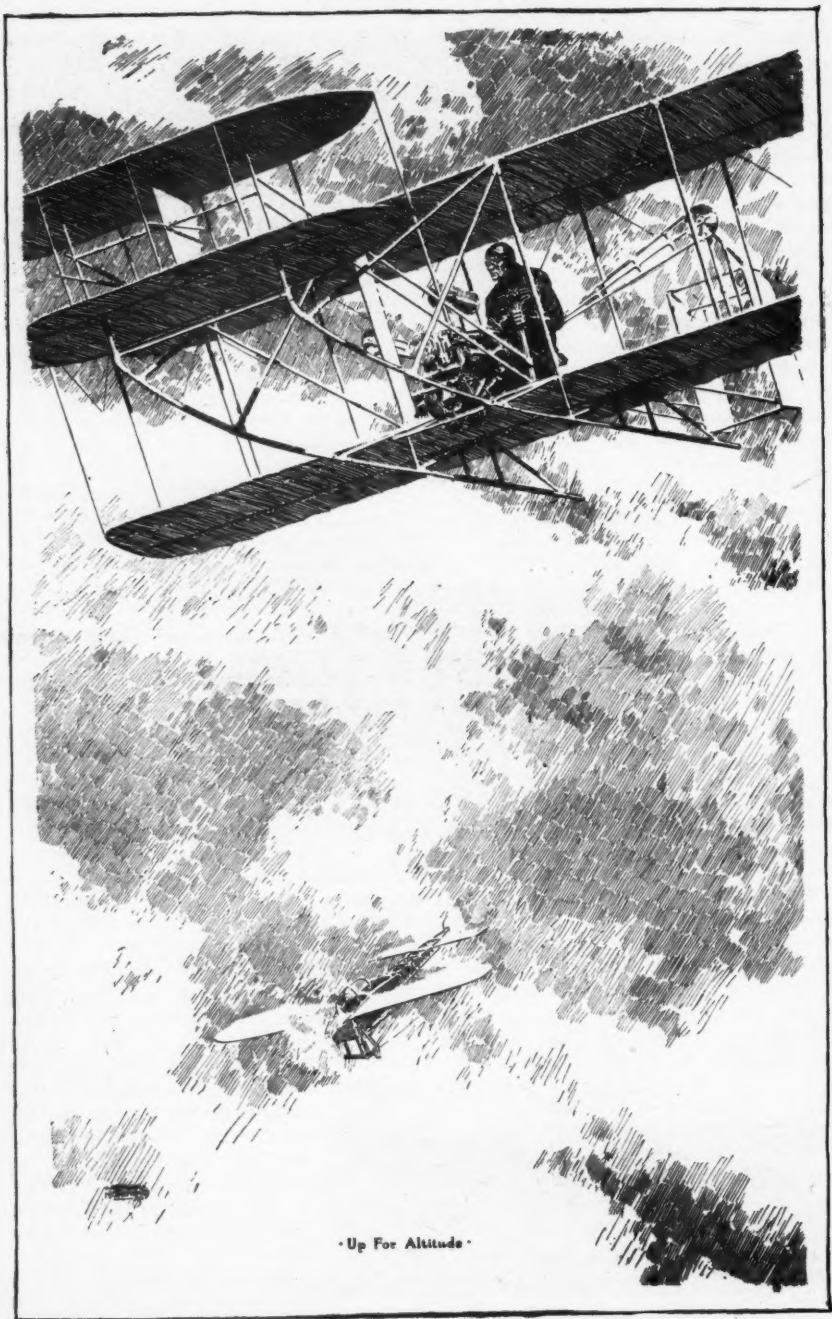
safely by gliding downward—a short descent gives momentum to glide along for more distance to gain a desired point. Most of the accidents have happened as the result of some part of the aeroplane giving away—that is why the aeroplanes are guarded so closely in their respective hangars, to keep away meddling sightseers, who are liable to tamper or "monkey" with the machines. When Mr. Harmon's biplane crashed to the marshland, curious mementohunters made way with a great many of the parts, the loss of which prevented him from getting it ready for the air again during the meet.



Courtesy Boston Post

THE CURTISS BIPLANE

Which failed in the speed contest against the Bleriot Monoplane



• Up For Altitude •

It is a gratifying feature of the meet at Squantum Field that there were no accidents—no loss of life to add to the toll death has claimed from the ranks of the navigators of the air. A. V. Roe, the Englishman who tried persistently to get his biplane off the ground, damaged his machine several times, but did himself no harm. Harmon, the intrepid amateur, came to earth dangerously near the water's edge, and wrecked his Farman biplane, but sustained no injury whatever. This record of no injury is most remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that there have been eleven aviators killed in the past two years, and others terribly mangled.

Lieutenant Selfridge fell with Orville Wright at Fort Meyer, near Worthington, in September, 1908, and died almost instantly. His death was the first resulting from an aeroplane fall, and since that fatal accident, the list of fatalities has grown rapidly.

Eugene Lefebvre, killed in September, 1909.

Enea Rossi, killed near Rome, in September, 1909.

Captain Louis F. Ferber, killed at Boulogne, 1909.

Antonio Fernandez, killed at Nice, 1909.



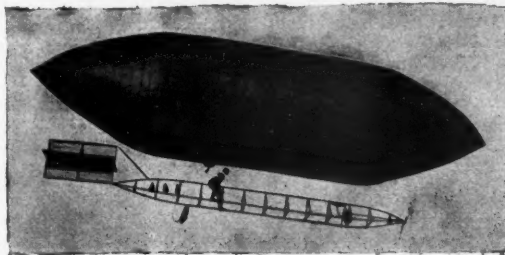
THE HERRING-BURGESS BIPLANE.
New England's first product in aeroplane manufacturing

Leon Delagrangé, killed at Bordeaux.
Hubert LeBlon, killed at San Sebastian, Spain.

C. Michelin, killed at Lyons.

J. Robl, killed at Stettin, Germany.

Charles Wachter, killed at Rheims.



CROMWELL DIXON'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON
With which he flew from Squantum Field to the City of Boston proper

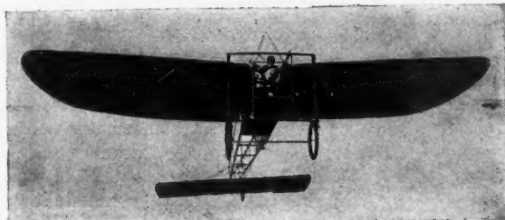
Captain Charles S. Rolls, killed at Bournemouth.

The last six named all met their death this year.

The old farmhouse standing at Squantum was early in the preparations converted into

an emergency hospital by the Harvard Aeronautical Society—an ominous acknowledgment of the accidents incident to an extensive aviation meet. But not once was anyone connected with the flying craft sent to the hospital. One or two were treated there who were out-of-the-field spectators crowded from their positions by a fractious horse.

A singular illustration of the "passing of the horse" was the fact that nothing but automobiles were taken on the grounds at Squantum Field. Over a thousand automobiles filled with visitors were lined up at advantageous positions along the "home base" of the aviation



Courtesy Boston Post
FRONT VIEW OF THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE

field nearly every day, but a horse and carriage was nowhere to be seen. Surely Pegasus looked on with spectral disapproval.

* * *

At the Squantum Field meet a rate for airline passenger transportation was established. One hundred dollars a minute! It is quite unnecessary to state that this rate was fixed arbitrarily without consultation with the National Traffic Commission. But at that there were several individuals who paid the price and took passage. This is about five dollars for every breath taken while aloft. A rate established on this latter basis might be economical but rather trying to the venturesome individual who should go aloft with Ralph Johnstone, the trick aviator of the Wright biplane, for while his breathing might be regular and deep on the steady, even ascent, on the descent, if the aviator should essay his tremendous dip and curves, it is a question whether he would be able to breathe at all. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, who went into the air with Grahame-White in his Farman biplane, was greatly elated over the trip. In fact, all those who ventured aloft as passengers with the aviators describe the sensation as highly exhilarating. It is not like any other mode of transportation. On the railroad we rush along, limited by the steel track to forward or backward progress; in the automobile we go forward or backward or either sidewise; in the air-craft we go forward, either sidewise, and upward or downward; perhaps it is this added infinite variety of direction of progress that gives the additional exhilaration.

* * *

That the professional aviator is receiving substantial reward for his efforts in exploiting the art of flying is attested by the prize money awarded by the Harvard Aeronautical Society and the *Boston Globe*. In addition to the ten thousand dollars that Grahame-White received from the *Globe* for his flight to Boston Light and return, he received five thousand dollars for superiority in bomb-throwing; three thousand dollars for first place in speed; two thousand dollars for second place in altitude; a thousand dollars for second

place in duration; a thousand dollars for second place in distance; a hundred dollars for first place in getaway. "Getaway" means that he got his machine off the ground and into the air in the shortest distance—a matter of twenty-six feet, eleven inches. In accuracy, that is, alighting, his record at Squantum was thirty-three feet, four inches. He stopped his machine within that distance of the point at which he left for his flight.

Ralph Johnstone, in a Wright biplane, got two thousand dollars in each instance for first in duration and distance; five hundred dollars for first in accuracy, and five hundred for second in the slow lap—that is, taking the longest time to go around the course and still keeping in the air. Mr. Johnstone's awards for the meet amounted to a total of five thousand dollars.

Walter Brookins, also in a Wright biplane, was awarded three thousand dollars for first in altitude; a thousand dollars for the first in slow lap and two hundred and fifty dollars for second in accuracy—a total of four thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars.

Glenn Curtiss, who took first honors at the international meeting only a year before, secured a second for speed, a prize of only two thousand dollars.

Charles F. Willard, in a Burgess Company biplane, secured fifty dollars for second in getaway.

In addition to the prizes, these professional aviators all received substantial remuneration for entering their aeroplanes in the meet.

Clifford B. Harmon, the New York millionaire real estate dealer, secured all the honors offered to the amateur aviators. He broke his own air craft, a Farman biplane, on the first day of the Squantum meet, but Grahame-White, with whom he struck up a warm friendship during the meet, very generously loaned him his own Farman biplane with which to participate in the events.

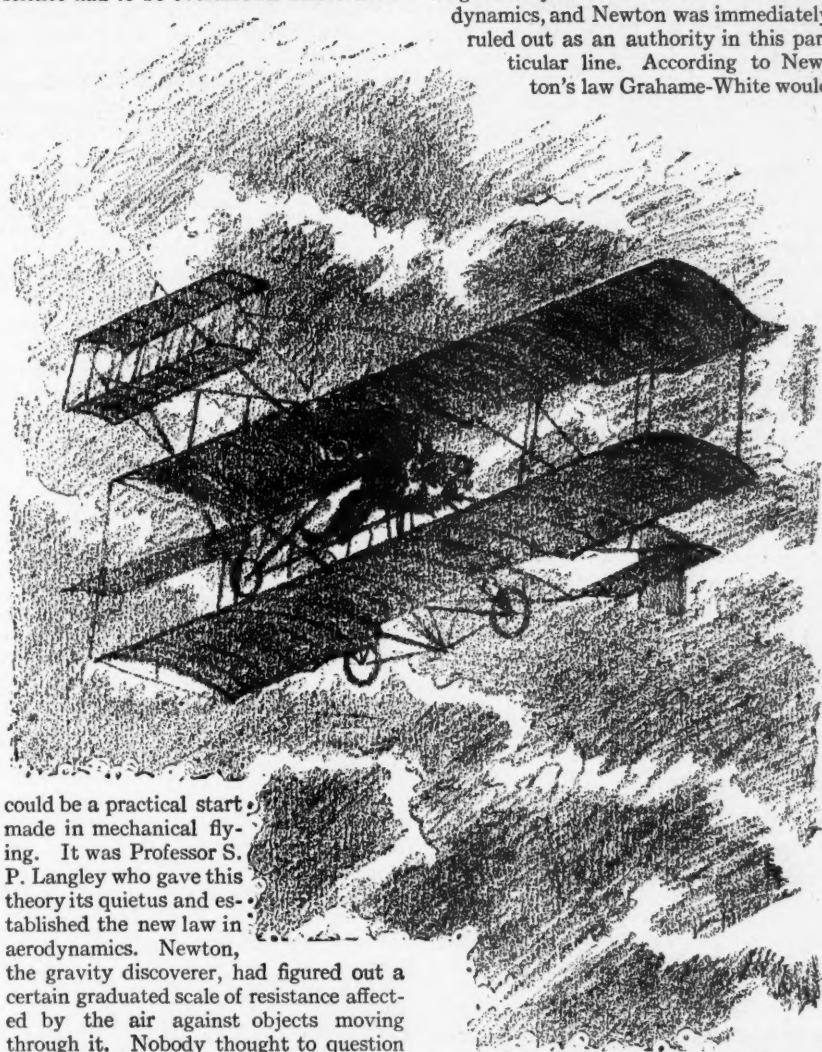
The Farman biplane proved itself a very reliable air craft, somewhat speedier than the Wright biplane, although it has only one propeller. It was probably the higher power of the motor that made it so.

An aeroplane cannot be "all things to all men" in these competitive meets—

for speed cuts out the qualities necessary in the slow lap contest, and in a measure lessens chances in duration and accuracy.

One of the long-accepted theories of science had to be overthrown before there

practical tests that a brass plate weighing one pound lost fifteen ounces of that weight when whirled through the air at the rate of seventy miles an hour—it weighed only one ounce—that's new aerodynamics, and Newton was immediately ruled out as an authority in this particular line. According to Newton's law Grahame-White would



could be a practical start made in mechanical flying. It was Professor S. P. Langley who gave this theory its quietus and established the new law in aerodynamics. Newton, the gravity discoverer, had figured out a certain graduated scale of resistance affected by the air against objects moving through it. Nobody thought to question it until a French scholar applied Newton's law in the case of the flight of a bird. He figured it out that to attain the speed at which a swallow flies, it would be necessary for that little feathered aviator to possess the strength of a Harvard full-back. Professor Langley demonstrated by

have been compelled to develop the power of the Twentieth Century Limited to accomplish that trip to Boston Light. Three hundred years of precedence were swept away when Professor Langley established the new law of aerodynamics.

The aviation meet at Squantum Field

was in many ways the most successful held in America. The fact that it was held under the authority of the Harvard Aeronautical Society stamped the meet with enough of the conservative, scientific spirit to give it special historical significance. That it is the first of a series that will be held annually lists Squantum Field as aviation grounds that will figure conspicuously in the future development of the art of flying.

* * *

Squantum Field is unique in that it furnishes a course for aviators of one and three-fourth miles that is nearly equally divided over the water and land. On every flight around the course the aviator is drilled in meeting the changes in air currents over the land and then over the water, and from the course itself there are longer special flights that can be planned, possessing every feature of land, water, plain or mountainous obstacles for the air navigators to overcome. To the southwest, stretching along the hazy horizon, lie the Blue Hills of Milton, the highest of which is capped by the United States Observatory, where a great number of the government's experiments have been made in the upper air by means of large kites. Off to the east stretches the sea, dotted with islands that would prove emergency stations for the landing of the manbirds should aught go wrong with them in a seaward flight. Directly north lies Dorchester Heights, from which glistens the tower erected to commemorate the successful strategy of George Washington, who struggled across the marshes to that position one night and planted a battery that frowned down so ominously upon the British in Boston the next morning, that they forthwith determined to evacuate. To the westward, sweeping the whole horizon from north to south, lies Boston and suburbs, with rivers to traverse, valleys to explore, or the skyscrapers themselves to encircle. No doubt at succeeding meets at Squantum Field, many interesting distance flights will be planned.

The Harvard Aeronautical Society, which comes into international prominence as a

result of the Squantum Field meet, was organized in November last year, with the objects in view such as the name suggests. It is composed of present and past members of Harvard University. President Lowell of Harvard was on the advisory committee of the Squantum Field meet, and grouped with him were a number of prominent citizens of Massachusetts. Adams D. Claffin, as manager of the meet, met the demands of the position so successfully that there was a profit of \$5,000 instead of the usual deficit which has resulted in other meets.

* * *

How much sooner would have come the successful mechanical flight of man had there been back of the matter of experimentation in its early stage, the encouragement of such an institution as the Harvard Aeronautical Society! We perhaps would not have had to look upon the pathetic figure of Professor Langley, who closed his eyes on this world so soon after his really epochal trials for manflight in the interests of our government were declared a failure in 1903. But it was snap judgment, made effective by the hostile attitude of the press, and supine acquiescence of Congress. Think of limiting an inventor to two or three trials to get his manbird in the air! A launching into the air was not finally successful until hundreds of attempts from all sorts of angles were made—but poor Langley was only a memory then—his years of patience and intelligent labor the real stepping-stones to success for those who came after him. Mechanical flight he developed and demonstrated successfully as early as 1896, but his attempt to crown his mechanical flight with human control while in the air was absolutely forestalled in 1903 by an unsympathetic government.

Harvard is first in the field with an aeronautical society, with expert business energy and judgment guiding. The best there is in the hopes of the air-craft inventors will surely be brought forth under such a practical and sympathetic encouragement.

His Presence of Mind

A Gridiron Battle in Which
the Hero Starred Off-Field

By ANTONY DEE

Author of "Disinherited," "Extraneous Matter,"
"The Garden at Dempster," etc.



IT was the last day before the great conflict. Tomorrow—Thanksgiving Day—his class—his own class—would fight its last battle on the gridiron, and he—he was the Outcast!

Out on the campus they were discussing the prospects of the mighty struggle to come. How often had he done the same! But now—now he was avoided and despised. A group stopped beneath the dormitory window. He crossed the room and looked down through the blinds.

What was that Coach Dean was saying? Donnelly's ankle broken—Donnelly, their star punter, the hope of Ashdown! Whose name was that—his, the Outcast's? He strained to listen.

"Donnelly's ankle broken, Simmons' knee in boards, Desmond unable to come back," Dean was saying, "then we'll have to look to Andrews. What d' you say, Barnard?"

The Outcast clutched at the sill. Mighty decent of Dean, that! Jolly, good-natured Dean, always willing to give a fellow the benefit of the doubt! Before the Cullomville game, he and Dean had many good times together. And then, Dean was *her* brother. But now—now he was the Outcast.

"Play with Andrews!" Barnard raged. "Have a traitor on my team! Where's your honor, Dean?"



Donnelly, their star punter

The Outcast staggered back into his room. A traitor—a traitor? Barnard had called him that! And he had to crawl into a hole like a cowering convict—like a thief! No, worse still—hadn't Barnard said it? Yet a month, a year back—why, ever since he had entered Ashdown the whole varsity would rise en masse at even a whisper of criticism against him. For four years he had served Ashdown, faithfully, on the gridiron, in the catcher's mask, at the oar, on the ice. Not as sensational a player as Barnard, nor as brilliant as Donnelly, he had been an all-round athlete, and had had his part in the winning of many a victory for the gold and gray. And after these four years of service, he had made a misplay—or, rather, he had let opportunity pass him by, and now—now he was the Outcast.

The fumble was stupid; he couldn't account for it himself. "Just lost his presence of mind," Doc Gerrish had said; but the crowd was infuriated; and then, there were circumstances. Everyone knew he was short of money, and Barnard's whisper that he had seen him in conference with the Cullomville captain the night before was taken without even a question.

He had thought of quitting—in fact, Dean had said it might not be safe to stay out the term. "Only a coward quits," he thought. He hoped it wouldn't be safe; it might give him a chance to square himself with the fellows. But, by ignoring his very existence, nay, barring him even

from recognition, they had ostracized him, had made him an Outcast.

* * *

Still talking on the campus? Above the angry basses and shrill tenors he could distinguish a clear treble—*her* voice. Was *she* there? He hadn't seen her since that day. Did *she* believe him guilty? Oh, she couldn't; she mustn't. At least *she* trusted in him. He strode to the window.

She was speaking; the stiff November breeze wafted each word upward, distinct and resonant. "Lost his presence of mind! Bah, Horace! His presence of mind!" The little scornful laugh, the underscore,



They were cheering Ashdown—Barnard

the contempt, stunned him a moment; blindly then he groped his way down the hall.

* * *

A great day—just bully football weather! The strong late autumn sun pouring in at his window awakened him. Why, it was late—the crowd must already be starting for the field. He could hear Barnard instructing, warning, inspiring his squad:

"We *must* win! We *will* win! Make every move count. Play as you never played before. I've got to. We've all got to. Play to win!"

The Outcast drew near the drawn blinds. Barnard was standing by the roadside with *her*! *She* with Barnard! "His presence of mind"—her scorn of yesterday came back with a sickening forcefulness.

Why hadn't he thought of Barnard before—of Barnard, his enemy, his accuser, his rival? He wondered, as the two walked down the road together, how *she* could like Barnard—rough, unrefined Barnard, whose habitual profanity, gross mannerisms and total disregard of those little things that meant so much to her, would disbar him from any drawing-room.

And she could overlook his deficiencies! Nay, for Barnard, had she not forsaken *him*, and made him still more bitterly Outcast?

* * *

Ten o'clock! The starter's whistle was even now shrilling the formal beginning of the last football game that his class would ever play under the gold and gray. A fierce battle, it would be, with Ashdown playing against odds.

They were cheering Ashdown—Barnard. A good man on the field, Barnard—none better; and truly Ashdown needed him today as never before. The Laramie band saluted. How would Laramie show up? Rather an uncertain crowd, with a powerful end, and noted for tricky plays. What had Barnard done about a quarterback? Would Desmond try it? Was there any chance for Ashdown to win the cup?

His blood tingled in his veins. He wanted to *see* the conflict! How could he remain supine half a mile from the struggle of his class—his own class? An Outcast, yes, but could he not slip in unnoticed among the crowd? Nervously he pulled a cap down over his eyes, muffled his coat-collar about his throat and hurried toward the grounds.

"Seat in the middle?" he asked the ticket-seller, whose eyes were on the battlefield.

"Sorry, mister, but there ain't no seats," came the mechanical apology.

"Nothing on either side?"

The ticket-man glanced toward him; his lip curled in recognition.

"Why don't yuh sit with the players?" he sneered.

The Outcast shrank back. Had anyone else seen him? He gave a hurried glance about. All eyes were centered on the field—on the field toward which he dared not look. The whistle was sounding the end of the first half; he feverishly awaited

the hoisting of the score-bearer's signal. The game stood 6-6.

Cheers were ringing for Barnard. As the Outcast slunk through the entrance gates, a group passing out for intermission was gathered in consternation. "The whole life of the team"—"Never played so

room. Their voices were subdued; even Dean seemed to have lost his usual optimism.

So Barnard was Ashdown's only hope; and Laramie, tricky, alert Laramie, was a formidable foe. Was it fair that Barnard should by premeditated arrangement thus



Crouched in position, waiting for the quarter to pass the ball

well before"—"Laramie's crippled 'em all but him"—"He's carrying his whole eleven"—he overheard broken sentences. Barnard, Barnard everywhere—what a lion was Barnard!

Turning about, the Outcast resolutely made his way southward, skirting the field, to the "six foot wall" below the dressing room which the village urchins had long claimed as their own. He used to wonder, sometimes, why they should choose so remote a spot—full half a mile from the lines—but perhaps they preferred proximity to the players as they came and went from quarters, to a study of touchdowns.

He crouched behind the fence as the Ashdown squad issued from the dressing-

risk the honor of Ashdown for personal vainglory? Though, on reflection, Barnard had never yet disappointed them; never "lost his presence of mind"; his reserve force was almost uncanny.

The players lined up. The second half was beginning. How far away seemed the field of battle—but through all the shifting scenes Barnard, always Barnard, was in sight—keen, watchful, active.

Now he was crouched in position, waiting for the quarter to pass the ball. So Desmond had tried it, after all; rather spent and uncertain his pose indicated, as he hesitatingly waited his chance to pass to Barnard.

How noisy were these urchins on the fence. Their ceaseless chatter grew louder



He watched the scrimmage within the lines

—a warm debate was going on. "If yuh hadn't 'a' butted in, he'd 'a' took me," sputtered one lad, settling himself on the rail.

"Who's the guy what's got the other pail?" queried another.

"Gee, a dollar!" continued the covetous one. "Them two gettin' a dollar fer tendin' the pail an' sponge! They never paid nothin' before!"

"Huh! that ain't fer carryin' the pail, like Coach Dean had me do onct," announced an older lad sagely. "Git wise! Who ever seen that timer before, anyway? Where's the regular timer? That ain't him. An' didn't yuh hear him tell Jim he wa'n't to move till he got a sign from him, and then he was to put the sponge in Barnard's face? Barnard's, see?"

"Yes, an' he don't git the dollar unless he does it jest—"

"Gee, Stubby, Barnard's got the ball!



They were forcing him through the lines

Look!" The conversation stopped abruptly. All eyes were turned toward the field.

The Outcast's mind was going through a series of emotions as he watched the scrimmage within the lines. Barnard still held the ball; amid the fierce onslaught of Laramie defenders, he was pushing his way through—was making on, on toward the goal.

"He's go'n' to make it, Stub!" shrieked one of the excited youngsters, standing on the rail. "Look at him! He's got it!"

"He ain't a-goin' to make that goal if that timer knows it," replied the sage one, "you jest wait an' see. There's somethin' crooked about this game, you betcher life!"

The Outcast sat tense. The timer—the timer, they had said. Who was he, anyway? Was it possible?

Ah, Ashdown was coming to Barnard's



Barnard was struggling; was he being overpowered?

rescue at last. They were forcing him through the lines. He was speeding on. Laramie's end alone followed in hot pursuit. A powerful tackle, this wiry end of Laramie's. They used to say his skill in jiu-jitsu had won many a game for his eleven. Barnard was struggling—was he being overpowered? Was he down?

Time! Who called for time?

* * *

He didn't quite know, when it was all over and Barnard had made the touch-down and come back and kicked goal, why the mob broke into quarters and bore him, the Outcast, aloft on their shoulders, screaming his name in unison with the deafening cheer for Ashdown.

Perhaps Barnard had really been faint at the timekeeper's signal and when he had rushed on the field and wrested sponges and pails from the water-boys, Barnard had thought it was revenge, enmity. The fence urchins might not have been right—although the sponges—

They were carrying him toward the center of the field. Perhaps they would lynch him—these wild, unruly swarms—before he had a chance to explain. They were lowering him. President Vernon was awaiting them; his arm was on Barnard's shoulder. Dean was nearby, with *her*. Crowds were still in the bleachers. All seemed to be watching him. Why was he the cynosure of all eyes? Why these shouts of "Andrews" with "Ashdown"?

He had but a hazy recollection of the bewildering events that followed—the speech in which Barnard admitted that his accusation about the Cullomville bribery was unfounded; the cordial praise of President Vernon for his seizure of the treacherous sponges, for Dean had elicited a full confession from one of the boys; Dean's grip as he said, "You saved us the game, old man," and the cheers that followed; Doc Gerrish's arrival on the scene and his grave announcement that one dash of the sponges, wet with that solution, would have crippled Barnard temporarily, at least.

But while his memory of these matters was still vague and indistinct, he could tell you, verbatim, of a conversation that took place, sometime afterward, when everything was quite over, and Dean had

insisted that he walk home with *her*, by the long road.

"Horace is so proud of you," she had said, as she slipped her arm in his. "We're all proud of you! You not only saved the day for Ashdown, Fred, but you saved a life—by your presence of mind."

"Presence of mind—presence of mind!" How they tortured him, those words! Was it quite in good taste for her to say them then? "Presence of mind," he repeated, but he had not meant to quote



Dean had insisted that he walk home with *her*

aloud, "Bah, Horace! His presence of mind!" A bit surprised, she looked, as she asked enigmatically: "Did Horace tell you? Were you vexed because I couldn't endure him?"

We will say that at this juncture he stopped and demanded just how and just why she had used those words, which is what he should have done before and thus avoided half an hour's needless discussion, to bring about the incoherent explanation: "Why, it was about Mr. Barnard! He had done something more stupid than usual, and Horace said he 'lost his presence of mind.'"

"After the other game, you know—I wanted to do something for you—something big—and Horace said that if I made him—Mr. Barnard, that is—like me—I might find out about—that Cullomville captain. He got awfully on my nerves, but Horace used to tell me how selfish I was—"

And here, for the second time in his life, he really, completely, hopelessly, lost his presence of mind.

The Function of Postal Service

By NATHAN B. WILLIAMS

POSTAL deficits are wholly without justification and there need be no change in rates to which publishing and business interests are adjusted. To talk of who pays postal deficits is merely juggling; the whole people pay all taxes in some form.

Three years ago, by accident, I became interested in ascertaining the cause of postal deficits, and not getting satisfactory information from postal officials, I looked into the subject on my own account and reached the conclusion that such an unfortunate condition is caused by the failure of the government to exercise its rightful, constitutional and lawfully expressed monopoly in the carriage of all mail matter.

Representing no interest, I have attended the House Committee hearings considering the question of how the postal deficit may be eliminated and addressed said committee. Its members are earnest and faithful and certainly endeavoring to get at the real facts and the true conception of post office conditions. Investigation has succeeded investigation, but the publishing business has been arbitrarily suggested as the cause of postal deficits without valid reason. It seems to me that Speaker Cannon in the multitude of his cares has not realized the importance of what I think is one of his greatest opportunities—the passage of a new postal law—that will fittingly follow his early efforts that first gave to the people reading matter at low postage rates.

There is no need of raising rates; merely do what Congress has always done when the question was understood; forcibly declare that under the Constitution and laws the post office has and of right ought to have a full monopoly in the carriage of all mail or mailable matter. A new declaration of independence for the postal service, a reiteration of time-honored principles which have actuated Congress and the American people in the consideration of this subject from 1790 to 1910. By taking a hand in such work, having been instrumental in putting second-class rates at one cent per

pound, Uncle Joe will turn the tables on some of his critics and mark another landmark in postal legislation.

The post office is a public establishment instituted for the purpose of performing such public service as it may by law be authorized and required to undertake.

Its service is alike to all the people; its chief office may be a political plum, but the personnel, those who do the real work, are imbued with a sincere intent to make the institution as useful as possible. This conception of the legitimate field of the post office has been by presidential statement designated as embracing "the comforts of friendly correspondence, the exchanges of internal traffic and the lights of the periodical press, shall be distributed to the remotest corners of the land at a charge scarcely perceptible to any individual, and without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury."

The post office is a natural, proper, governmental monopoly, and until recent years it has ever been considered by those responsible, as necessary that the general government should have and exercise the duty and responsibility of providing ways, means and facilities for the carriage of the mail and at the same time be entitled to and receive all the emoluments and profits growing out of the performance of that service.

In 1859 Congress solemnly declared that it was inexpedient to abolish the Post Office Department or repeal all laws that restrained individuals or corporations from carrying mails or mail matter. That was nine years after the first comprehensive law prohibiting such carriage had been passed by Congress. The agitation over the private carriage of mail matter by express companies and others was constant for many years before the passage of the law mentioned. A committee of Congress reporting on the subject said: "That further legislation is necessary to protect the public service and that such competition raised the momentous question, *whether the constitution and laws of the country or a*

lawless combination of refractory individuals shall triumph." A distinguished Attorney-General has said that the business of carrying letters and other mail matter belongs exclusively to the government. Judge Cadwallader, in an exhaustive opinion, said: "No government has ever organized a system of posts without securing to itself to some extent a monopoly of the carriage of letters and mailable packets. The policy of such an exclusive system is the subject of legislative, not judicial inquiry." The monopoly of the government is an optional, not an essential part of its postal system. Congress has made certain proper exceptions from such monopoly in the new criminal code effective January first, 1910.

It is inconceivable that the government should provide for postage upon "letters and packets" and not have the right to protect the revenue arising from such service by making all mail matter pass through the mails when carried over a post road. All railroad lines are post roads. To do otherwise is to invite private enterprise to take the profitable routes and absorb a great volume of the business properly belonging to the post office, and to leave the serving of those remote and isolated portions of our country to the post office at a loss and with no opportunity to recoup such losses from the business done in the more populous sections.

These observations have been abundantly verified by the testimony at the recent hearings. Thus, the mailable package business of the government averages one-third of a pound; the weight limit is four pounds. The exercise of a full monopoly of this class of matter would raise such average to three pounds, nine times what it is at present; the cost of handling would be no greater and if a third of a pound produces a revenue of two million dollars, nine times two million is eighteen million, and the postal deficit is no longer in the way of improvements in the service and the extension of its benefits to the whole people.

How must the shades of the immortal fathers of our country be grieved at the monumental deficits now annually appearing in our postal department! How they must marvel at our lack of vigilance which permits private greed to make enormous profits upon this most beneficent agency of the government!

Section 181 of the new criminal code of

the United States, effective January first, 1910, provides:

"Whoever shall establish any private express for the conveyance of letters or packets, or in any manner cause or provide for the conveyance of the same by regular trips or at stated periods over any post route, which is or may be established by law, or from any city, town or place, to any other city, town or place, between which the mail is regularly carried, or whoever shall aid or assist therein shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars or imprisoned not more than six months, or both: Provided, That nothing contained in this section shall be construed as prohibiting any person from receiving and delivering to the nearest post office, postal car, or other authorized depository for mail matter, any mail properly stamped."

The term "letters or packets" has been in postal law and postal history since 1650; it does not mean or has never meant anything other than what is expressed in the more modern term "mail matter." Courts of the United States, of the states, distinguished attorneys-general, distinguished postmasters general and many other eminent authorities fully sustain this position. To say that the word "packet" in this statute is surplussage, or that it means nothing, or that it does not mean or does not include all other mail matter not included in the term "letter," is to accuse Congress of carelessness in the use of words, an imputation which Congress should properly resent. If the term "packet" does not include all other mail matter, then what does it mean? If Congress meant it only to include the plural of letter, then why resort to such unusual methods, why violate all laws of good diction and accuracy in terminology in such an unusual way?

The bill reported by the joint postal commission in December, 1908, by a few amendments in a few minor particulars becomes a most excellent post code. No postal official should have the power of life and death over the public press, as in that bill provided. If the public official charged with the duty of administering such law, when violated, has a court or courts open in which he may proceed, that is all the government can reasonably ask; once admitted to the mails publishers should be entitled to a reasonable doubt before having their business destroyed, and publishers desiring their publications admitted to

the mails and being denied such admission should have the same opportunities.

Congress gets its authority in postal matters from eleven words in Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States reading: "Congress shall have power to establish post offices and post roads." Since the establishment of the government, this grant has always been taken to mean that thereby Congress is vested with the exclusive control of the entire postal system. These laws prohibiting transportation by private express or other unlawful means are the supreme law of the land. The duty of all good citizens is plain. Only by the full enforcement of the monopoly of the postal service can the country come to know, in the light of experience, whether they want the service restricted, enlarged, or to use its increasing revenue in developing and extending its benefits.

The right to make rates on mail matter is committed to Congress. State commissions and rate-regulating bodies should see to it that no private agency violates the law in the transportation of mail matter between points and places over which they have jurisdiction. To permit any rate-making body to make rates on mail matter is to supersede and set aside the work of Congress on the same subject, and create chaos in the administration of the postal service.

When the people, publishers and public officials shall join with Congress in an earnest endeavor to perform their full duty with respect to this great public agency, the post office department will fulfil the purpose of its founders, there to remain a beneficent public service, distributing information and earning a concrete profit for the people "without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury,"

THE STIRRUP CUP

MY short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm are the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true,
My rosy children, and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay, in "Heart Throbs."

A World Contract

STATUTORY INTERNATIONAL LAW A NECESSARY PRECEDENT TO INTERNATIONAL COURTS OF ARBITRATION

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

American Consul, Hanover, Germany

IN the question of promoting international peace, or rather, establishing a permanent and competent court for the prevention of war between nations, the merit of the proposal seems so apparent that the wonder of the world is that it is not already a reality rather than a dream.

There exists, however, a very general idea that the nations have not advanced to that condition of human fellowship where it is possible to create such courts or, on the other hand, that war is holy, righteous, and with its abolition would date the commencement of the decadence of the race. I believe that both these ideas are false and untenable. We are fully ready for an international court of arbitration, but to establish a competent court we must first create, in a proper and formal manner, our laws—the only possible foundation upon which a court can exist.

The rendition of the universally accepted precepts and rules of international law into statutory form and their formal and official acceptance by the sovereign law-making branches of the several governments of the world is the bridge which will lead us to a point where an international court of arbitration and adjudication would automatically create itself.

A court interprets the law and determines the facts in a given case. But the law must be higher than the court. The court cannot make the law. It must itself be a creature of the law, and, therefore, in seeking and hoping to establish an international court of arbitration under the present circumstances, we are simply building a house in the clouds. The substructure of an international constitution or codification of the law of nations is as essential to such an international court as the ordinances of a municipal council to a police court or the statutes of a state to its department of justice. Nor is any nation likely to object to or withhold its co-operation

from any dignified and serious proposal that will lead to a codification and final sovereign acceptance in statutory form of the great principles of international law. No government can enter the family of civilized nations of the world without an acquiescence in the principles of international law. These laws, for centuries morally accepted by all civilized nations of the world, need but to be put into definite written form, accepted and signed in such form by the law-making branches of the great powers of the earth, and we will have brought the nations of the world under prescribed and fixed rules of action in their relations to one another. This would mean, essentially and in brief, an international constitution.

The righteousness and justness of a war which might follow the decision of a court having been formed under such a constitution would be determined in advance by the judgment of such court, and this great weapon, stronger today than fleets and armies, would not rest upon the individual interpretation of rights or wrongs arrived at by contending parties as is now the practice in questions arising between nations.

Each contending nation always claims Right and Justice and God on its side in case of war. But, according to history, God, in the past, has been on the side of that power which destroys the most lives, lays waste the largest areas, and, by its money, might and greater power, paralyzes and crushes with weight of arms, preparedness and physical prowess, the weaker antagonist.

The nation, like the individual, is moved by mighty impulses, by prejudices, primitive militant patriotism, by hereditary and historical hatred. Its traditions often tend to the prevention of a clear, judicial and fair decision of questions demanding absolute and exact fairness with another power.

If those principles of justice, truth and righteousness which we attribute to God shall find correct expression on this earth, especially as they relate to differences between contending nations, such expression will be voiced by a great tribunal of arbitration composed of all the recognized powers of the world, and this tribunal must be a court founded upon fixed and written law.

We have gone at this proposition of a competent court for the arbitration of international differences in a backward, crab-like fashion. No state, no government is organized without some sort of regulating ordinances, constitution or charter, fixed and prescribed rules of order and conduct. How far would the original thirteen states—the United States of America—have traveled without their Constitution? A government without a constitution is chaos, and a court without law is an impossibility.

The years of the Hague Peace Conference have not been lost. I believe, however, that had a genuine attempt been made in the beginning to codify and make binding on the nations of the earth the principles and precepts of international law, we would today be well on the way to a condition which would itself give birth to a competent International High Court of Arbitration with navies policing the seas in proof of its competency and in execution of its findings.

In simple thought and simple action lies the solution of all great problems of human life.

Unfortunately for the betterment of the condition of man, the trained and highly educated mind seems generally compelled, through force of habit, to apply the complex, the involved and indirect method of reasoning

in questions of magnitude and great importance.

Man is always ready to assume or theorize an ideal or prophetic condition—a state that may be sure to come at some future time, or which is strongly indicated by present conditions—and, from this assumed standpoint, endeavor to create something real. But his house is built in the air. It dissolves away like a mirage.

We are eternally crossing bridges before we reach them. We build our houses and organize our states—our Utopias—on the other side, only to awaken and find the river still lying broad before us, the problem of crossing yet unsolved.

I think I may state that this is the case with many of our sociological questions—socialism and single tax, for instance, and likewise the proposition of fixed rules for international arbitration. The propagandist makes proposals which are ahead of the times. He is an advance agent. His show may materialize or not, dependent upon the action of the practical man who follows him, he who acts when conditions are right and who acts on the things at hand.

Let the pacifists take hold of the handle of this great problem rather than waste time in sterile struggles with a vast body that offers no other purchase than the very evident one of Statutory International Law.

What nation will be the first to propose the creation of a joint high commission of the highest living authorities on the law of nations for the rendition or reduction of international law into a world contract—a written statutory instrument?

First your laws, gentlemen, then your courts,

LOVE'S DOING

By HENRY DUMONT

WHAT is more beautiful to see
Than that great light in woman's eyes,
When Love hath solved their mystery?

What is more beautiful to hear
Than laughter on the lips whence Love
Hath brushed the shadow of a tear?

—From "A Golden Fancy."

Florence Nightingale

WAR strives with Pestilence upon the
shore
Of that storm-vexed, disaster-haunted
sea,

The two allied in friendly rivalry
Haply to see which one shall slay the more;
There, too, are hearts with heavy sorrow sore
That under flag of England valiantly
Have met the marshalled hosts of Muscovy,
Now waiting,—waiting till the pain be o'er.

From ward to ward, from cot to cot she goes
With soothing word,—her cheerful smile so
bright
Outshines the radiance of her midnight lamp.
At her approach the patient sufferer knows
Even in the flesh he is blessed with the sight
Of whom he calls the Angel of the Camp.

*Isaac Bassett Choate
in the Boston Transcript*



MIDNIGHT ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE WORTH



VIEW OF BRADEN CASTLE IN THE MANATEE COUNTRY

FLO RIDA

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT-

by Garnault Agassiz

IF that intrepid explorer, De Soto, wandering through the limitless forests and marshes of the land that Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of eternal youth, had discovered to Spain, could have looked down the centuries, and have foreseen the Florida of today, he might not have wandered to his death, disappointed, broken in health and in spirit, admitting at the last that the Eldorado he had so persistently, so madly sought was after all a delusion and a myth.

For the Florida of today is richer far than any Eldorado he could have conceived of, returning in her varied products of mine, forest, sea and soil far more wealth than all the treasure-laden galleons of Spain could have carried home from her new conquest.

Settled more than three hundred years ago, Florida, rich as she is, is yet one of the least developed of the sisterhood of states. For more than two centuries she claimed allegiance to the ensign of Spain, and Spain has never evidenced any remarkable proclivity in the field of colonial development. What the Florida of today might have been had a Saxon rather than a Latin planted the flag of discovery upon her shores can be only imagined.

After the purchase in 1820 of Florida from Spain by this Government, and the driving back forever into nature's stronghold, the Everglades, of the Indian, who had held so cheaply the lives of the early settlers, Northern, Middle and Western Florida were gradually opened up to settlement.

For many, many years, however, by

far the larger portion of Florida was regarded almost universally as a barren waste, fever and pest ridden, and wholly unfitted by nature for the habitation of man.

True, dotted intermittently along the picturesque banks of some of the larger rivers and streams that are part and portion of Florida's great heritage were the palatial homes of ante-bellum days.

The ruins of some of these perpetuate

the elements. Even to this day one can look through the portholes from which the inmates defended with flintlock and arrow their lives and property from the savage onslaughts of the red man.

In common with the other Confederate states, Florida suffered severely in the struggle between the states, and her development necessarily was retarded. Handicapped by limited population and by limited capital, however, she struggled



NO LONGER IS THE SEMINOLE INDIAN THE TURBULENT WARRIOR OF YORE

their memory to this day. One of the most beautiful is Braden Castle, on the Manatee River, five or six miles from the Braden-town of today. Standing in a beautiful grove of moss-draped oaks, and surrounded by all manner of tropical vegetation, growing in that luxurious profusion known only to countries in which nature never sleeps, this old mansion, or more truly, fortress, except for its wooden floors and balustrades, which have fallen in decay, stands as yesterday, after the lapse of nearly a century, impervious to time and

bravely forward, doing what she could to develop her marvelous inherent wealth.

But it was a slow and an uphill fight. Men, then, had not come to realize that Florida, in point of climate, in vastness of natural resources, and in magnificent possibilities, was indeed an empire.

Some there were, however, who, with an abiding faith in the ultimate future of this new land, were willing to become its pioneers; to meet, wrestle with, and overcome the difficulties and dangers that beset their paths; to labor in silence and to

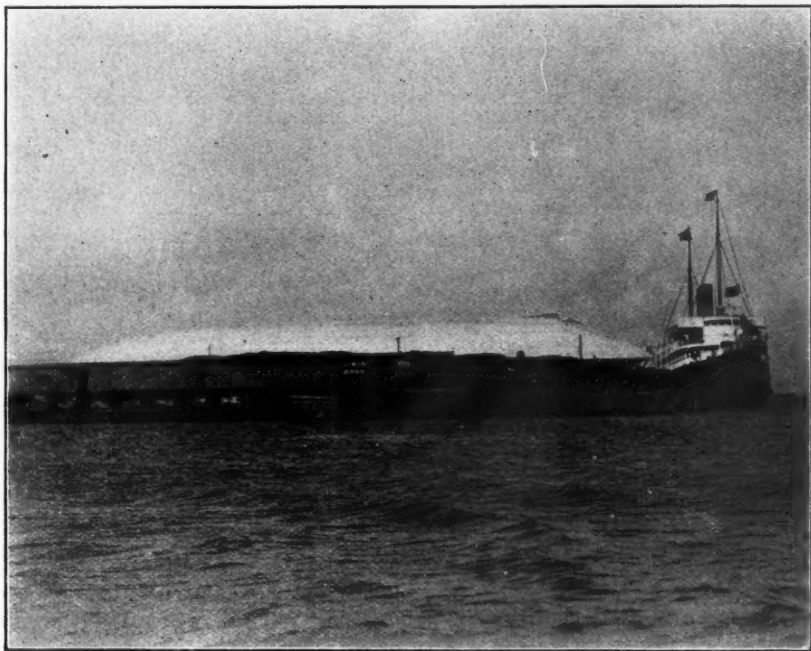
patiently await the day of better things.

And that day, long in coming, dawned at last. Men began to appreciate the fact that a soil that could raise pine and cypress, cedar and oak, was fertile enough also to raise the staple products of the farm. Gradually new settlers followed in the steps of the sturdy pioneers, and having seen and conquered for themselves, paved the way for others.

But the settler could not have accom-

bringing those settlements into ready communication with the markets of the world, and by opening up to him vast bodies of inaccessible territory, has made almost everything accomplished merely incidental to and conditional upon it.

To the men who have lent their fortunes and their best efforts to the construction of Florida's railroads—to such empire-builders as Yulee, Duval, Plant and Flagler, the Floridians of future genera-



STEAMER LOADING AT KNIGHT'S KEY, THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

plished unaided the remarkable transformation that has taken place in Florida in recent years. Nature herself, by endowing Florida with her wonderful system of inland waterways, has lent him able assistance; the steamship and sailboat that have helped to keep him in touch with the outside world have also played their part, but by far the largest measure of his success must be attributed to the railroad, which, by interlinking his numerous settlements in a network of steel, by

tions will have to attribute in no small measure the successful upbuilding of their state.

Yes, Florida is truly coming into her own. Her marvelous resources of forest and farm, her magnificent fisheries, her great phosphate deposits, her fertile soil, and, above all, her wonderful climate, are focusing at last the attention of the world, and turning capital and immigration to her shores.

And with good cause. Of the states



ON THE EDGE OF THE EVERGLADES—A BIT OF FLORIDA JUNGLE



ROYAL PALM DRIVE, PALM BEACH

east of the Mississippi, Florida is second in area by only a very small margin, being over 59,000 square miles in extent. She has over fifteen hundred miles of seacoast, embracing what is probably the most wonderful system of land-locked harbors in the world. Her whole surface is dotted with wide river and broad lake, guaranteeing her, in conjunction with a network of state canals, cheap transportation for all time to come. Her soil can produce practically every known fruit of the earth, most of them in abundance. Her citrus industry is second in size only to that of California, while in quality of products it has no superior in the world. Her trucking industry is in a class by itself. She has a subterranean supply of pure water that will permit the sinking of artesian wells to a depth of from twenty to five hundred feet anywhere in the state, thus providing against even the possibility of drought.* Her soil is of that peculiar sandy loam that will readily absorb even the heaviest rainfall. She produces over two-thirds of the world's supply of pebble and rock phosphate. Her sponge indus-

*These wells are not all natural flow wells by any means, but the artesian well is a great utility even when considerable power is required for its maintenance.

try is second only to that of Greece. Her naval stores industry is equal to that of all the other naval stores producing states of the Union. Her pine industry has a greater annual value than even the world-famed pine industry of Georgia. Her cypress industry, yet in its infancy, holds forth a future of great promise. Her agricultural products, embracing long and short staple cotton, pecans, corn, oats, rice, cow peas, velvet beans, peanuts, tobacco, hay, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, all kinds of vegetables and the chief citrus and tropical fruits, are more diversified than those of any other state. Her vast acreage of grazing lands, available all the year, are the foundation of a cattle industry that is growing annually in importance and promises one day to become one of the most important in the United States.

Cotton-growing is probably Florida's oldest industry. Florida as a cotton-growing state does not occupy the important position that her great available acreage, fertile soil and equable climate justify. Before the War, she had some of the largest and most profitable cotton plantations in the world, most of them situated in the middle western section of the state. With



DRIVE FROM LAKE TO BEACH, PALM BEACH

the abolition of slavery, however, and the general despoliation of the state, these plantations were abandoned, and where then a single planter had thousands of acres under cultivation to the cotton stalk, today the land is partly divided into small tracts and rented to negro tenants.

The negro tenant system, while, under existing labor conditions, fundamentally necessary, is the most serious obstacle to the development of the cotton-growing

What the cotton counties of Florida need today is immigration. Less than fifty per cent of the available cotton lands of the state—that is, those that have been planted to cotton in the past—are under cultivation at the present time, besides which, there is almost an unlimited acreage of uncleared lands that are peculiarly adapted to cotton culture.

The yield per acre can be also very materially increased. Last year 95,954



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND CONFEDERATE PARK, MADISON, WEST MIDDLE FLORIDA

industry of Florida. The average negro exercises little intelligence as a farmer. Under proper direction, he is a good laborer, but left to his own resources and his own initiative, he is almost invariably a failure, operating his farm in the crudest manner possible, employing little or no farm machinery, the least possible fertilizer, and paying as little attention to his farm as is consistent with a living crop. And a negro can live on very little in Florida.*

* This condition applies only to Middle West Florida, the negro not being a factor in other sections.

acres of upland cotton produced only 27,646 bales, while 144,598 acres of the Sea Island variety yielded only 32,507 bales. With the employment of modern methods of farming, and the application of industry, enterprise and intelligence there is no reason why, with Florida's fertile soil and equable climate, at least a bale of upland and two-thirds of a bale of Sea Island cotton may not be harvested from every acre cultivated.

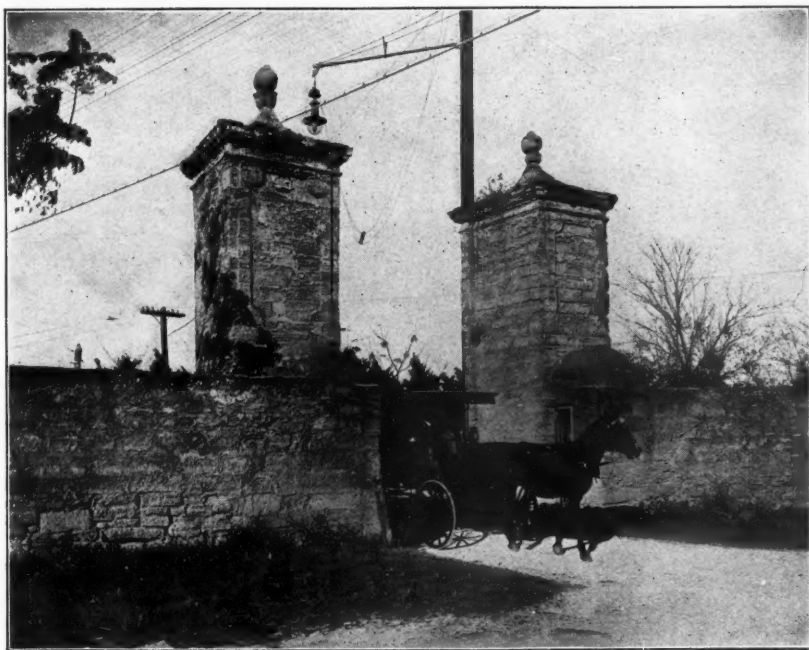
The chief upland cotton counties of Florida are Jackson, Jefferson, Leon,

Calhoun, Madison, Santa Rosa, Walton, Washington and Escambia, while the chief Sea Island producers are Suwanee, Hamilton, Alachua, Columbia, Madison, Bradford, Lafayette, Marion, and Jefferson; Jefferson, Jackson and Leon producing two-thirds of the total upland, and Suwanee, Alachua, Hamilton, Madison and Bradford three-quarters of the Sea Island product.

Upland cotton is grown more or less

its price is not so subject to fluctuation. It has many uses. No small portion of it is manufactured into high-priced mercerized cottons, and it is said that a large portion of the cheaper silks is adulterated with it also. It is used also as a sizing in the manufacture of automobile tires.

Madison, Florida, by the way, enjoys the distinction of possessing the largest Sea Island cotton gin in the world. It



THE CITY GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE

in seventeen, and Sea Island in twenty-one Florida counties. All of these counties are in the northern, middle and western sections of the state, or what is known as Old Florida. The annual output of Sea Island cotton last season was valued at \$2,437,067, and the upland cotton at \$1,216,236.

Sea Island cotton is one of the most important staple crops in the United States, and Florida is its accepted home. It commands a premium of at least a hundred per cent over the short staple variety, and

is owned and operated by the famous Coates thread people of England, who use two-thirds of the world's supply of this commodity. In connection with this gin there is a cotton seed oil mill, the most unique of its kind in America.

Another industry of great importance to Middle West Florida is the growing of Sumatra leaf tobacco.

Tobacco-growing has been carried on in Florida for many years. Long before the war, Quincy, the center of the present industry, grew a great deal of what



NOT A FIELD IN INDIANA, BUT IN FLORIDA, WHERE CORN GROWS TO ESPECIAL ADVANTAGE AS ONE OF THREE STAPLE CROPS ON THE SAME LAND IN THE SAME YEAR. THIS PARTICULAR VIEW WAS TAKEN NEAR PENSACOLA AND THE FIELD IT REPRESENTS YIELDED OVER A HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

was called speckled leaf tobacco. This tobacco was grown on the hammock lands and was a sun tobacco. No small portion of it was used in the United States, the tobacco at that time being hauled by wagon to the quaint little gulf port of St. Mark's, forty miles away, and from there transhipped by sail. About one-third of the crop at that time was exported to foreign countries.

The war, however, sounded the death

have wished, due to the fact that the sun process would not produce the fancy wrapper required by the trade. In 1896, however, there was inaugurated an experiment in tobacco-growing, which was destined to revolutionize the cigar wrapper industry of the world—the first intelligent attempt to grow tobacco under shade. This experiment was the result of an inherent feeling on the part of some of the tobacco growers that a more delicately



CULTIVATING SUMATRA TOBACCO

knell of the industry, although a few old stalwarts, too conservative to permit even a war to interfere with the accepted order of things, continued to grow their tobacco as though no vital revolution had occurred, selling it as they could, or storing it for a brighter day.

Until 1887 tobacco-growing was a very precarious undertaking in Florida, but from that year until 1896 its growing was prosecuted on a no inconsiderable scale, although the business was not so certain and profitable as those engaged in it might

textured leaf would be produced by the protection of the growing tobacco from the powerful rays of the sun and the consequent conservation of the moisture so essential to successful tobacco growth. Like so many other successes in the field of human endeavor, this discovery was the result of accident, being conceived from the realization that tobacco partly shaded by trees was appreciably better for wrapper purposes than that entirely unprotected.

A quarter of an acre being hardly large

enough to establish the feasibility of the theory of shade culture, the following year a whole acre was devoted to the experiment. This last effort was eminently successful, and proved beyond peradventure the advantage of the new over the old method. No better indication of this could have been adduced than the fact that the planter who grew this first acre of shaded tobacco sold 200 pounds of it at four dollars a pound, carrying about

which led to the production of a large amount of inferior leaf; which was all placed on the market at the same time as the regular product. This over-production and general lowering of standard had its effect on the industry, and not only did prices fall, but the demand also. In 1907 the panic further accentuated the difficulties of the growers, and it was not until the beginning of 1909 that the industry began to revive.



A PICNIC IN THE FLORIDA WOODS

a thousand pounds of it to New York for demonstration. The price of sun tobacco that year was forty cents a pound.

The experiment having proved successful, the industry was gradually extended until in 1906 there were over five thousand acres under shade. At this time fabulous prices were paid by the buyers, averaging as high as eighty cents a pound in the field, a condition of affairs which led naturally to great over-production. The tobacco area was also extended to sections not adapted to tobacco growth,

In the latter part of that year the larger growers, realizing the paramount necessity of placing the industry on a thorough Twentieth Century commercial basis, effected a consolidation for the growing, grading and sale of the product. This should do much to revive the industry, for by establishing a uniform grade, a uniform price, effecting great economies in production and distribution, and preventing forever the possibility of a recurrence of the conditions of 1907, it will place the industry on an entirely new footing.

Some idea of the extent of the Florida tobacco industry can be gained from the fact that no less than \$15,000,000 is invested in the Quincy district alone, \$7,000,000 of which represent the holdings of a single company. Quincy is a quaint old town of about three thousand inhabitants, fully two-thirds colored.

Produced on the right kind of soil, which is a sandy loam, underlaid with a yellow clay sub-soil, free from even the

edge, which is summed up in ability to adequately ferment and assort his product and pack it identically with the imported, and the commercial ability to dispose of it afterward, tobacco-growing offers a profitable, if a precarious investment, it having been known to yield a gross income of \$1,600 an acre to the grower for three consecutive years.

Yet another industry, still in its infancy, that promises to contribute greatly to



CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PENSACOLA

trace of lime or limestone, and grown under shade, with the approved method of fertilization and cultivation, Florida shade tobacco is without doubt the finest substitute for the imported Sumatra leaf growth.

A fine producer, yielding an average of a thousand pounds to the acre and being capable of wrapping a thousand cigars from a pound and a half of leaf, the Florida tobacco is indeed in a class by itself.

To the experienced grower, with adequate capital and essential requisites to tobacco growth, such a technical knowl-

the natural wealth of Florida in the future, is the raising of live stock. This industry has been an important one to the state for many years, but its development has not been in any way commensurate with its possibilities. The range cattle industry, even, has not yet seen its real beginning. With such important grazing grounds as are to be found in Escambia, Santa Rosa, Walton, Lee, Osceola, Hillsboro, Manatee and other western and southern counties, there is no reason why it should not be many times greater than it is.

The cattle industry of Florida is unique. The supply of native grasses being adequate to their needs, the cattle are permitted to run practically unattended, being rounded up only twice a year for branding purposes. These cattle are either consumed at home or exported to Cuba. At the close of the Spanish War, when nearly all the Cuban cattle had been slaughtered for the use of the Spanish troops, many thousand head were shipped

have been remarkably demonstrated in various portions of Florida.

There are a number of large farms that are practical and successful examples of what can be accomplished by the application of science and intelligence to general farming.

In Marion County a farm of about two thousand acres produced last season nine car loads of cattle and hogs, twenty-five car loads of cabbages, nine car loads of



GRADING UP NATIVE STOCK IN SOUTH FLORIDA

to Cuba for the rehabilitation of the Cuban herds.

The future importance of the Florida cattle industry, however, will depend more on the general farm than on the commercial ranch. The importance of live stock as a great contributing factor in the wealth of the farm is being gradually recognized by the thrifty farmers as is the importance of improving the native breed.

The great possibilities of stock-raising in conjunction with diversified farming

green peas, sixty car loads of watermelons, forty car loads of cantaloupes, three thousand bushels of corn, two thousand bales of hay, and a thousand dollars' worth of velvet bean seed; the gross receipts for said products being \$43,000, a large portion of which was profit.

This farm also maintains forty head of horses, three hundred head of cattle, three hundred hogs and four hundred sheep, and has something for sale every working day in the year.

By a systematic and intelligent rotation

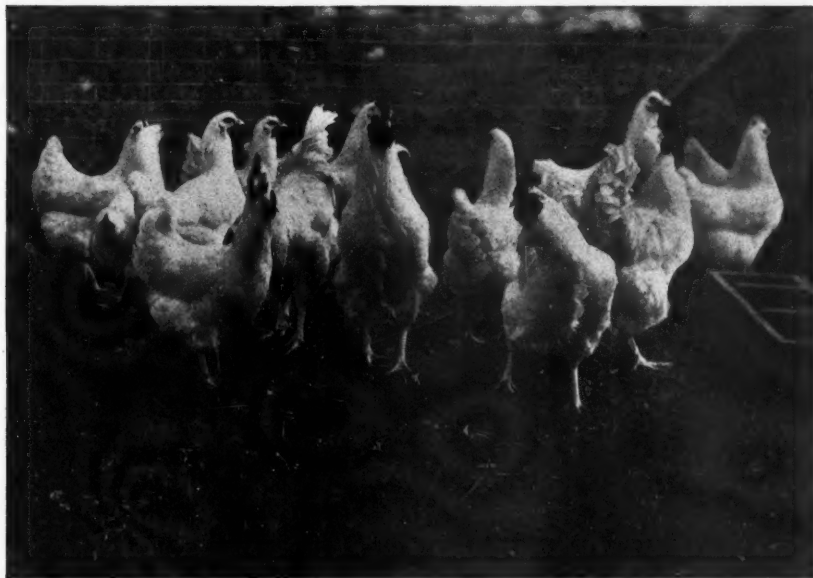
of crops, the farm is being yearly improved, and each year sees its boundaries extended by the clearing of contiguous land.

☐ This is just one concrete example of what can be accomplished in North, Middle, or West Florida, by any farmer willing to exercise intelligence, energy and care.

☐ The possibilities of stock-raising in Florida appear to have no horizon. The demand for beef cattle at a good price is yearly becoming more accentuated. Twenty years ago, when the great wave

South, where there are yet millions of acres available and where the conditions for profitable cattle-raising are unexcelled.

Florida especially should have little difficulty in creating a great cattle industry, her climate being the most equable in the land and her soil bringing forth in abundance most of the chief native grasses and forage crops, such as the Mexican clover—a volunteer crop—which grows to especial advantage in the far western portion of the state, particularly in



POULTRY THRIVE ANYWHERE IN FLORIDA, AND ARE EXCEEDINGLY PROFITABLE

of immigration into North America that has been the feature of the past decade had not been foreseen, the grazing fields of the West and of Texas were supposed to be entirely adequate to the requirements of the American cattle-raising industry for all time to come. But things have changed. Each year sees a gradual diminution in the range area; the country's beef exports are evincing a marked falling off, and already there is talk of importing beef from the Argentine to supply the ever-increasing home demand.

The future of the cattle industry of the United States necessarily must be in the

Escambia and Santa Rosa counties, the cassava, the Thompson and Bermuda grasses, the velvet bean, cowpea and kudzu, a Japanese vine that seems destined to fill a longfelt want in the southeastern group of states. Alfalfa is also grown in Florida to some extent, although not very successfully. It is thought, however, that it will be a staple crop on drained everglade lands.

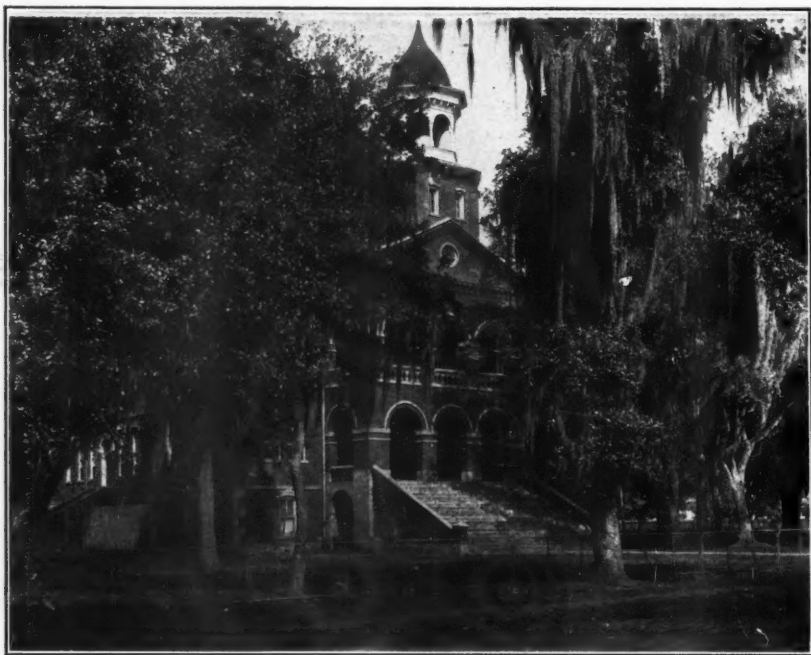
Sheep-raising, too, should be very profitable in Florida. This branch of stock-raising is little carried on at present. Some attempts to develop it, however, are being made in various portions of the

state. At Grand Ridge a prominent Northern farmer is being quite successful in his experiment in grading up native sheep with imported Shropshires. It is his purpose, if the experiment convinces him of its entire feasibility, to raise sheep for mutton on a large scale.

Hogs, too, can be raised very profitably throughout the state of Florida, which has always depended upon its world-renowned razor-back for a large portion of its meat

qualities that are the recognized characteristics of the high-class hog; from the native stock he derives a finer-grained and sweeter meat. Hogs produced in this manner will attain a weight of ninety to a hundred and twenty-five pounds against twenty-five to thirty pounds for the razor-back in the same period.

Poultry-raising is another very profitable undertaking in Florida, although it has never been carried on in any way com-



OSCEOLA COURT HOUSE, KISSIMMEE, FLORIDA

supply. And the beauty about the hog in Florida is that he forages for his own living, the supply of native grasses and other wild foods supporting him the entire year.

It is only in the last few years, however, that some of the more enterprising farmers have commenced to raise hogs on a commercial scale, breeding up the native razor-back with imported Berkshires, Jersey Reds and Poland Chinas. From the graded stock the breeder derives quick growth and the deep ham and other

mensurate with its possibilities. An idea of the profits that this industry holds forth to the thrifty can be gained from the following instance: An old German farmer recently emigrated to Florida, and recognizing, with characteristic German foresight, the great market for poultry that the city of Jacksonville, as the gateway to the state, offered, settled on the outskirts of that metropolis, and commenced to raise poultry in a very moderate way, starting with eleven hens. Unlike most of his neighbors he refused to sell any of his eggs,

setting them as fast as they were laid. He had to deny himself at first, but today, with some 2,500 fowls, he is netting over eight dollars every working day in the year.

Near Jacksonville is being erected the greatest poultry farm in the South, its buildings and runs covering over ten acres, and the plant itself being thoroughly modern and sanitary.

The equable climate of Florida and the peculiar freedom of Florida fowls from

that along the Manatee River there were once a number of large sugar mills from which in the war between the states the Confederate Army received no small portion of its sugar supply. These mills are said to have been razed by the Federal gunboats before the close of the war.

Probably Florida's greatest sugar-cane enterprise was what is known as the Disston drainage scheme. Hamilton Disston, who fathered this great project, realized that



ONE OF THE EVERGLADE DREDGES AT WORK ON THE PICTURESQUE CALOOSAHATCHEE

the ills that beset their kind in other parts, the great market that the tourist trade affords, and various other factors, all contribute to the success of poultry-raising in the Peninsula state.

One of Florida's real money crops, and a staple crop in the raising of which there is little risk, is sugar cane.

Sugar cane has been raised in Florida from time immemorial, judging by the Indian traditions that have been handed down to our time. History tells us also

the muck lands of South Florida were among the very best sugar-raising lands in the world. All of these muck lands, from Kissimmee to Lake Okechobee, and from Lake Okechobee to the southern edge of the coraline reef that embraces them, were then under water, and all formed collectively the bleak, monotonous, mysterious Everglades, which to the white man must be forever anathema.

Hamilton Disston realized, however, that this despised, rejected section was

destined one day beyond all peradventure to become one of the agricultural cornerstones of the state, its fertile lands bringing forth in profusion many of the chief

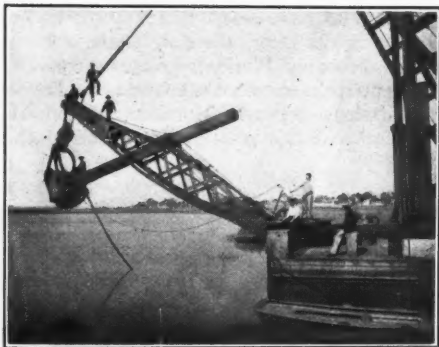
fruits of the earth, and dotted intermittently with the dwelling places of man.

Hamilton Disston was truly the father of Florida development. When Mr. Disston came to Florida from Philadelphia in 1879, Florida was financially bankrupt and almost the whole state on the main peninsula south of a line drawn west from Jacksonville was a howling wilderness. Tampa had only six or seven hundred people and no railroad communication whatsoever. The beautiful city of Orlando was a little hamlet, while Kissimmee was unknown. Mr. Disston, by purchasing four million acres of Florida's waste land and giving Florida a million dollars in cash, was the first man to give the land of Ponce de Leon a fighting chance among the sisterhood of states.

Like so many other men who have lent their lives and fortunes to a great public enterprise, however, Hamilton Disston never lived to see his great drainage scheme consummated. He succeeded in reclaiming a large area of the land that had been regarded as useless, however, and although he never lived to complete his life work, he demonstrated beyond dispute the entire feasibility of swampland reclamation.

Unfortunately, Mr. Disston's experiment was not the financial success that his friends would have wished. The sugar cane grown on his great plantation at St. Cloud was the equal of any that could be grown anywhere, but the limited facilities of transportation at that time and the absence of a refinery, made its profitable cultivation an impossibility. Engineering, too, was not so advanced as now, and the work of cutting the canals advanced slowly. Mr. Disston spent \$500,000 in his great project of draining the Everglades, but came to realize that millions more and more modern engineering than his day afforded would be necessary to overcome successfully Nature's handiwork, and to force river and lake to answer to the call of man.

When Mr. Disston died many



Starting the Dredges



General view of cleared land under cultivation



The St. Cloud Sugar Mills
THE DISSTON DRAINAGE SCHEME

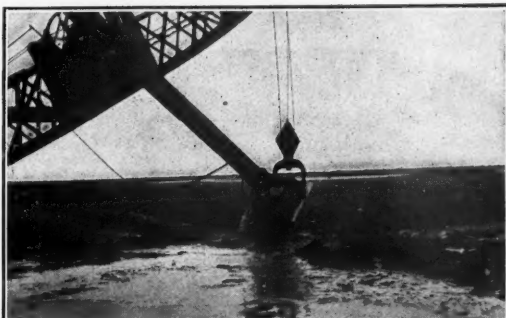
thought that his great labor had been in vain. But it was not, for it can be said with truth that the present draining of the Everglades, now an assured fact, might have been postponed many years but for the great pioneer work that Hamilton R. Disston accomplished in draining Florida's waste lands.

At the present time every county in the state of Florida raises more or less sugar cane, the crop last year being valued at over \$600,000. This sugar cane is now practically all converted into syrup, which commands good prices and a steady demand, but there is no reason why sugar could not be successfully manufactured. A large sugar refinery in Florida would seem to be a good investment.

In speaking of sugar-raising in Florida, one cannot overlook the big sugar plantation at Grand Ridge, near Marianna, the county seat of Jackson, and one of the most prosperous agricultural towns in the state. This plantation has four hundred acres in active cultivation and raises an average of 450 gallons of syrup to the acre, clearing at least \$150 on every acre cultivated.

While the average amount of syrup for this plantation was 450 gallons to the acre, this is by no means a possible average, for with intensive cultivation it is quite possible to raise eight and even nine hundred gallons.

That sugar cane is a really profitable crop, the following point in instance will show. It is the story of a lone woman, Mrs. M. J. Edenfeld, of Grand Ridge. Last year Mrs. Edenfeld raised eighteen acres of cotton and two acres and a half of sugar cane. For her



Dredge
cutting
canal



Completed
canal



Water
running
off muck
lands into
canal



Drained
land
under
cultivation

DRAINING THE EVERGLADES



A FIELD OF FLORIDA SUGAR CANE

cotton she received net, \$240; for her sugar cane, \$400, and yet she used the same amount of fertilizer to the acre on each and eight times as much labor on the cotton. And yet the Southern farmer will cling to cotton as his one means of salvation.

With approximately four and a half million boxes of oranges and a million and a half boxes of grapefruit shipped to Northern and Western markets last season,

in a prosperous and growing condition. Money was being made on every side, but this money was being invested in new and larger groves. Then came the great freezes of '94 and '95, and in a single night, as it were, the citrus industry of that section of Florida was wiped from the map, nearly every grove being killed and over four million boxes of luscious fruit dying on the tree. Never in all history, perhaps, did industry meet severer



GENERAL VIEW OF BRADENTOWN, THE CAPITAL OF MANATEE COUNTY

with an annually increasing yield from the normal growth of the bearing trees, with the coming into bearing of many new groves, and with a regularly and steadily increasing acreage, the citrus industry of Florida has a future of great promise.

The growth of Florida's citrus industry has been as remarkable as it has been romantic. Fifteen years ago, Middle Florida produced practically all of the citrus fruit grown in the state, over three-quarters of the annual output being shipped from Ocala. The industry at that time was

blow than that received by the Florida fruit-growers at this time. And it was a blow that shook to its very foundation the whole industrial fabric of the state, for Florida at that time depended almost wholly upon her citrus industry for her commercial upbuilding. So revolutionary was its effect, indeed, that almost everything in the Florida of today may be said to date from the year of the big freeze.

For a time it looked as though the citrus industry of Florida had been killed beyond resuscitation. Many of the growers



FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT—A FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS

returned to their Northern homes; others started life anew in some other field of endeavor. A few, however, confident that the two successive freezes that had spelled such disaster to their interests were one of those peculiar freaks of nature that cannot be scientifically explained, replanted their groves.

But the old area from a citrus fruit viewpoint was never completely rehabilitated. The freeze changed the whole face of the map of Florida. Few of the old groves were replanted. The

one county in the state, while Lee County, with a total of three hundred and twenty-five thousand boxes, and a vast acreage of non-bearing trees, Manatee County with a total of nearly five hundred thousand and Hillsboro County with approximately four hundred thousand are also coming to the front.

It must not be supposed, however, that Central Florida is no longer a citrus-producing section. Indeed, some of the very finest groves in the state are located in Marion County, while Levy and other



THE FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER, HOME OF THE LUSCIOUS INDIAN RIVER ORANGE

frost line, which up to that time had been located somewhere along the imaginary line that divides Florida from her sister state, Georgia, was carried two degrees southward, some of the growers going as far south as Hillsboro, De Soto, Lee and Manatee counties in their endeavor to escape the ravages of King Frost. Thirty years ago the mere suggestion of growing citrus fruits in these counties would have been ridiculed owing to the difficulties of transportation; today, De Soto County, with a yield of four hundred thousand boxes of grapefruit and oranges, produces more citrus fruits than any other

counties in similarly geographical relation, are all important citrus-producing sections.

Oranges constitute over three-quarters of the citrus fruit crop of Florida at the present time, last year no less than four million boxes of fruit being shipped from the state. These oranges had a net value of over a dollar a box. It is estimated that there are nearly five million orange trees in the state, although only about two-thirds are in bearing.

The chief orange-growing counties of the state are, in order, De Soto, Hillsboro, Lake, Orange, Manatee, Brevard, Putnam, Lee and Volusia.



PICKING ORANGES IS AN OCCUPATION FOR OLD AND YOUNG

While the Florida orange is known and relished wherever oranges are consumed, it is perhaps not generally known that there are no less than a hundred and fifty recognized varieties of the Florida fruit. Some of these varieties differ so much in general characteristics as to be in all senses of the word a distinct orange, while others differ only in detail. The merchantable crop, however, is comprised of about eight or ten species. These are the Sweet Native Seedling, Parson Brown, the Pineapple, the King, the St. Nicholas, the Jaffa, the Ruby Blood, the Valencia Late and the Tangerine.

The Sweet Seedling variety comprises at least sixty per cent of the annual crop. The Sweet Seedling is a beautiful orange, sweet and juicy. The famous Indian River oranges are practically all Sweet Seedlings, and some of the largest and best groves in the state are the same, at least seventy-five per cent of De Soto County's groves being of this variety.

Most of the groves now being planted in the state, however, are budded trees. This is due in no sense to any defects in



ORANGE BLOSSOM

the seedling, but to the fact that a budded tree will fruit in three years as against seven to nine years for the seedling.



HARVESTING GRAPEFRUIT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

The Parson Brown is a very early variety that can be eaten when almost green. It must be marketed before Christmas, however, as it is not a good keeper. This orange is a budded tree that was once a sport. Sometimes budded orange trees are forty times removed from the parent tree. Most of the oranges are budded on the native sour or grapefruit stock, although the lemon stock is not infrequently used.

its surpassing excellence has become more widely recognized, it will be one of Florida's most highly prized oranges. The King orange is grown chiefly, today, in Lee, Manatee and De Soto counties, where the soil and climatic conditions seem to be most favorable to its growth. The one drawback to this variety is its poor shipping qualities.

Another profitable orange is the Valencia Late, or Tardiff. Like the Pineapple,



THE CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER AT FORT MYERS
From the home of Dr. Franklin Miles, of Elkhart, Indiana

The Pineapple is one of the finest oranges grown, both in color and flavor. It is a mid-season orange, ripening in January. It is also a very profitable orange to grow, especially in the far southern portions of the state.

The King orange is comparatively a new variety, and is as yet little known. It has a very rough skin and an unsymmetrical shape, and would not make a very favorable first impression to the uninitiated. Its flavor, however, cannot be excelled, and there is no doubt that when

this variety is a good shipper and has every quality that constitutes a good orange. It reaches the market after most of the Florida oranges have been disposed of, and, while it comes into active competition with the early California navel varieties, it commands a high price among those dealers who insist upon purchasing a Florida orange so long as they can obtain it.

Whatever may be said as to the relative merits of Florida and California oranges, no one can gainsay that the Florida grape-

fruit is, beyond all question, the finest grapefruit produced in the world.

Twenty years ago the grapefruit, which was introduced into Florida by old Captain Shaddock from the East Indian Islands, was hardly known to this country. It was a monstrosity, something pleasing to the eye, but not to the taste. The first two car loads that were shipped from Lakeland to Chicago and were purchased from the grower, as a speculation, at a

state are, in order, Lee, Manatee, De Soto, Hillsboro, Dade, Orange and Lake. Lee County, with a total of two hundred thousand boxes last season, and twice the acreage of any other county, probably produces more grapefruit than any other county, although De Soto and Manatee are both close seconds. Lee County has four thousand acres under cultivation, and the acreage is being increased very rapidly.

Another county which is becoming a



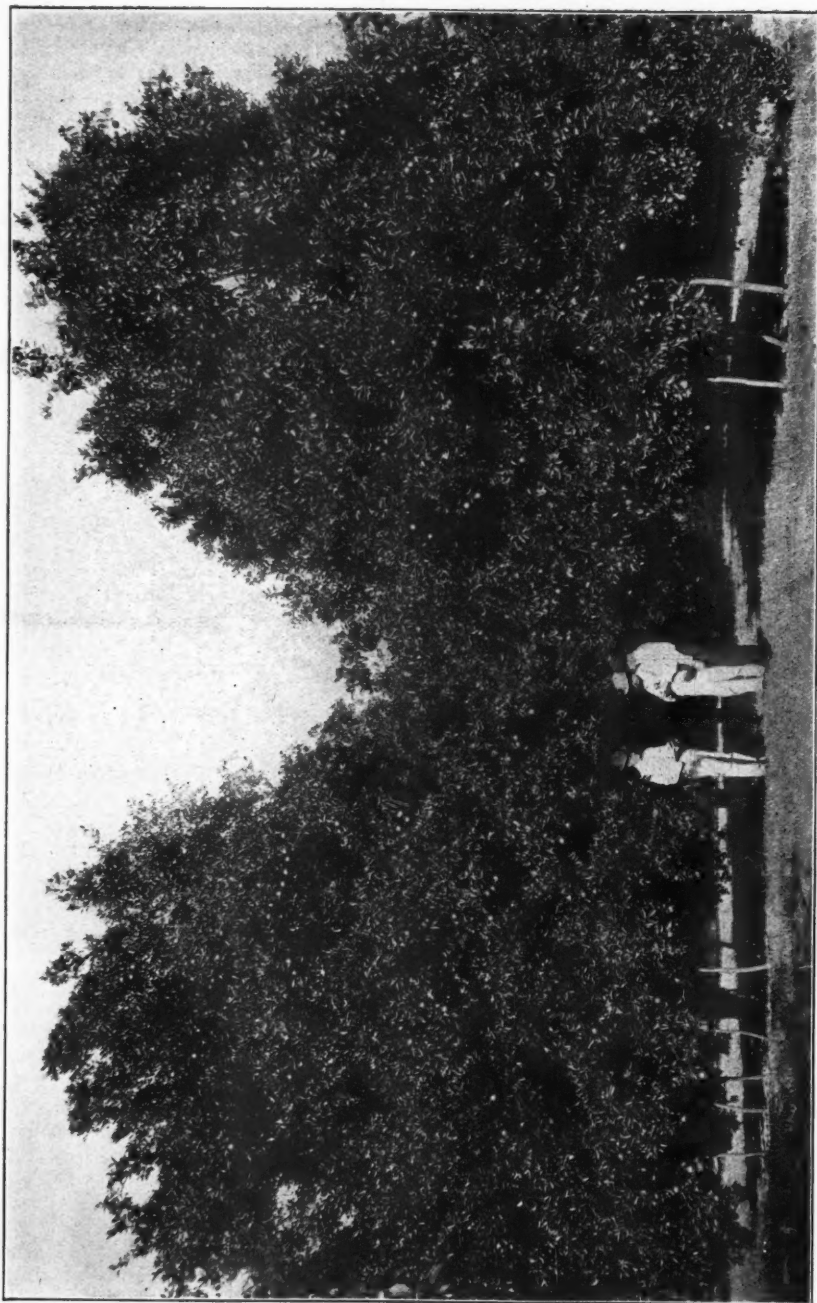
CITRUS FRUIT DISPLAY AT THE FLORIDA STATE FAIR, TAMPA

cost of fifty cents a box, against three dollars and a half a box today, not only did not return the original investment, but cost the buyer \$225 in freight. The Chicago people did not want any Florida grapefruit—thank you. Last season more than nine hundred cars of the fruit, that has been pronounced by recognized connoisseurs the world over as a food fit for the gods, entered the Windy City, bringing from four to nine dollars a box at retail, according to season.

The chief grapefruit counties of the

state are, in order, Lee, Manatee, De Soto, Hillsboro, Dade, Orange and Lake. Lee County, with a total of two hundred thousand boxes last season, and twice the acreage of any other county, probably produces more grapefruit than any other county, although De Soto and Manatee are both close seconds. Lee County has four thousand acres under cultivation, and the acreage is being increased very rapidly. Another county which is becoming a

nually more important in the growing of grapefruit is Hillsboro. This county has within its borders the famous Pinellas Peninsula, which is said to produce as fine a grapefruit as can be grown in the state. This section is peculiarly favored on account of its water protection. Winter Haven in Polk County is also a great producing section, although this district is better known as the home of the Tardiff orange. The Indian River grapefruit, like the Indian River orange, is too well known to require mention.



ORANGE GROVE, NEAR ARCADIA, DE SOTO COUNTY
These trees are nearly fifty feet high. This grove, which has been in bearing for nearly forty years, nets its owner about a thousand dollars an acre yearly.

Near Fort Myers, Lee County, is situated the largest grapefruit grove in the world. This grove is approximately six hundred acres in extent and is owned by Mr. D. A. Floweree, the Montana cattle king. There are a number of other large groves along the Caloosahatchee, most of them owned by Northern capitalists.

Another famous grapefruit grove, probably the best known in Florida, is the

erected what is probably the largest and best equipped citrus-packing house in the United States. Two stories in height, this huge packing house has a capacity of twenty car loads of fruit a day. Its dimensions are 132 x 260, and it is a modern warehouse in every sense of the word, all of its equipment being run by electricity, and the fruit being conveyed through the various stages of sizing, selecting, cleaning and polishing by moving belts.



A FIELD OF PINEAPPLES ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA

Atwood grove at Manavista, near Bradentown, in the Manatee country. This has been the largest producing grove in the state for many years, from seventy-five to eighty-five thousand boxes of fruit being shipped from it annually.

Yet another large grove—the largest citrus fruit grove in the state, most of its fruits being oranges, however—is the Monarch Grove, near Summerfield. This grove is approximately a thousand acres in extent.

At Fort Myers, Florida, there has been

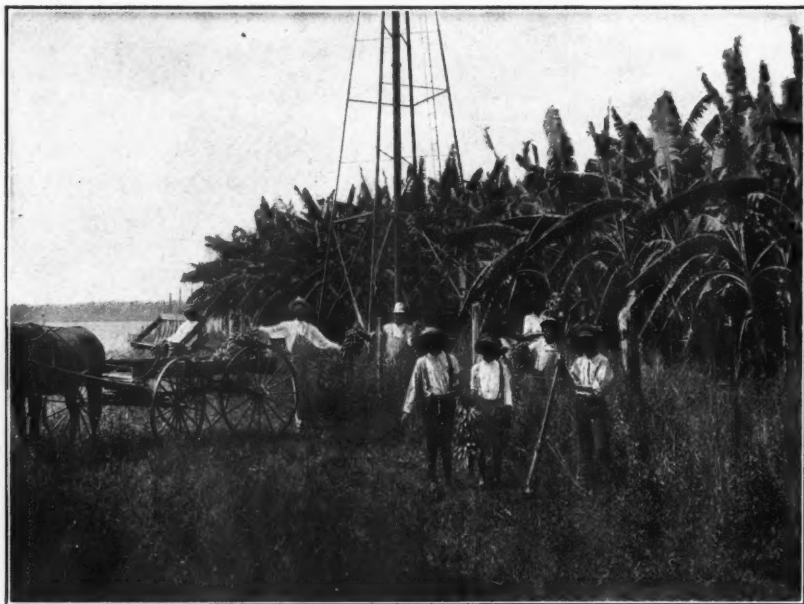
This packing house was erected by the growers of Lee County and it is expected that it will result, through a more uniform method of grading and packing, in better prices for Lee County's fruit.

The possibilities of citrus fruit culture in Florida are enormous. The demand for the Florida orange is becoming more accentuated every year, while the supply of grapefruit will not be equal to the demand for many years to come, for once introduced into a new market it makes an instant conquest. And the profits are

enormous. Some ten-year grapefruit groves are now netting over a thousand dollars an acre annually, and this figure is no uncommon one for the older orange groves. A net profit of five hundred dollars for grapefruit and three hundred for oranges to the acre can be depended upon annually, providing the grower exercises the proper care and attention that a successful grove demands, and providing he is not handicapped by unforeseen conditions, such as frost or pestilence, and with the modern

A grapefruit or orange grove in Florida is just about as safe an investment as can be found at the present time.

In the growing of the pineapple, also, Florida is fast coming to the front, last year no less than five hundred thousand crates of this tropical fruit being shipped from the Peninsula State. The larger portion of Florida's pineapples is what is known as the Red Spanish variety. This species is grown exclusively on the East Coast, where the soil and climate



A FLORIDA BANANA PLANTATION

methods of grove-heating there is no reason why frost should be a serious menace to the welfare of any grove.

It has been said that most of the land suitable to the cultivation of citrus fruits has been already taken up. This is not the case. Today there are thousands of acres of available land in Lee, De Soto, Manatee, Dade, Palm Beach, and Hillsboro counties that can be purchased at a ridiculously low price, considering the value of even a three-year-old grove. And in every other citrus-producing county there is plenty of room for expansion.

are on even larger acreage peculiarly adapted to it. The lands along the line of the East Coast Railway in Dade, Palm Beach and St. Lucie counties produce over four-fifths of the annual crop. Over a thousand acres are in cultivation to the pineapple in the little village of Delray alone, while the acreage of Stuart, Fort Pierce and Jensen is almost as great.

The largest pinery in Florida is situated on Marco Island, Florida Key, fifty miles from Fort Myers. It is two hundred acres in extent and ships about 50,000 crates annually.

With the opening up of new lands and the more scientific cultivation of those now in use, this industry unquestionably will be greatly extended in the next few years. The great drawback to the growing of pineapples in Florida at the present time, according to the growers, is competition from Cuba, where this fruit can be grown a great deal more economically. As it is, however, the pineapple is a fairly profitable crop, the yield of 250 to 600 crates an acre, according to the fertility of the soil and the amount

of soil. Orlando has a hundred and fifty acres of shaded pineapples. The average acre's yield is \$1,500, of which about half is profit. About eighteen months is required to mature the pineapple, and the shipping season lasts virtually the entire year, June and July being the big shipping months.

An orange that can be grown very successfully in North and West Florida is the Satsuma, named from the city of Satsuma in Japan, where it is said to originate. The Satsuma orange grows to unusual



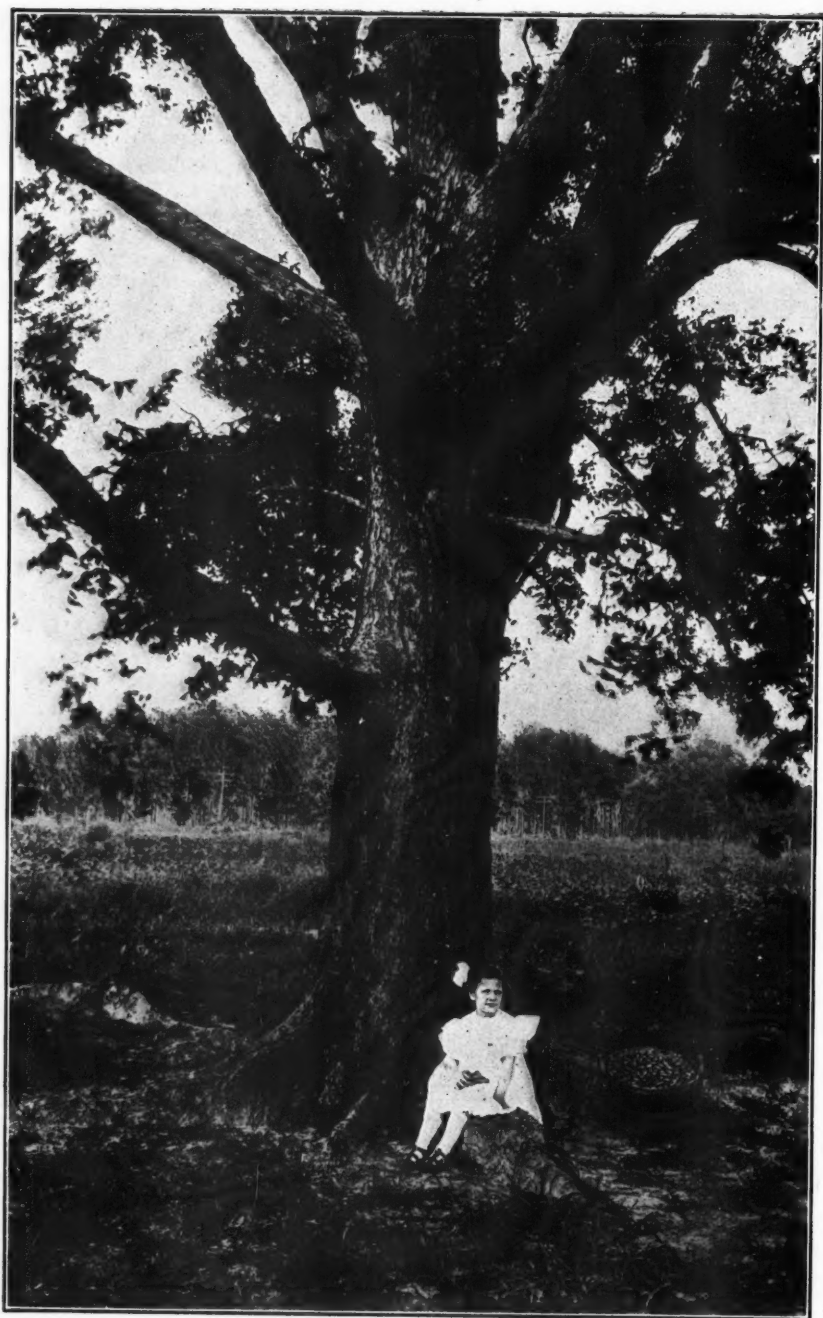
GROWING PINEAPPLES UNDER SHADE IS A PROFITABLE FLORIDA INDUSTRY

of fertilizer employed, bringing from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a crate in car load lots.

On the West Coast of Florida and a small section of the Central portion, is located the largest shade pineapple industry in the world. This is the production of the smooth leaf Cayenne, such as is grown in the Azores under glass. This pineapple was introduced into Florida by the United States Government, from British Guiana about ten years ago. It thrives anywhere above tide water on the low flat lands around Punta Gorda, or other sections having the same general characteristics

perfection in the Gulf Coast Country from Florida to Texas. It is a very choice variety, and, commanding a high price, and being practically unsusceptible to frost—that is, of course, the light frost that sometimes visits the citrus-producing sections with such disaster—is a very profitable fruit to raise.

But citrus fruit culture is not the only branch of horticulture that can be successfully carried on in Florida; indeed, a few states can produce in such surpassing excellence such fruits as the pecan, the pear, the peach and the fig.



GREAT PECAN TREE ON THE GRIFFIN FAMILY PLANTATION AT MACCLENY, FLORIDA

While pears and peaches are grown very extensively in Middle and West Florida, these branches of the fruit-raising industry have never been developed to the extent of their possibilities, attributable, partly to lack of organization and partly to an inherent inability on the part of the native Floridian to divert himself from the agricultural byways of his fathers. Figs will grow in Florida as well as anywhere in the United States. The great difficulty

pecan is indigenous to the Southern states, to California, and to Northern Mexico, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the cotton belt, and being found most extensively in the state of Texas.

A tree that will live from three to seven hundred years, that will fruit practically all its life, that will attain to a height of a hundred and fifty feet, that is susceptible to neither drought nor other climatic irregularity, that has no vital enemy, a



FAMOUS OAK TREE IN THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL

of the fig, however, is its poor shipping qualities. The great need of the fig-grower in Florida today is pressing plants, conveniently situated in various parts of the belt, which extends clear across the northern part of the state, so as to permit the shipping of the fruit without fear of damage.

With the pecan, however, it is different. The fruit of the pecan can be disposed of at any time, and is, therefore, independent of the exigencies of market.

King of all the nut-bearing trees, the

tree that combines the beauty of the magnolia and the symmetry of the pine with the stateliness of the oak and the fecundity of the walnut, the pecan is certainly one of nature's greatest gifts to the South.

Thirty years ago this beautiful tree was a great deal more plentiful than it is today. Then it had little or no commercial value and, like the pine, it was ruthlessly, remorselessly slaughtered, not, as with the pine, for its valuable lumber, but to make room for King Cotton, the great staple of the South. Texas and Louisiana lost

thousands upon thousands of acres in this way; and they have come to realize the extent of that loss, and their vital mistake in destroying a tree that has an intrinsic value of from three to five hundred dollars to raise a commodity that can command at most from five to six cents a pound, and they are doing their best to rectify it.

This movement to restore the pecan forests of the south to their former grandeur received an extraordinary impetus a couple of years ago in the unique death-bed request of the late Governor Fogg of Texas, who said:

pecan has been made, but the results have proved beyond peradventure that their growing will be as important to the South in the next ten years as the growing of the English walnut is to California at the present time.

The nuts produced in the commercial orchard are called paper shell pecans on account of the ease with which they are broken by the thumb and the forefinger. They grow to an immense size, are of a dark gray color striped with black, and vary much in both shape and color. Each nut has a distinct flavor that is easily recognized by an expert. Forty to seventy



"WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER"

"I want no monument of stone nor marble, but plant at my head a pecan tree, and at my feet an old-fashioned walnut, and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas, so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

It was a beautiful prayer, and its fulfillment should do much to beautify the state. But whether this comprehensive attempt at pecan reforestation is successful or not will have little or no effect on the pecan industry of the future, which will depend almost wholly upon the commercial orchard.

It is only within the last few years that any attempt to commercially cultivate the

of these nuts will make a pound, as against one hundred and fifty to three hundred of the ordinary kind.

Five acres of pecan trees will in time bring a good and permanent income, provided those trees have been either grafted or budded and properly cared for. The superiority of the grafted or budded trees over the seedling is very marked. A seedling rarely produces before the twelfth to the fifteenth year, while a budded or grafted tree will produce in the fifth or sixth, and has been known to bear in even the third. The cost of maintaining a pecan grove is quite considerable for the first five or six years, but requires little attention thereafter.

The wild pecan is found in various sec-

tions of Florida—on the hammock lands around Cedar Keys, in Levy County, and also scattered along the northern boundary line of the state, particularly in Nassau, Jefferson, Leon, Santa Rosa and Escambia counties. There is, however, no defined belt, which leads experts to the conclusion that the existing native groves were planted by the Indian aborigines, who regarded the fruit of the pecan very highly.

Columbia and Suwanee counties respectively, and Cokomoka, near Hilliard, in Nassau County, where, by the way, there is a single grove of sixteen hundred acres.

Another large grove, about six hundred acres, is located at Dade City, in Pasco County.

Florida is finding an ever-increasing portion of her wealth in the production of garden produce. Producing at a time when no other section can, she commands



PECANS GROW TO PERFECTION IN SOUTH GEORGIA, AND NORTH, MIDDLE AND WEST FLORIDA

Showing how velvet beans are grown among pecans successfully

The pecan can be grown in Florida anywhere north of an imaginary line drawn from a point south of Tampa on the west coast to Rockledge on the east, attaining its greatest degree of perfection in the northern and western sections of the state, particularly along the Georgia and Alabama lines.

The chief centers of the industry today are Monticello, a beautiful little town in Middle West Florida about twenty-eight miles east of Tallahassee, the romantic old capital, Lake City, and Live Oak, in

a range of prices for her produce that, to the average Northern gardener, would seem fabulous.

Of all of Florida's truck produce, the tomato has the greatest present value. This industry is constituted chiefly on the East Coast, between Palm Beach and Knight's Key. It is also in its infancy, but it is a giant infant. Last year more than a million and a half crates of tomatoes, valued at nearly \$2,000,000, were shipped, Dade and Palm Beach counties producing about three-quarters of the entire crop.

Some idea of the immensity of the industry in these counties can be gained from the fact that it required six solid car loads of tissue paper to wrap the tomatoes shipped from this section in a single week.

Second only in value to the tomato comes celery. This valuable industry is comparatively an infantile one. Less than five years ago, practically no celery was shipped from the state. Last year the crop approximated more than \$600,000.

sixteen hundred crates left Sanford for Western and Northern markets.

Ten years ago, land in the Sanford section could be bought anywhere from two to five dollars an acre; today these lands command anywhere from \$200 to \$400 an acre, while improved lands bring as much as \$2,000.

Manatee is another county that produces just as fine celery as can be grown in Florida. This county, being farther south,



A FIELD OF FLORIDA LETTUCE, SHOWING IRRIGATION AND SHADING

The chief celery-producing counties in Florida at the present time are Orange, Manatee and Hillsboro, but the tomato can be grown successfully almost anywhere in the state.

In Orange County is located the famous little city of Sanford, the cradle of the industry and, with the exception of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the largest celery centre in the world. The growth of the celery industry at Sanford has been wonderful. Ten years ago it had shipped not a single crate of celery. Last winter more than

and therefore maturing its crop even earlier than Sanford district, receives more per acre than even that famous district.

Last season Manatee County was a close second to Orange County in the production of celery. Celery, in fact, can be grown profitably almost anywhere in Florida, as can practically every other vegetable.

The growing of Irish potatoes is also receiving wider attention every year. Hastings, St. Johns, is the present centre

of this industry, producing more than half of the potatoes shipped from the state, but they can be grown with profit anywhere in the state on the right kind of soil. Nearly five thousand acres are under cultivation to the Irish potato at the present time, the value of last season's crop being \$500,000.

In the growing of strawberries Florida promises one day to outrival even North Carolina. In a sense she does this al-

from December to March. Strawberries on Thanksgiving day are no uncommon decoration of the Florida Thanksgiving dinner.

The chief strawberry-growing centers are Orlando, Lakeland, Plant City, Starke, Lawtey and Dade City. Last season Lakeland shipped over 500,000 quarts, while Starke and Lawtey, whose shipments are generally considered as from one district, shipped even a greater amount.



FLORIDA SWEET POTATOES ARE PROLIFIC

ready, for her strawberries enter the market before any others, bringing fabulous prices. Last year strawberries grown at Fort Lauderdale and Miami on the East Coast brought the phenomenal figure at the commencement of the season of a dollar a box to the grower, while seventy-five cents was no uncommon price for strawberries grown in other portions of south Florida. The average price last season was twenty-five cents a box net to the grower. Strawberries are planted in August and September and harvested

The cabbage is another valuable winter crop, as is the egg-plant, squash, cucumbers, watermelons and cantaloupes.

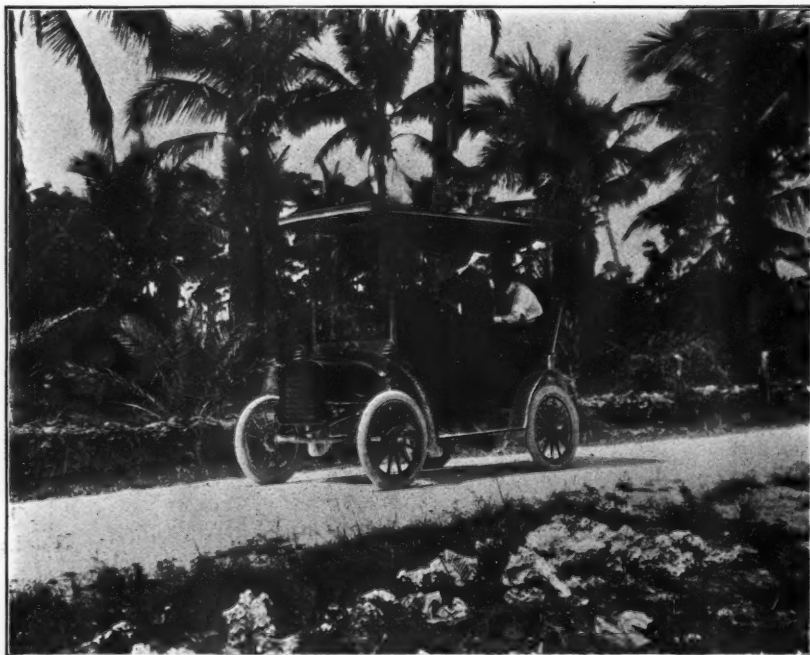
Florida is, undoubtedly, destined to be the great truck-producing state of the Union. Not only are her soil and climate peculiarly fitted for the growing of garden produce, but her whole surface is well supplied with pure water, readily and economically available. One can sink an artesian well at a depth of from ten to three hundred feet anywhere in the state.

Artesian irrigation is nature's greatest

gift to Florida, making the grower entirely independent of climatic irregularities. Artesian irrigation has an untold effect on the growing crop, whether it be celery, potatoes, tomatoes or egg-plants, even in a normal season increasing the yield more than twenty-five per cent. And the cost is insignificant compared with the profits. Florida's celery industry has certainly been built up to its present status by irrigation, and what is true of

from three or four crops a year, in South Florida at least. Celery can be followed by tomatoes, and tomatoes by cabbage, and each yield an independent profit. A number of other methods of crop rotation, according to the choice of the farmer, though depending also on the section of the state in which he is located, may be followed.

Few states in the Union have more valuable or more diversified fishing in-



AUTOMOBILING ON THE PINE SHELL ROADS OF PALM BEACH COUNTY

celery is true of practically every other crop that requires adequate moisture to insure its proper growth.

Trucking in Florida holds out certain success to the man with some capital and a degree of intelligence. It will afford an existence to anyone, for it can be said with truth that a single acre will maintain a man and his family for a whole year. Even a half an acre, properly cultivated, has been known to do the same.

And the beauty of Florida's soil and climate is that it permits a rotation of

dustries than Florida, which, with twelve hundred miles of sea coast and numerous fresh water rivers and lakes, is susceptible of producing enough sea food to fill the demand of a large section of this country for all time to come.

Florida's chief fishing industries are at Pensacola, Apalachicola, Cedar Keys, Sarasota, Punta Gorda, Fort Myers, Key West, Miami and Jacksonville, nearly all salt water fish being found. Some of these are the mullet, pompano, red fish, Spanish mackerel, blue fish, sea trout and Jew fish.

Her chief fresh water fish are black bass, pickerel, speckled perch, bream and catfish. More than ten thousand pounds of fish are caught daily in Lake Okeechobee, the second largest body of water completely within the boundaries of the United States, and one of the most beautiful lakes in the universe.

Unlike other sections, where the season is limited, Florida can produce fish of some kind or another all the year round.

boro Bay, Sarasota Bay, Charlotte Harbor, Cedar Keys, St. Mark's Bay, St. Andrew's Bay and Escambia Bay, most of the oysters being found in the Gulf, the salinity of the waters of the Atlantic not being so favorable to oyster growth.

Approximately a million bushels of oysters were taken in Florida last year, and the value of the industry was estimated at about \$500,000.



STRAWBERRIES GROW TO PERFECTION ANYWHERE IN FLORIDA

Last season more than ten million pounds of fish, with an approximate value of \$2,000,000, were caught in Florida.

Oysters, too, constitute another growing Florida industry. Oysters have been caught and eaten since the first landing of the white man on her shores, and there is material evidence that they constituted an important article of diet for the red man who preceded him.

The principal oyster beds in Florida are found at Fernandina, the mouth of the Indian River, Mosquito Inlet, Hills-

Florida's oysters are either shipped in authorized carriers and tubs or in hermetically sealed cans. Some years ago, the larger portion of them was shipped in barrels, and it is said that no less than five hundred barrels a day were shipped from Apalachicola alone, during the height of the oyster season.

With the development of transportation facilities to the West and Southwest, it has been found more profitable, however, to ship the oysters in the open state. About three hundred thousand barrels

were shipped in this manner from Florida last season.

Canned, or cove oysters, constitute by far the largest portion of Florida's output at the present time, more than six hundred thousand bushels being shipped annually in this way. The chief canneries are situated at Apalachicola, Cedar Keys, Tampa and Fernandina. Most of them are modern buildings, and all the oysters leave the state in perfect condition.

lie entirely the salvation of Florida's oyster industry.

Midway between Cedar Keys and Tampa, securely sheltered by nature, from the raging storms without, lies in seclusion the romantic little town of Tarpon Springs, the centre of Florida's sponge industry.

The gathering of sponges has been carried on in Florida for over forty years, ever since, in fact, the native population first discovered that that denizen of the



JUST POSING FOR A PICTURE BEFORE CRATES ARE PACKED

The cardinal necessity of the oyster industry of Florida today is state protection. Probably no state in the Union exercises so little discretion in this regard as Florida. Rhode Island, with only thirty miles of sea coast, derives more than \$100,000 a year from her oyster industry, while Florida with her far greater range of coast, nothing. In the conservation of Florida's oyster beds, and in the securing of state protection for private grounds, such an one as one needs in Connecticut and Rhode Island, will

sea had a commercial value. It is only within the past fifteen years, however, that the industry has been of any considerable importance to the state, and only within the past six that it has attained anything like its present magnitude.

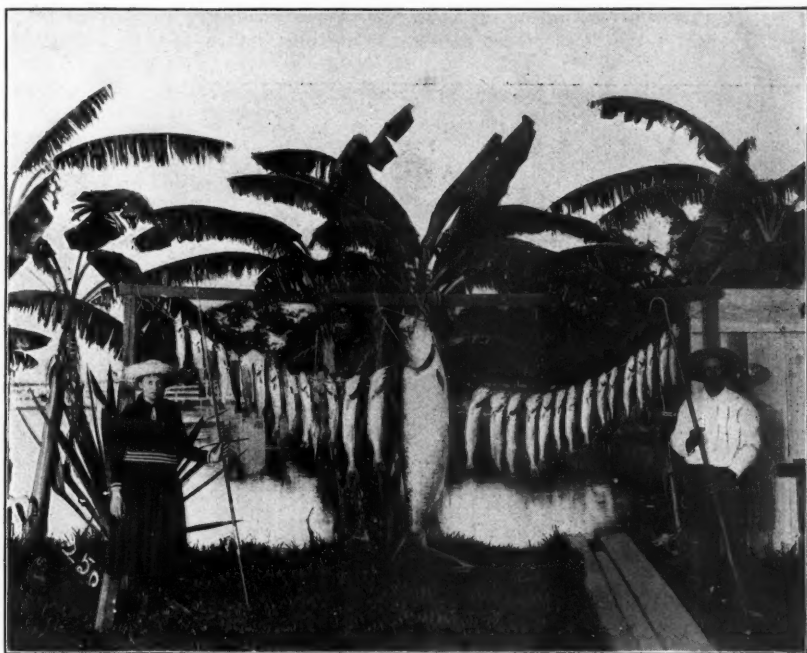
For many years the headquarters of the industry was at Key West, but during the Spanish-American War, the sponge fleet fled for safety to Tarpon Springs, and, finding it so admirably situated, decided to remain there permanently.

Within the past few years the sponge

industry has been completely revolutionized, both in the manner of gathering the sponge and in the marketing of the crop. Up to five years ago, the old hook method of sponge gathering was employed exclusively.

The hook method, which by the way is still used in the Mediterranean industry, is as follows: The man who does the fishing is supplied with a bucket with a glass bottom and a long pole with a hook

Five years or so ago one of the big sponge operators conceived the idea of saving time and money by the employment of deep sea divers. To this end he brought out some experienced divers from Greece, and set them to work. The experiment was successful, so successful that in a few months the new had superseded the old method almost entirely. And the effect on the industry was marked, the output being almost doubled the first



THIS REMARKABLE CATCH MADE BY A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUNG LADY
Shows what magnificent sport the waters at Fort Myers provide

at the end. These poles vary in length from twenty to fifty feet according to the depth of the water to be fished. In the actual fishing for the sponges, the operator lies face downward, and looks through the glass bottom of the bucket, which magnifies the sponge sufficiently to permit its hooking only those of legal size, the law being very rigid on this point. This method is carried on in rowboats only, manned generally by a single hooker and a man to row.

year. More than three hundred sail-boats and fifteen hundred Greeks are employed in the Florida sponge industry at the present time, and the annual value of the product is over \$1,000,000. Most of the boats are fitted with gasoline engines. Some of the boats in the sponge fleet are exact replicas of the early Greek craft.

Besides the sponge beds on the gulf, which extend some three or four hundred miles along the coast, sponges can be found, more or less extensively, all through the

Florida Keys. In the Bay Biscayne the gathering of sponges is carried on quite extensively, but while sponges are of superior quality, the industry is a very small one compared with the West Coast.

There are some twenty-five sponge packing houses in Tarpon Springs, employing from six to ten men each. Here the sponges are clipped, sorted, classified and baled. The sponges are sold at auction twice a week, when buyers assemble from all parts of the world.

By far Florida's most important single industry lies in the development of her

tion will, necessarily, be delayed for many years to come, for Florida has yet millions of acres of pine that have never felt the axe. It is estimated that there are over sixteen billion feet of pine lumber within a radius of a hundred miles of Apalachicola, and all along the shores of the Gulf can be found huge areas of pine timber, a great deal of which has never even been turpentine.

In Hillsboro County there is a single body of pine timber that is said to contain, at a most conservative estimate, more than three billion feet of lumber that



AN EXAMPLE OF INTENSIVE FARMING UNDER CANVAS

forest wealth. Her resources of yellow pine are larger than those of any other state, and every single one of her counties has a more or less extensive supply of this valuable wood. For many years a large portion of Florida was to all intent and purpose one huge pine forest, and it was not until a few years ago, when the great pine forests of Georgia that were considered, by even the most conservative lumber men, to have untold life, began to show material signs of diminution, that the lumber men in their endeavor to supply the ever-growing demand for yellow pine turned their attention to Florida.

While Florida's vast pine forests are doomed, the day of their ultimate destruc-

tion never felt the effects of the woodsman's axe.

There are, at the present time, about two hundred and fifty saw mills in the pine region of Florida and the annual output is valued at \$12,000,000. And there is every reason to believe that in the next few years this number will be very appreciably increased. A fair estimate of Florida's pine resources would be at least a hundred billion feet, but it would take a thousand saw-mills many, many years to cut anything like the available supply.

In cypress Florida is also rich. In only one body of cypress in Lee County, embracing over a hundred thousand acres, there is said to be over eight hundred million

feet of lumber. This timber, owing to the fact that it is served by neither rail nor water transportation, has little intrinsic value at the present time but, when once opened up to commercial development, will be worth at least \$4,000,000 in the stump. The cypress industry is still in its infancy, and it is only within the last few years that any material effort has been made to develop it. There are, however, some large cypress lumber plants,

ting employed. The cup system of turpentine that has been introduced, however, has had a preserving effect on the whole industry, minimizing the damage to the tree and increasing both the yield and the quality of the product. It has lengthened the life of the tree which, under the old method of turpentine, was placed at four years. Government figures show that the use of a cup for four consecutive years would not only pay its



THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL, A \$5,000,000 STRUCTURE, OWNED BY THE CITY OF TAMPA

notably at Pensacola, Apalachicola, St. Augustine, Loughman and Tampa.

With a production that is more than equal to that of the remainder of the country, Florida's naval stores industry has an annual value of over \$12,000,000 to those engaged in it. While this industry has reached the zenith of its possibilities, it is probable that it will be at least ten years before it begins to show any appreciable wane. A few years ago, it looked as though the whole industry was doomed, so wasteful were the methods of turpen-

cost, but would yield \$1,875 per crop more than the antiquated box system, the crop being estimated at ten thousand boxes. There are over sixteen million cups in service at the present time, and their use is being gradually extended.

Another great factor in the economic development of Florida will be the Panama Canal. Whatever the disposition of some people in the North and West toward this great public enterprise, no dissenting voice can be found in Florida, or, for that matter, in any of the Gulf States.

And with good reason. By far the larger portion of goods exported from the United States to the western coast of South America and to the Orient at the present time are shipped by way of England or Germany, steel, for instance, being transferred for the most part from the iron fields of Alabama to Norfolk or some other Atlantic port, from there shipped to Europe, and again reshipped to its ultimate point of destination.

first time, in a position to compete successfully with its great European rival, Germany, for the ever-growing trade of South America; in fact, will beyond question give her a commercial monopoly in that region in all classes of merchandises in which freight rates are an important factor.

Florida, more than any other state, perhaps, is destined to share abundantly in the prosperity so sure to follow in the



WINTERING IN THE LAKE REGION OF CENTRAL FLORIDA

The opening of the Panama Canal necessarily will change all this. No longer will the present method of things be continued, for with the extraordinary advantages enjoyed by vessels sailing from American ports, competition by those sailing from European ports will be out of the question.

And the building of the Panama Canal will not only give the South Atlantic and Gulf port a large proportion of the South American and Oriental trade, but it will place the United States, for the

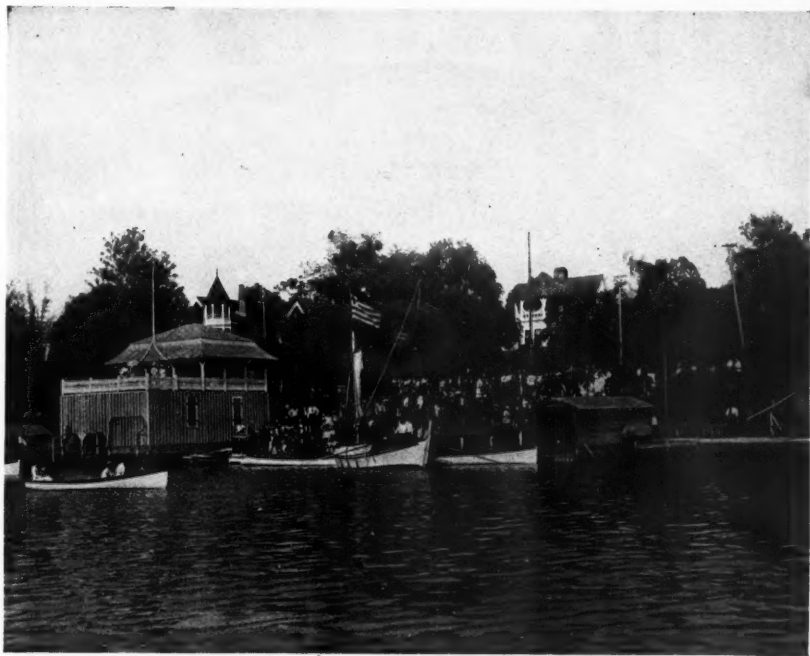
wake of the completion of this gigantic enterprise. Not only has she more harbors that may hope to derive direct benefit from it, but most of those harbors are in closer proximity to the Canal than those of any other state.

Some of these ports are Pensacola, St. Andrews Bay, St. Josephs Bay, Apalachicola Bay, Cedar Keys, Tampa and Port Tampa, Punta Gorda, Key West, Jacksonville and Fernandina. Chief of these in point of size is Pensacola—one of the finest harbors in the world.

Geographically and strategically Pensacola is the mistress of the Gulf. Her nineteen square miles of protected anchorage are less than eight nautical miles from the open sea. The entrance to her harbor can be negotiated with ease at any hour of the day and any day in the year by any experienced navigator, being over thirty-three feet deep at every point and at one point as deep as fifty-two, and by vessels that can make no other

the steel and coal fields of Alabama, and the productive Middle West, she is the logical port of entry and export for a large portion of the trade and commerce that the completion of the Panama Canal necessarily will create. She is one of the only harbors in the country that is susceptible to indefinite extension.

While proportionately little developed, Pensacola has yet a considerable present commerce. Her exports, which in the



A WINTER PICNIC AT TARPON SPRINGS

port on the Gulf. She is the nearest developed port of consequence to the Panama Canal, being only 1,344 miles from and directly north of Colon. She is the only harbor south of Hampton Roads in which the North Atlantic Squadron—which makes her its winter rendezvous—can maneuver in perfect safety; indeed, in a recent torpedo practice not a single torpedo missed fire, a record never before accomplished in a land-locked harbor in the United States. As the terminus of the short rail haul between the Gulf of Mexico,

calendar year of 1909 reached the handsome total of \$21,000,000, were larger than those of all other Florida ports combined.*

In point of value cotton represented over half the grand total of Pensacola's exports, lumber coming next with a value of five million odd dollars, and then naval stores with two. Other products exported were pig iron, copper, cotton seed meal, tobacco, phosphate, and steel rails. Pen-

*This represents an increase of nearly 250 per cent in the last decade.



"IN THE PINEY WOODS OF FLORIDA" " "



A RAFT OF FLORIDA LOGS

sacola is the largest exporting point for pitch pine in the world.

Pensacola's imports were valued at about a million and a half dollars, the most valuable single commodity being mahogany, in the importation of which Pensacola is now the second port in the United States. Other products imported were fertilizers, sulphate ore, nitrate of soda, copper ore and sisal grass.

Pensacola's harbor facilities are equal

dancia Street and the Muscogee wharves. The first two of these are approximately two thousand feet in length, and the last one, used almost exclusively for coaling, about 2,640 feet, a thousand feet being in deep water. So excellent are the facilities for loading and discharging cargoes at these docks that as many as three large vessels can be accommodated on either side of each dock simultaneously, and so deep is the water that it is said that

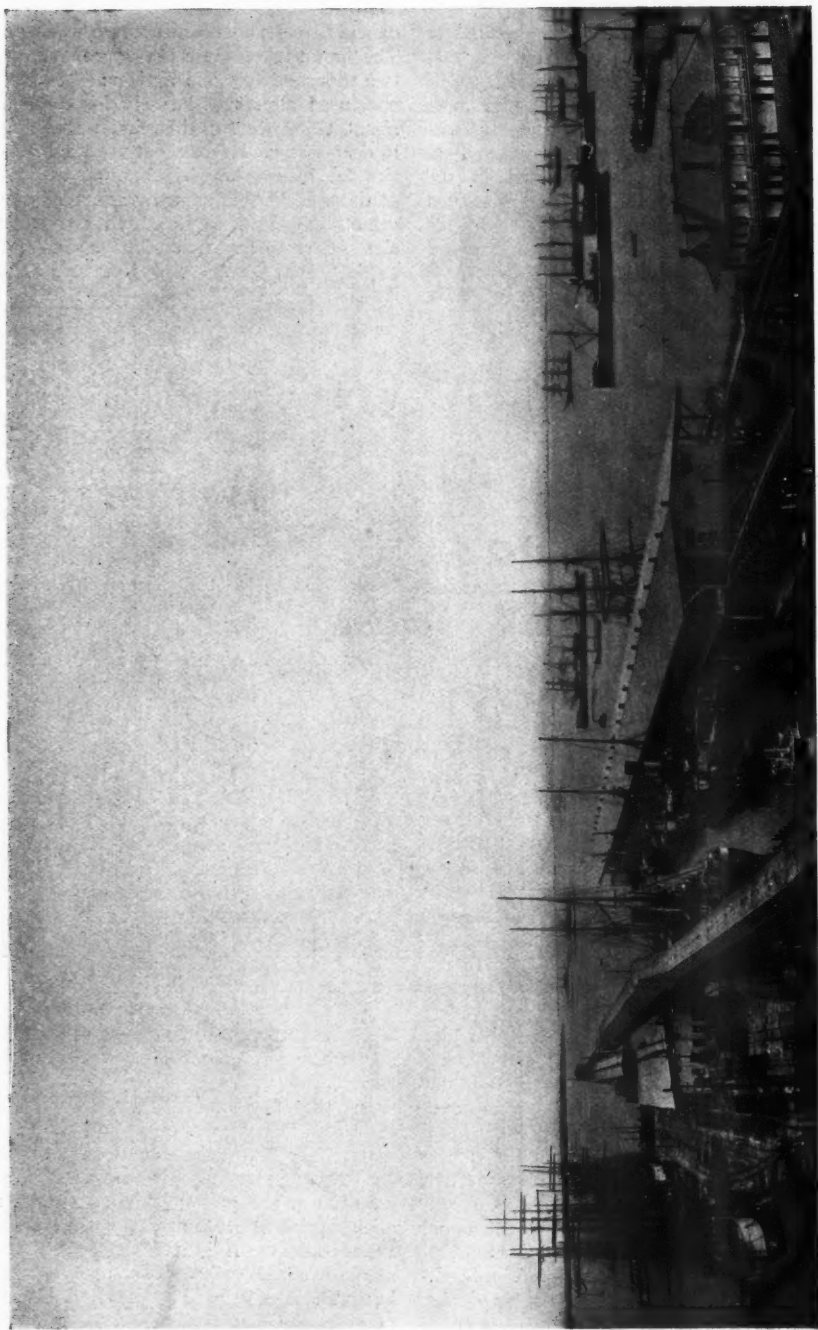


A CITY PARK IS A FEATURE IN EVERY FLORIDA TOWN

to those of any other Southern port, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad having expended between a million and a half and two million dollars in the improvement of its terminals at this point. Most of this money has been expended in the great trunk line's comprehensive system of modern docks, which in point of construction and convenience are the equal of any in the country and superior to those of any port south of Norfolk. The Louisville & Nashville has three main docks, known as the Tarragona and Comman-

any vessel in the United States can heave anchor at any point along their entire length.

In the development of Pensacola's future maritime commerce—and for that matter the maritime commerce of the entire Gulf—nothing is so cardinaly essential at the present time as a graven dock capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat. A graven dock for Pensacola has been talked of for many years, but still vessels needing repairs at any point in the Gulf continue to proceed to



MAGNIFICENT TERMINALS OF THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD, PENSACOLA
Showing general view of Pensacola Harbor. Battleships can be seen in distance

Norfolk. True, Charleston has a large dry dock, but it is about as much use to the Navy and to commerce as a fifth leg to a horse. The strategic importance of a graven dock at Pensacola was realized as far back as 1859, when it was advocated by the Navy Department as a fundamental adjunct to the national defense, and plans for its construction were prepared. The Civil War interfered with its building, however, and those plans still lie neglected in the department's files.

The Pensacola Navy Yard, too, needs to be developed to the position its strategic importance demands. At present it is anything but a first-class navy yard. This is due in no way to the management, however, but entirely to the Government that has refused to expend the money necessary to its development. Since the war the South never has had a fair share of the annual appropriations for the National defence. It is a known fact that the sinking of the Maine had to be condoned for nearly four months because there was not a single round of ammunition for any gun mounted south of Newport News.

Five years from now the Panama Canal will be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and the American Government should see that—as a practical means for its defence—the Pensacola Naval yard be brought up to standard.

Such a navy yard would mean much to Pensacola, which necessarily would derive a large measure of prosperity from the eighteen million odd dollars that would



A HEAD OF FLORIDA CELERY

be expended annually in wages to those employed there.

Along the Gulf of Mexico there are a number of other fine land-locked harbors that are being commercially developed. The largest of these is St. Joe, next to Pensacola the finest natural harbor on the Gulf.

A veil of romance and fiction clings to old St. Joe, not the usual veil of sentiment and tradition that is the common heritage of almost every Southern town, but one that reflects peculiarly the pristine greatness and progressiveness of the antebellum South.



THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE



ANASTASIA LIGHTHOUSE, ST. AUGUSTINE

Old St. Joe bears the unique distinction of being the first town in the United States, if not in the world, that owed its existence to a railroad. This railroad, the second in the United States, was constructed in 1836, running from the Harbor of St. Joe

to a point on the Apalachicola River, some twenty miles away; this waterway being at that time the great natural highway on which practically all the cotton grown in Eastern Alabama and Western Georgia was floated to the sea.

Another unique thing about St. Joe was that it was a private enterprise operated by a land company.

In its most prosperous days St. Joe boasted of a bank, a weekly newspaper, stores, churches, residences and schools, and is said to have had at one time in its career over five thousand people.

An idea of its importance may be gained from the fact that the first Florida constitution was framed within its gates.

St. Joe's prosperity was short-lived. Railroads were then only experiments, and like practically all other early railroads it did not prove the financial success that its promoters had hoped, and its one source of development gone, the town entered on a prolonged period of retrogression. The bank failed; so did most of the stores, and many of its chief citizens moved away, some of them taking their houses with them. It is said indeed that there are no less than



WATER VIEW AT BEAUTIFUL MIAMI



THE SAN CARLOS HOTEL, PENSACOLA

Built by popular subscription, and one of the finest modern fireproof hotels in the South



COURT OF THE ALCAZAR HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE



"And for fifty years no living soul claimed allegiance to old St. Joe ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ and even its magnificent harbor became only a convenient haven from the storm without"



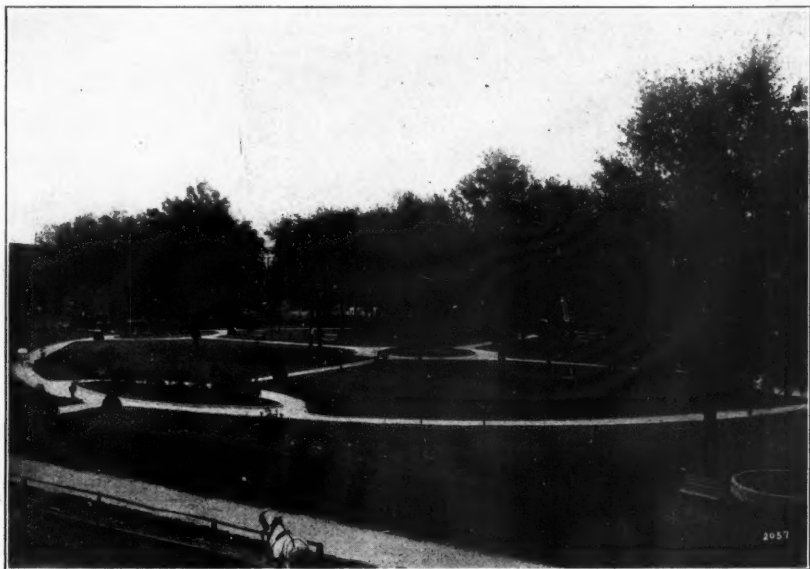
ON THE BEAUTIFUL NEW RIVER NEAR FORT LAUDERDALE

twenty-five residences in Apalachicola today that once graced the streets of old St. Joe.

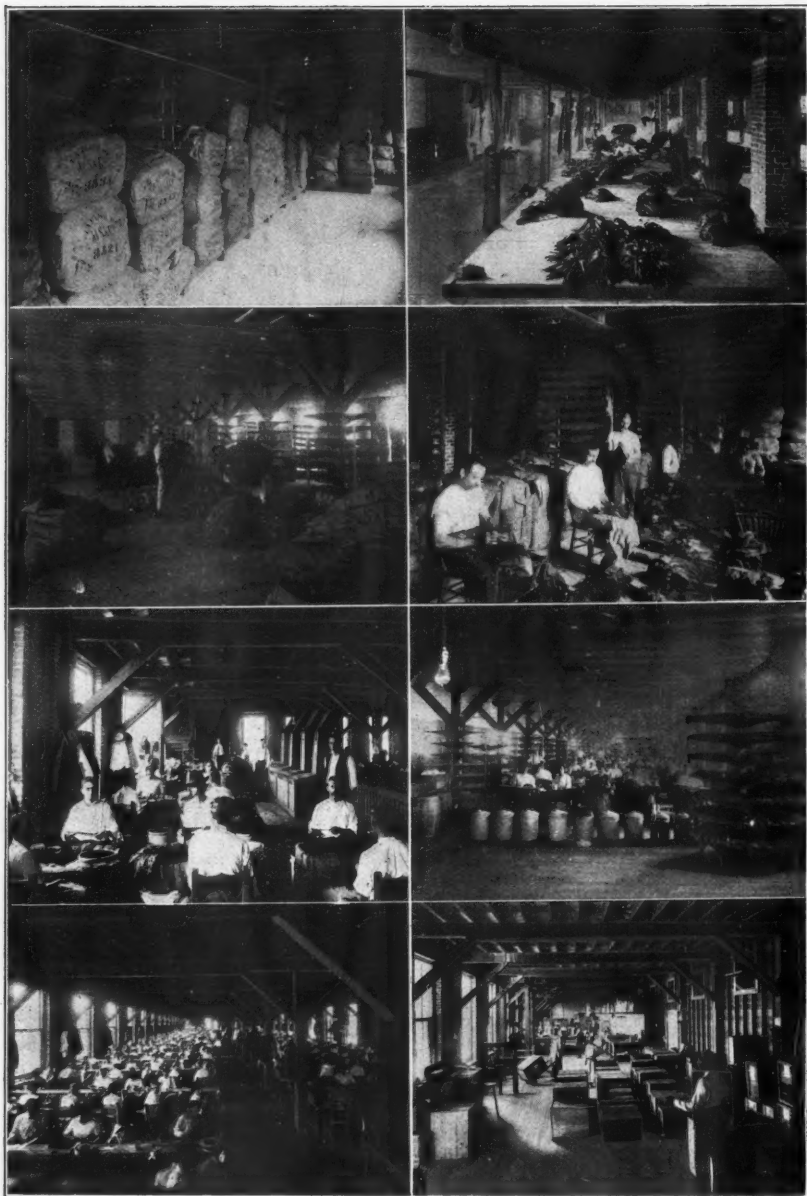
Soon the exodus became general, and from an important seaport town St. Joe became a little fishing village, which too, was destroyed in the struggle between

the States, and for nearly fifty years no living soul claimed allegiance to old St. Joe.

But St. Joe is destined to rise, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes. A new railroad has been extended to its gates and its magnificent harbor, for so long only



CITY PARK, LAKE LAND



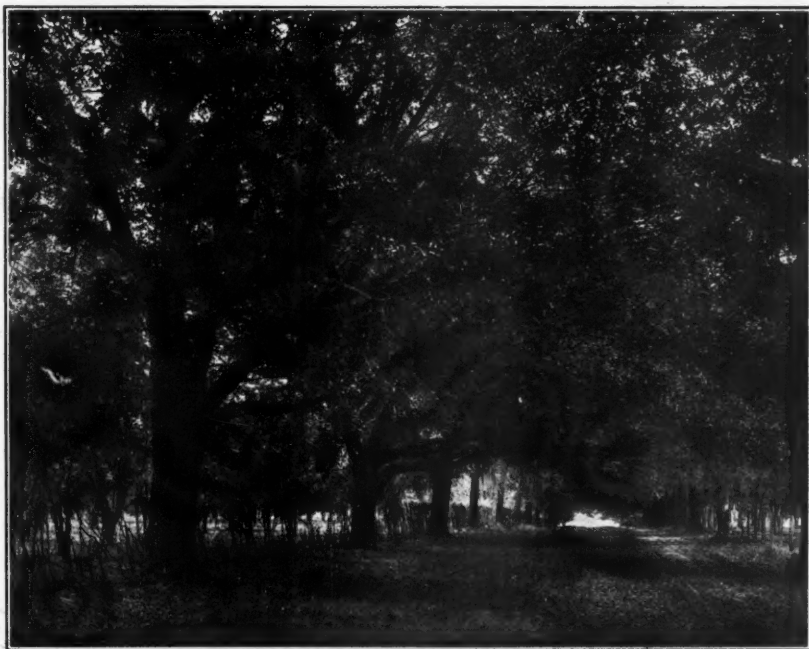
INTERIOR VIEW OF A TAMPA CIGAR FACTORY
 Showing different stages of cigar manufacture

a convenient haven from the storm without is to be brought into touch once more with the commerce of the nation.

And there are many reasons why the new St. Joe will not share the fate of its predecessor. It will not have to depend, as did the old town, upon one commodity alone for its commercial upbuilding. The Apalachicola Northern Railroad, of which it is the terminus, penetrates in its course from St. Joe to River Junction,

outlet for the huge commerce that must be necessarily one day carried down this, the third most important system of inland waterways in the United States.

St. Andrew's Bay is another fine harbor on the Gulf that seems to have a considerable commercial future. This harbor is to be connected by water with the Apalachicola River, the government having already appropriated money to that end. This road is the terminus of the



MAGNIFICENT DRIVEWAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF JACKSONVILLE

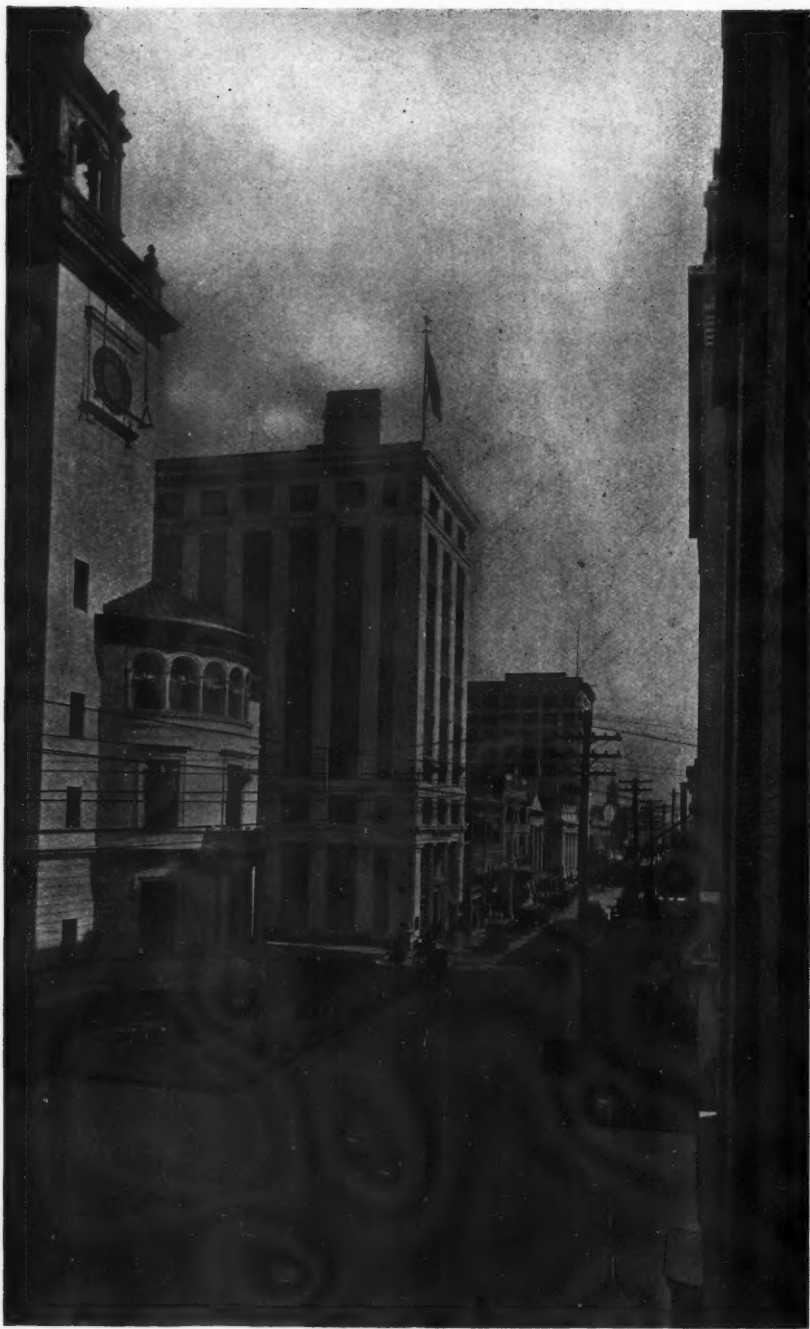
one of the finest bodies of pine timber to be found in the South, which alone will afford St. Joe no inconsiderable commerce for many years to come. Only opened up to development recently, there are now twenty-one saw mills in the territory, with a present daily output of approximately a million and a quarter feet. And other large mills are building or contemplated.

With a rail haul of only twenty miles from the mouth of the Apalachicola River system, Port St. Joe is the logical

Atlanta and St. Andrew's Bay Railroad, and is to have another system shortly.

Apalachicola, one of Florida's oldest towns, has long been a port of considerable size, deriving her chief tonnage from the Chattahoochee and other rivers which converge with the Apalachicola at the Florida line. This town has only had railroad connection for three or four years, and has consequently been very much retarded.

Tampa and Port Tampa are both growing annually in importance. The con-



LOOKING UP FORSYTHE STREET, JACKSONVILLE, COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF FLORIDA



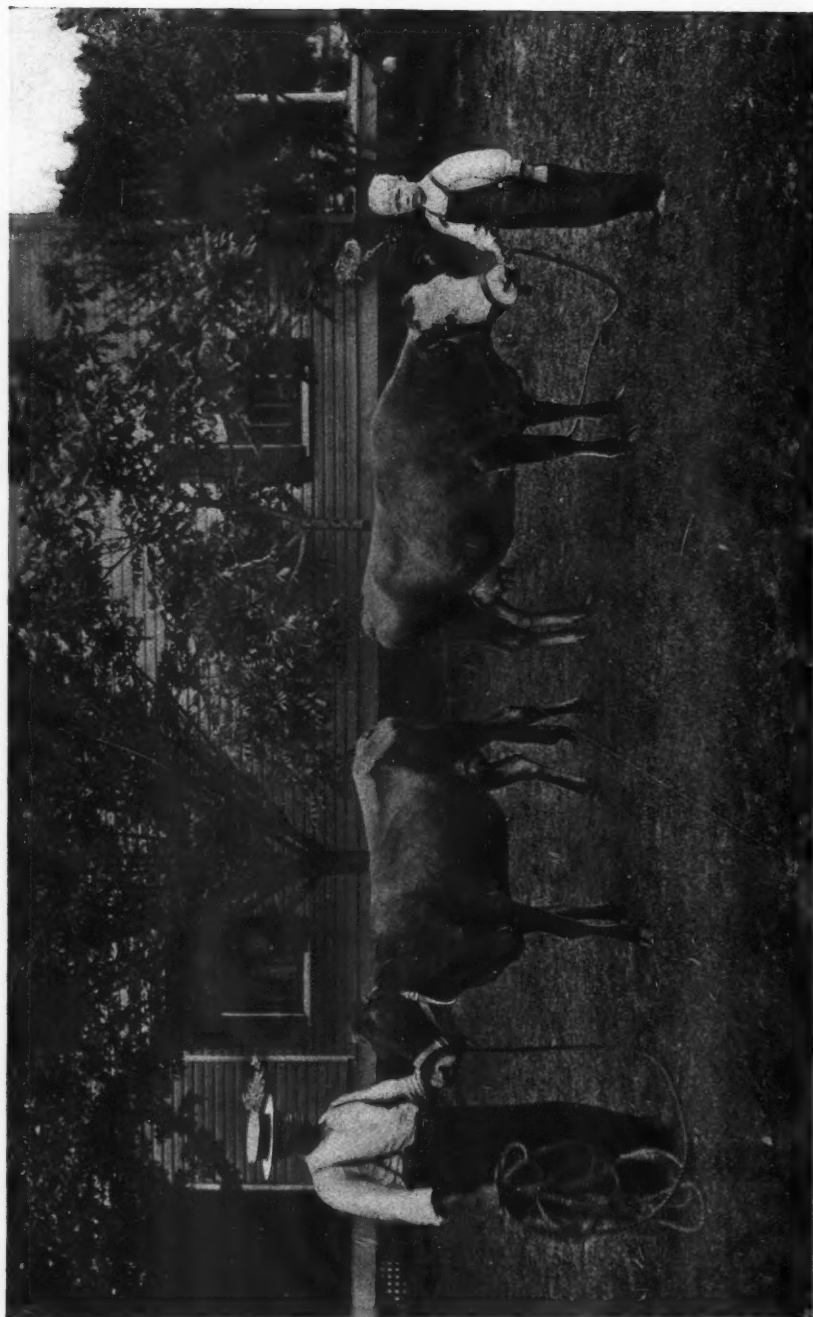
FINE GOLF LINKS ARE TO BE FOUND IN MANY SECTIONS OF FLORIDA

summation of the vast improvements contemplated for Tampa by the Federal Government and the recognized strategic nearness of Tampa to the Canal guarantee this growing city a great maritime future. Tampa is the ninth port of entry of the United States from a customs receipts viewpoint, and has an annual

tonnage valued at approximately twenty-five million dollars. As a manufacturing center this city also occupies a very important position. She is the largest center for the manufacture of fine Havana cigars in the world, more than twenty thousand people being employed, and some twelve million dollars being ex-



A FLOCK OF YOUNG PELICANS



HEALTHY COWS HELP TO NURTURE THE RISING GENERATION

pended in wages to expert cigarmakers alone.

Port Tampa at the present time derives practically all her tonnage from the phosphate industry, being the largest export point for this mineral. She has splendid harbor facilities, and there is every reason to believe that she will become an important shipping point for all classes of merchandise in the next few years.

only now beginning to experience an inconsiderable development. Her wonderful resources, however, are gradually turning capital and immigration toward her shores, and before very long she will be enjoying a huge reciprocal trade with this country. Key West also manufactures a large number of cigars.

Jacksonville, the metropolis of Florida, and the only Atlantic port of commercial consequence in the state, is growing at



CORN GROWN NEAR TAFT

Key West, known as the Island City, has also a future of great promise, although it has had no railroad communication, and being in a sense cut off almost entirely from the outside world, this city has attained a population of nearly thirty thousand. How it will grow, with the completion of Mr. Flagler's wonderful feat, the over-sea railroad from Knight's Key, can be only predicted. Certain it is that Key West will handle by far the greater portion of the Cuban trade. Cuba is

a really marvelous rate. At the present time, with an annual tonnage of over a hundred million, she is by far the greatest port of Florida from a trade standpoint. And her growth is bound to be a sustained one. As the gateway to Florida, she must necessarily share in the development of every portion of the main peninsula, for it is almost impossible for traffic of any kind to enter the state without passing through her gates.

As a shipping port, Jacksonville is also



PEPPER GROWING NEAR ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

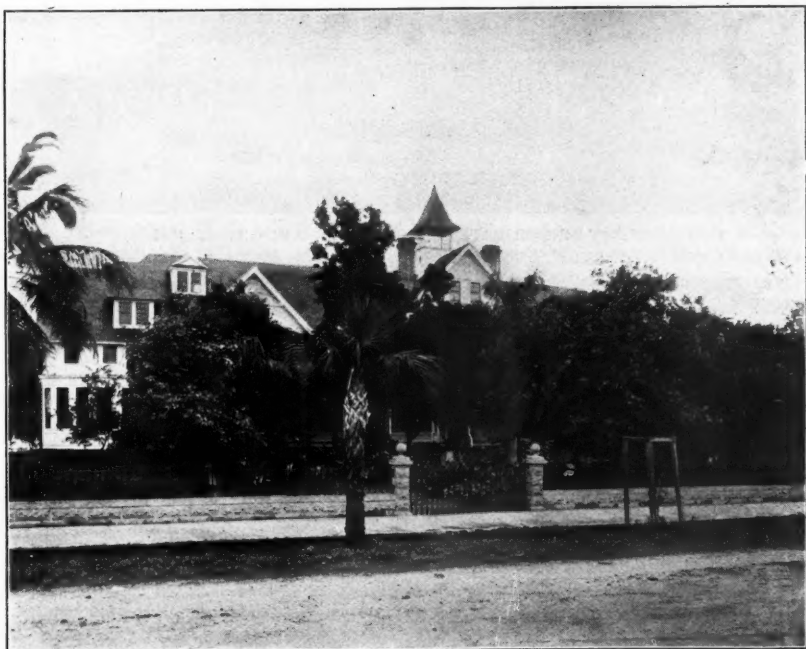


FIVE-YEAR OLD FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT TREE. TAKEN IN THE PINELLAS PENINSULA

being steadily developed. Congress has spent millions of dollars in developing her harbor facilities and in a short while, with thirty-three feet at the bar, she will be able to accommodate the largest ships.

The growth of Jacksonville since the great fifteen million dollar fire of 1901, which wiped out the entire business area of the city, has been the barometer by which the whole nation has judged the progress of Florida.

Peninsula State. The palatial hotels of the fashionable watering places along the East Coast, the exclusive hotels in other sections receive abundant patronage from the wealthy classes, but a very large proportion of the tourists this year were men and women of moderate means who patronized the smaller hotels and boarding-houses. These tourists went by rail and water, the Clyde Line alone carrying over 35,000 people to Jacksonville and Tampa.

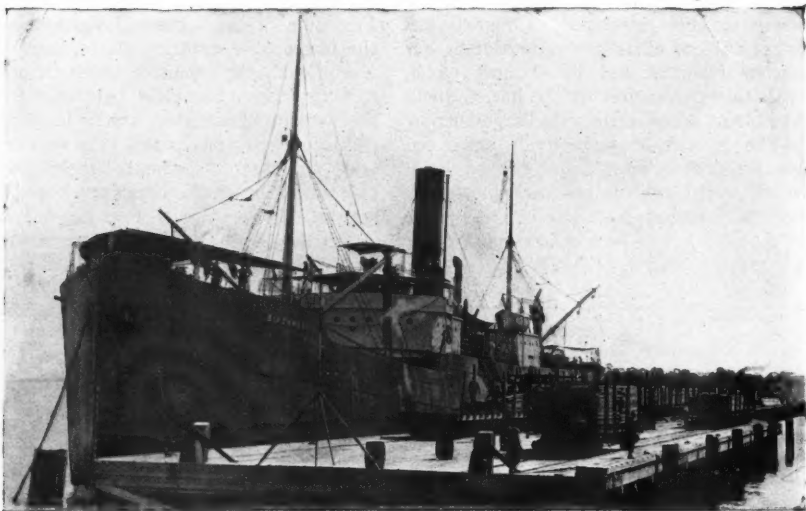


ROYAL PALMS HOTEL, FORT MYERS

Florida as a winter resort needs no introduction. In the last ten years more tourists have turned toward Florida in the winter time than have ever turned toward any other state. Twenty years ago, Florida, to the tourist, was practically an unknown quantity; today it has become the recognized Mecca of anyone who can afford to absent himself for any length of time from the rigors of Northern and Western climates. Last year more than a hundred thousand people sought rest and recuperation in the sunshine of the

St. Petersburg, which has become the largest tourist point in Florida, had a steady winter tourist population of more than fifteen thousand, while such other places as Pas à Grille, Tarpon Springs, Fort Myers, Tampa, Pensacola, Orlando, Lakeland and Miami also had their share.

As a winter resort Florida stands unchallenged. Its climate is unsurpassed by even the famous Island of Madeira, the sun shining practically every day, and severe cold weather being unknown. Warm days there are, of course, but those



FIRST MODERN STEAMER LANDING AT PORT ST. JOE

days, tempered by cooling breezes from ocean and gulf, are seldom, if ever, oppressive.

The opportunities for winter recreation are greater in Florida than elsewhere. Florida's fishing grounds, both fresh and salt water, are equal to any to be found

in the world. Her many good roads, constantly being extended, offer excellent opportunity for automobiling and driving, while her numerous springs offer health and life to those in search of rest and recuperation. As a winter tourist resort Florida is in a class by herself. j



FIELD OF SOUP BEANS—A PROLIFIC AND PROFITABLE CROP FOR FLORIDA FARMERS

CONSERVATION—A MINNESOTA SLOGAN

By LEROY BOUGHNER

TO use, instead of hoarding or spending—that is the conservation of Minnesota, as it must be of the nation.

Promulgated in Washington, and first given clarity of outline at the Congress of Governors, the conservation idea was seized upon at once by Minnesota and made her own. Her governor, Adolph O. Eberhart, returned from that congress, and immediately summoned to him the public men of the state—not officials alone, but all who made the state's progress their business.

The conservation idea was carefully considered, with the view of giving it concrete form and introducing it to all the people at the earliest moment. These men added a word to the slogan, and made it "Conservation and Development"; convoked a congress of four thousand leaders of the state, and drove home, by word of mouth and pen, the idea they had appropriated.

From Minnesota the conservation idea has been given back to the nation, enlarged and enriched. In Minnesota it has penetrated every avenue of endeavor, and conservation of the home, of the farm, of the child, are as familiar as conservation of the water, of the land, of the forests are elsewhere. "Everything is for our use; let us use it," is the expression conservation personified would use—and that expression is being carried to the uttermost ends of the country.

The conservation of Minnesota does not consist in holding the lands and the forests and the streams sacred and inviolate, lest they be destroyed. It consists in releasing them to the development that will make them useful, guarding just as jealously against waste as against non-use. The honest homesteader, the upright lumberman, the corporation of integrity is welcome in Minnesota; nay, Minnesota seeks; "Conservation is essential to, but it need not start from the wild

lands and forests and streams," is one of the axioms of Minnesota's idea. To conserve the lands now under cultivation, retain the woods near the farms now being tilled, and keep the lakes and streams in their ancient condition, is an essential part of it. "Help us to teach the farmers to produce twice as much per acre, and keep the children at home," was Governor Eberhart's Macedonian cry to the advertising men at Omaha, and in Minnesota every public-spirited citizen has rallied to that cry. Half a hundred experimental farms, to mention but one instance, have been planted throughout the state this year, to show the farmers that their corn production can be doubled—and they are being shown. The doubtful experiment of taking the children from the farms to teach them farming is being supplemented by sending the farm school into the midst of the farmers. Swamps are being drained, woods along railroad tracks guarded against sparks, little lakes dredged, and streams straightened—all to improve the lot of the man already upon the land.

This is half the conservation idea in Minnesota, and the other half—to develop and use the wild resources of the state—is receiving exactly the same attention. An immigration bureau, that will have a hundred thousand dollars to spend next year, is one of the marks of this attention. Small conservation congresses, held at intervals of a month or so throughout the state, are other marks. And the great Conservation Congress, held in the Twin Cities in September, is the culminating tribute of the nation to the soundness of Minnesota's idea. The President, the ex-President, the Governor, and other governors, the great Archbishop, and other prelates, the President of the University, and other educators, and men and women from all parts of the country and in all walks of life, gathered to assist out of their wisdom a great nation to use in-

stead of wasting, is indeed a mighty tribute to this state's idea.

Succeeding to the governorship upon the death of John A. Johnson, Eberhart's chance came within a month. The Congress of Governors gave all who attended

the opportunity, but Eberhart, of all the governors, alone seized it. Young and energetic, he typifies the state he represents, and more than all, he typifies the idea he has recreated—the Minnesota Idea—Conservation and Development.

THEIR LAST VICTORY

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER, M.D.

At midnight out on Malvern Hills,
Where the Southern stars look down
A calm, grand, lonely glory fills
The heart's blood-hallow'd ground.

How silent there that slumbering band—
So peacefully still they sleep;
The flowers above them understand,
And the winds blow soft and sweet.

More happy now than we ever deemed—
Far lovelier and more fair—
From death to waken as from a dream
In God's Morning, over There!

Where once welled carnage, crimson grume,
'Mid battle's grime and stains,
The Olive branch and Lily bloom,
And Peace Eternal reigns!

At midnight out on Malvern Hills,
Through dark they wait the Dawn;
While Calvary's Cry of Triumph thrills
Life's Resurrection Song!

The GREAT COUP

By FRANK E. CHANNON

Illustrated By ARTHUR HUTCHINS

(Continued from October number)

I WAS perfectly conscious by this time, but very anxious to learn what had become of Ward, since I judged by their conversation they had succeeded in capturing him. I turned over the events of the last few hours in my mind. Of course, that letter from Ward was a forgery, and while I was reading it they managed to overpower me with some drug. But how did they get me away from the hotel? It was a curious thing that the reception room was empty; at almost any time one would usually find people there, and, and, what was that girl with the violet eyes doing there in company with those cads? Lady DeArcey! Lady Brown, Lady Jones—what's in a name? Where was Allison? Where was Dangerfield? These men were strangers to me—some of the gang, though,—I knew that. But where, where was Ward?

"Now you iss vaked up; can you walk?" inquired the man addressed as Leon.

"I could walk better if you took these things off my legs," I answered, still simulating drowsiness, as I made a careful survey of my custodians. There were three of them. The fellow who spoke with the German accent was a short, powerfully-built man. He was the one they called Leon. The other two were evidently English or American—tall and muscular.

"Vell, iss you pleased?" sarcastically enquired Leon, who had been following my inspection with some interest. "You like us? Ve iss fine men—very fine, eh, vot?"

"Where is Mr. Allison?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

The eyes of the German twinkled with

grim humor. "Dare iss no names must be spoke; ve are all nemoes here, eh, vot? Number von vill like to see you now; he waits for you."

"Say, boss," one of the other men spoke up, and his speech left no doubt of his nationality, "names don't go here, see. You've got a trip before you, so you better get up and pack your grip; you'll find your mate waiting for you."

"And take my tip," advised the third man, "and make no trouble what—"

"Ach, be quiteness; I vill attend to dis gentleman," interposed the German. "Follow me, most kindly."

I struggled to my feet and began to shuffle after him as well as my fetters would permit. My head swam with dizziness, and I reeled. One of the fellows slipped his arm into mine and assisted me toward the door. A light was burning in the room. I supposed it to be still night, for certainly I could not have been under the influence of the drug very long—an hour or so at the most.

We passed out of the apartment and along a dim corridor. Leon led the way, and a guard attended me on either side. We stopped at a door fifteen feet along, and the German knocked.

"Entrez vous!" cried a shrill voice.

The door was flung wide, and we entered a brilliantly-lighted apartment. I saw Allison at once. He came toward me with the same bland smile on his face. "Mr. Brice," he greeted cordially, as he extended his hand. I ignored it, but the smile never left his features.

"Oh, I trust there is no ill feeling," he purred, as he waved his hand to dismiss the guard, "believe me, what has occurred has been most necessary—you can re-

main, Leon"—this to the German, who seated himself heavily on a chair, and drawing from his pocket an immense pipe, proceeded to leisurely fill it. There were three or four other men in the room, and I felt myself the focus of all eyes. So far I had not opened my mouth. There was nothing to be gained by speaking; it was for them to lead.

"Pray be seated," politely suggested Allison, pushing forward a chair. "I regret that we deem it necessary for you to wear these little ornaments for the present, but I trust they may soon be removed."

I sat down. Truth to tell, I was glad to. I felt weak and still dizzy.

"Monsieur," said the man whose shrill voice had invited us to enter, "we have a business proposition to place before you, and it will admit of no delay."

The speaker was evidently the man of authority, for I noted that all listened attentively as he spoke; even Allison's smiling face became serious.

"I will be as direct as possible," proceeded the speaker, and the cruel lines around his mouth deepened, as his thin lips formed the words. "You are, I believe, aware of certain plans formed by us, and this knowledge makes it necessary that we should hold you. Your companion, Hugh Ward-Willet, is also in custody for the same reason. I tell you frankly, it would have been easier for us to have got rid of you both by other means than capturing you, but certain events, recently happened, have so altered matters that it would now seem you may possibly be of use to us—both you and your companion. We therefore hold you both."

"Where is my friend—where is Mr. Willet?" I demanded.

"At present that does not concern you. You are, I am sure, man of the world enough to observe that we hold the whip hand at present." He paused a moment, then added: "You are in our power."

He spoke the sentence slowly, deliberately, with a world of meaning behind the words. In spite of an effort, I almost shuddered. He had the most cruel-looking face I have ever seen on mortal man. I pulled myself together. "Go on," I said.

"You were at one time in the navy of

the United States. Less than two years ago you were a lieutenant in that service. Your specialty was ordinance, and for one so young you were accounted unusually proficient. I find that as gun-lieutenant of the after pair of twelve-inch pieces on the 'President Grant,' you are accredited with eleven hits out of twelve at a range of seven thousand yards, when your vessel was moving at a rate of twelve knots per hour. You also were in charge of the mounting of these heavy guns at the time of the outfitting of your vessel." He again paused a moment, and then added: "You are a man we can use, and we shall use you."

I admit I was staggered. The man had my record down as pat as the Department at Washington. "Go on," I said again.

"Be silent, sir," he commanded. "I will resume when I think proper."

I was fast losing my temper. The man's overbearing manner and speech did not suit my hot Virginian temperament. I was feeling considerably better, too, by this time. The effects of the drug had completely left me, and if it had not been for those confounded leg-irons, I believe I would have waded in there and then and rough-housed it. I steadied myself with an effort, and said firmly, but politely: "Then kindly cut your speech as short as possible. Say what you have to; make your proposition, and you'll get my answer."

For the first time, something like a smile played about his thin lips. He crowded it out instantly, as he arose and remarked in a bored manner: "There is no proposition; you will be removed to the place we have decided for you—Number one, see that the prisoner is conveyed to A. I. immediately."

He waved his hand to show I was dismissed. Allison arose and stood waiting at my side, while the German started toward the door.

"You will be so good as to follow me," invited Allison.

I was laboring under a considerable strain to prevent myself from breaking out, but I realized the futility of any resistance, so without a word, I arose and following Allison, shuffled out of the room.

"If you do as you are told and make

no resistance, no harm will come to you," the man muttered in an undertone, as we again entered the room I had so lately quit.

"You are a nice fellow," I growled. "I believe I have you to thank for this outrage."

"My dear sir," he remonstrated, "you have merely joined the society of the Lion and Eagle; you will recollect I mentioned it to you in the Park that evening."

"Where is Mr. Willet?" I asked, determined if possible to find out what had become of him.

"I regret that I am unable to say at present, but rest assured you and he will meet soon, and now I must prepare you for this little journey—Leon, send in seven and eight!"

CHAPTER VII

AN ENFORCED TRIP

"You will submit to be blindfolded," suggested Allison—number one, as he was known amongst the men with whom I now found myself.

"Go ahead," I muttered, "the cards seem in your hand at present."

Next moment a bandage was drawn across my eyes. There was a few moments' delay; then someone said: "Tres bien," and I heard Allison saying: "This way, my dear sir." My hands were locked behind my back, and with someone on either side, I was urged away.

I counted my steps—eighteen along, and when a voice advised: "Step down," and I commenced descending some stairs. I counted eight. Then came a landing, I suppose a turn, and then eleven more steps. Seven paces on the level and I heard a door being softly opened.

"We shall spare you the trouble of walking any longer," softly whispered Allison, and as he spoke someone thrust a gag into my mouth, then I was lifted up and borne swiftly and silently along for a full minute, then deposited gently on some soft cushions. I heard a crank being turned, and then the "chunk, chunk," of a motor, and I was speeding through the night. It was still night, for I distinctly caught a flash of light here and there—probably from some street lamp—as we sped past. You may readily be-

lieve that my ears were keenly alert to catch the slightest information that would be of use to me. Not a word, however, was spoken. I judged there to be three people besides myself in the motor. Allison was there, I was sure, and I fancied I detected the movement of two others climbing in before we started. It was a closed touring car, I presumed, since I felt little or no wind, although I knew by the motion that we were speeding at a good rate.

Very shortly after starting the gag was removed, and then my hands were unfastened, but immediately secured again in front. I was thankful, however, for this, for my position had become most uncomfortable.

Knowing well that I should gain nothing by speech, I refrained from asking questions. None of my companions spoke, and only the noise of the motor broke the silence. We were in the country now; I was tolerably certain of that by the motion of the tonneau. Once I was sure we passed through some town or city, for the street lights again shone in under the bandage that blinded my eyes.

An hour passed; two; and then again I knew we were on macadamized streets. I knew, too, the name of the city; I could have sworn to it. The salt breeze of the ocean was wafted in through the window. My companions were speaking now, but always in German, and I, alas, am unable to understand that tongue.

It occurred to me at this time that it would be a good idea to see for certain where I was. I knew that in a few more minutes I should be on the water—best make certain of my starting point.

I suddenly raised my fettered wrists and tore away the bandage from my eyes. My prolonged apparent acceptance of my fate had lulled my escort into a false sleep of security, and for a full ten seconds I had an uninterrupted view out through the window. Then, with a snarl of anger, a man on either side of me hurled themselves upon me and forced back the cloth, but that ten seconds had told me my conclusions were correct. I had caught a vision of a forest of masts; of huge smoke stacks, a waterfront with men hurrying along it—and IT WAS DAYLIGHT!



That was the real surprise I received. The rest I had almost known. We were at Gravesend!

"My young rooster, if you play tricks like that again it may go hard with you," threatened a voice at my side, and I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my forehead.

"Best fasten his hands behind him again," advised a second voice, and then I heard Allison's soft, purring tones from the seat in front: "Mr. Brice, I am really surprised. After our handsome treatment of you, you reward us in this uncalled for manner; now it will be necessary to again make things uncomfortable for you."

"Oh, go to the devil!" I snarled. Somehow the fellow's urbane voice annoyed me more than all the rough treatment I had received.

"Most unparliamentary," he murmured.

"Rather guess there'll be a little taming done here," drawled the voice on my left. This seemed to be a cosmopolitan crew with which I was flung: "Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn, Yank, Dane, and Portugee."

I was turning over in my mind how these fellows would get me aboard. It was daylight; there would be plenty of people abroad, and they must remove me without seeming resistance from the motor to the craft. How were they going to do it?

I was not left long in doubt. There was a whispered conference between my guard, and then came Allison's polite tones again:

"Now, Mr. Brice, we shall again save you the trouble of walking," and then I found myself being secured to some sort of an upright—a litter or plank—I was

unable to determine which. A cloth was flung over me, and then in a few moments the car came to a halt. I was aware of my escort alighting—probably taking a look around to see that the coast was clear. Evidently it did not suit them yet, for there was another short delay, and then someone announced: "All right."

I was hoisted up quickly and carried out from the conveyance.

But a few steps, and I knew I was going over the gangplank. I was aboard! My last chance seemed gone! I was kidnapped! Down the companionway I was hurried, and I was below decks. I knew it all; I felt every short stage of the rush, although I could neither see nor speak. When it comes to the sea, the men who go down to it, and the craft that sail it, I am in my element.

I was in a stateroom aft on the main deck. I knew that by the turn I felt them making and the number of steps they carried me down. Oh, for one moment's freedom during that short rush. Every muscle, every nerve in me was timed and ready, but I could not move a limb. If I could only have wrenched that confounded gag from my mouth, if I wouldn't have made the vicinity ring with a shout that would have raised old Davy Jones.

They were getting up steam; we were on the eve of casting off. I could hear the orders from the deck, the trampling of feet, the coiling of rope and tackle. The gangway was run in; the screws commenced to revolve—triple screws. They used the centre one first—her engines were reciprocating. Then as we cleared and gathered headway the port and starboard propeller commenced to run with the smooth, even action of the turbine. They were losing no time. She was, as I thought, built for speed. Even in the predicament in which I was placed, I discovered myself taking a keen interest in the boat. They must have a fine artificer force in the engine room; everything was running with the smoothness of a well-broken in engine-room force; this was not their trial trip by a long way. How smartly she answered her helm. I almost longed to get on the bridge and see her show her heels. She was long—aye, she was beamy, too—I could swear to that.

She smelt of Scotch yards to me. I was left to myself now; not a soul was in the stateroom, or if they were, they made no sign. Then I turned savagely on myself. What was I speculating and surmising about this flyer for? I would soon see her. Better make up my mind as to my line of action. Where was Ward? Aboard, undoubtedly. How had they trapped him? Ward, so crafty and cunning himself, how had they lured him into their clutches? There must be some smart men in this society of the "Lion and Eagle." Yes, I could understand why they wanted me, but Ward, what did they want with him? Had they got him? I had only their word for it. Perhaps they were lying. Yet, why should they lie? No, they either had him, or he was dead. He knew too much to be out of their clutches. Of course, he would come in useful if their scheme went well. He was a lawyer—yes, they had reminded me of that. Yes, they had him; I knew why they wanted him now. They intended to—

My thoughts were suddenly disturbed by hearing the door of the stateroom opened. I heard a rustle of skirts; a very faint perfume was wafted toward me, and then a woman's voice—a soft, musical voice—a voice I had heard before—a voice I knew said authoritatively:

"There is certainly no reason for keeping him in this uncomfortable position any longer. Unbind him and take out that gag."

"It was orders, Madamaselle," objected a man's gruff tones.

"Eighteen, do as I say," peremptorily ordered the soft voice. "In the absence of Number Two, you will take my commands."

"Oui, Madamaselle."

A key was fitted to my fetters; they were removed, and I stretched myself. I did not wait for them to take off the bandage and gag, but snatched them away with a single movement. Then I sprang up, and stood looking into the face of my lady with the violet eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

MY LADY OF THE VIOLET EYES

She was garbed in white yachting suit and cap, and seemed to be rather enjoying

my very evident astonishment. For a full fifteen seconds we two stood facing each other, and neither spoke a word. She remained with her back to the open door, and I eyed her from the end of the couch from which I had sprang. In the corridor outside I could hear hurrying feet.

She spoke first. I was determined she should. With the prettiest of smiles—a smile that showed the even whiteness of her teeth—she held out her ungloved hand, in unassumed frankness.

"Mr. Brice," she greeted, just as if she had met me in the Strand. "We appear fated to cross one another; this is the third time this week, isn't it?"

"I can assure you, madam," I retorted, "that the crossing is none of my seeking. The first time, when I was so unfortunate as to stumble against you, I believed you to be a lady; since then I have been undeceived. You will pardon my rudeness, but you can scarcely expect me to be polite after the treatment I have received, and I am forced to believe after seeing you twice in the company of these villains, that you are a party to their schemes, though what a woman should want to mix up with these skunks for is more than I can tell." I was hot, and I sent in hot shot. Apparently my outburst neither angered nor annoyed her, nor did she shrink from it. She stood watching me, the smile still lingering about her features, one elegantly-shod foot tapping the carpet, waiting for me to finish. When I stopped, she said:

"Now really, Mr. Brice, I think that is not a bit nice of you, when you consider that but for my interference you would still be lying there in that uncomfortable position; but then, man is ever ungrateful, isn't he?"

"Really, madam, I am in no mood for pleasantries. Yet I will thank you for prevailing upon the powers that be to release me, and for one thing more will I yet be thankful to you—that is if you will inform me where my friend Mr. Willet is—is he aboard?"

"He is, sir; you shall very shortly see and speak with him."

"Thank you."

"That is the first civil word you have spoken to me."

"It may very easily be the last, madam. There is no use beating about the bush; you and I are on opposite sides; your people apparently intend to give no quarter, and neither Mr. Willet nor I are men to ask it."

"You are terribly tragic, are you not, Mr. Brice? My father and I were both looking forward with pleasure to this little trip, and I was hoping you would be sensible, and enjoy yourself with us."

"Your father! Pray who is your father—Mr. Allison?"

She laughed gaily. "Oh, dear, no. Have you forgotten my name already? I am Lady DeArcey, and my father is the Count of that name. You have met him, and the name is still remembered in our own country, even though France has forgotten her duty."

"In God's name, madam, who is your father, then—the tall, thin man before whom I was brought, and who condemned me to this trip?"

"Yes, my father is tall and thin; he has even been called distinguished-looking. In the society in which you now find yourself he is known as 'The Chief'; Mr. Allison is his second in command; he is known as Number One. We are terribly mysterious here, you see."

"I surmise there is need for both mystery and deception, madam."

"Mr. Brice, we are fighting a powerful enemy, and must use the best weapons we possess."

"You appear to have grabbed up a fine collection, but tell me, my lady, why is it that your father and you both bear titles, and yet I find you in this company? Surely that is illogical, and you speak of France forgetting her duty—surely you would not again wish her a monarchy?"

"Of course not, Mr. Brice. My meaning was that she has forgotten her duty as a Republic—she is that in name only, and, of course, our titles are by courtesy only; there are no nobles in poor France now—only in name. Pray call me Miss DeArcey in future; I am sure I have no desire to be 'my lady.'"

I could see my words had hurt her. Her face was flushed and her violet eyes snapped with suppressed annoyance. I had told her she was no lady, and she

laughed at me. I twitted her regarding her title, and she was visibly angered. What had la belle France done to my lady?

We were interrupted by steps outside, and a moment later Allison's smiling face appeared at the door, and behind him towered the form of the tall, thin man—"The Chief"—my lady's father.

"Ah, I see you are already commencing to feel at home," greeted Allison. "I told the Chief my lady would see that our guests lacked for nothing—you will find Mr. Brice a most entertaining gentleman, my lady—ah, and here is his most particular friend, Mr. Willet."

As he concluded, Ward, clean cut, and looking as faultless as ever, strolled into the room. He nodded in everyday fashion to me, as he muttered: "Do."

I really believe Ward would say "Do" if he met you in the bliss of Heaven or the torture of Hades. It is his way of enquiring "How are you, my dear fellow? I hope you are feeling fine; I'm delighted to see you."

"How do?" I responded, and then the "Chief's" cutting voice rasped: "Bon jour, monsieur. Comment vous portez vous?" he added a moment later.

"Mercie, Monsieur le Count, je suis tres bien," I responded, mentally adding to myself, "No thanks to you or your gang, though."

He started and stared at his daughter, as the title slipped from my tongue. "Ma fille, you have been talking again," he accused, still speaking in the French language.

Then, turning again toward me, he said: "Monsieur, to you and all aboard this vessel I am 'The Chief.' You will in future address me as that."

I shrugged my shoulders. "What's in a name?" I rejoined.

"Everything," he snapped tartly.

"Vous parlez Francais," cried the lady, with evident pleasure.

"It is my only lingual accomplishment," I replied.

"I am so glad," she cried. "One can express oneself so much better in that tongue."

"Enough, Mademoiselle; you will leave us now; I have business to discuss with

Mr. Brice," ordered the Count, sternly. "Mr. Willet, kindly be seated."

"Au revoir!" cried my lady gaily, as she tripped away. "Make haste, mon pere; it is dull here, and I wish companions."

"She is but a child," muttered the Count, half explanatory, as he closed the door and seated himself upon the couch. "Now, messieurs, to business!"

I was endeavouring to catch Ward's eye during this conversation, but his face was expressionless—oh, Ward was truly British now, I can tell you.

"Monsieur Willet, be so kind as to explain to your friend the use I anticipate his being to me," requested the Count.

"Monsieur, be so kind as to do it yourself," snarled Ward between his teeth. "I might possibly misrepresent it, you know," he added, with grim British humor.

There was a silent conflict of personalities for a brief moment, but the best man won—Ward remained silent, and the Count was forced to take up the thread.

"So be it," he acquiesced, "but you gain nothing by the line of conduct you are taking," he advised, giving Ward a sinister glance. Then, addressing me: "Monsieur, it is now nine a. m. Tuesday, July 17th. At midnight at a point about Long. 78, Lat. 54 my vessel will be hove to. The night will be dark; the sea will be smooth; the—"

For the life of me, I couldn't help bursting out into a loud guffaw. "Monsieur," I roared, "I grant that the night may be dark, but let no man prophesy what manner of sea may be on—recollect that you are in the German Ocean, where the wind veers as frequently as a woman's love."

"Be silent, sir," he ordered, evidently nettled by my mirth.

"Then make no more foolish statements," I retorted.

The lines tightened around his mouth, and his steely-blue eyes seemed to fairly eat me up, as he turned away from me, and addressing Allison, said crisply:

"This man must be gagged if he persists in interrupting me."

"Oh, go ahead," I said, magnanimously, "I'll hear you out."

"It would be as well," he hissed threateningly.

CHAPTER IX

THE CRISIS

"As I stated, at midnight my vessel will be hove to."

"At eight bells in the first watch," I suggested.

"Exactly. Now follow me."

He wheeled about abruptly, and left the room. I slipped my arm into Ward's as I said: "Come along, old fellow, let us see what the Count wishes to show us."

Together we followed him along the corridor, up the main companionway and onto the upper deck. I glanced around as I walked. It was an elegantly appointed craft. Mahogany, plate glass mirrors and polished metals were everywhere. Two white-clad seamen passed us as we gained the deck, saluting smartly, like men-o'-war's men. Their appearance pleased me. I was taking a keen interest in all around; I had almost, in fact, forgotten the circumstances under which I was placed.

Away off to port I could plainly see the low-lying coast of Essex. The water between us and the land was clear. To starboard three or four sails were in sight. She was steaming evenly, getting through the short, choppy waves without fuss or show, but slipping along at an easy eighteen knots, I should judge.

"This way, Mr. Brice, if you please," suggested Allison, as I leisurely took in my surroundings.

"What do you think of her, Ward?" I inquired, as I followed the Count and his second along the port side.

My companion smiled and nodded. He was silent, as usual, and probably doing some tall thinking. As we passed the deckhouses, and came out on the open bow space, I was astonished to note a great armored barbette, without either guns or turrets protruding from the forward deck. It had evidently just been uncovered, for the tarpaulins lay stretched about, and a working party were stowing them. Like a flash I understood why I was needed, and I probably had that need to thank for my life.

The Count was by my side now. With one long, bony finger he pointed toward the barbettes.

"As I was remarking, Mr. Brice, at midnight this vessel will be hove to. Another ship will be alongside. She will carry a pair of fifty calibre twelve-inch guns, and it will be your duty to see that they are removed and properly mounted on this support. Your life will answer for it if anything goes wrong. You understand?"

He clipped his words off in an unpleasantly suggestive manner, then waved his hand forward, to indicate I was at liberty to examine the support for the guns. Without a word, I stepped forward and scrambled up the barbette. It arose perhaps a matter of five feet from the deck. I bent an interested gaze upon it. Forward and to port and starboard it was armored with nine inches of Krupp. Its massive walls descended into the interior. An ammunition hoist, protected by a hood and armored walls came conveniently up in the rear. The whole mechanism was on an immense turntable. Evidently, there was to be no turret—the breeches—in fact, the gunners themselves would be exposed to the fire of an enemy, but the gun positions were so high that a splendid all-round fire could be obtained, barring aft. I was still intent on my examination, when I heard the Count's voice again in querulous tones: "Well?" he interrogated, "what do you think of the homes for 'Whip' and 'Lash'?"

"A very nice mount," I replied, "but I would like to go below decks and take a look at the hoists and mechanism." I was honestly interested, and in any case, no harm could come of being posted.

Without a word, he again led the way down, and in a few minutes I was busily at work inspecting the hydraulic and hand-turning machinery. Everything appeared to be in good working order, and I had no criticism to make except in regard to the ammunition hoists, which were perfectly straight, without trap or other safeguard. I would dislike to be behind those guns in a close-fought action, when speed of delivery was requisite, and the gun crew were getting in fast work. I said not a word, however, but made my way again on deck, followed by the Count, Allison and Ward. I had noted that the ship was unusually high by the head;

evidently left so that the heavy twelve-inch guns might not depress her too much.

"I will tell you frankly, Mr. Brice," resumed the Count, "that it was not my intention to rely on a stranger for this important work, but the man on whom we depended met with an accident two days ago, and I really have no one to whom I could trust this getting aboard of the monster guns. Necessity makes the man, you see, and I am sure we are fortunate in acquiring an ex-naval officer of the United States—especially one so renowned as yourself." He bowed, gravely, as he offered me the compliment.

"And who, sir," I demanded, looking him squarely in the eyes, "has been good enough to vouch that I will undertake this important duty?"

"It is a matter on which you will not be consulted. You will do it, and do it SUCCESSFULLY, OR YOUR LIFE WILL PAY THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE. The same remark applies to your companion here; he will, when the time arrives for him to be of service, either do what we require, or—" He snapped his fingers, and the action was most suggestive; it reminded one of the snuffing out of a candle.

I think I deserve no great credit for the words that formed on my tongue—words that almost passed my lips—words that would have done so, had I not happened at that exact moment to glance at Ward. Any man would have done as I proposed to have done, any true man, at least. But those words were never uttered. I think Ward by sheer force of will compelled me to look at him. I will never again say that the British face is not expressive; I had always thought Ward incapable of feeling, or at least of showing it, but if ever a man's features spoke, his did then. "You seven different kinds of an idiot," his eyes blazed, "agree to anything he wants now," and then a sharp contraction of his left eye plainly winked, "Wait."

I turned toward the Count. "Have you all the tackle required for this undertaking?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," he assured sharply, "we have the heaviest and strongest machinery, the same tackle, as you call it, as used in

George's navy; you will have no fault to find with that. You can commence any time you desire to make the necessary arrangements. Number One will give you a list of what the 'Assist' will bring us. As I mentioned to you before, sir, she meets the 'Revenge' at midnight. I would suggest that you obtain some sleep between now and then, for, as I understand it, it will take at least twelve hours' arduous work before all is completed."

"I will get that rest now," I said, "and examine the tackle later. I have your permission to retire to my stateroom?"

"Most certainly, sir, but one thing I have to say to you before you go. It is this. I have not required you to give me your word that you will undertake this position, because it is not a matter in which you have any choice, and an oath given under such circumstances amounts to but little. From now on, however, you will be attended—guarded, if you prefer the word, by two men—both good comrades of mine—men who thoroughly understand the work you will do, and they have orders to this effect: that if in their opinion you are playing us false, if your actions even give rise to suspicion they are to shoot you down like a dog; you understand, I am sure, Mr. Brice."

"That is scarcely fair," I remonstrated. "I may be about something that is absolutely necessary, yet something these men may not understand, and my action may, in their opinion, give them the right to shoot. I say that if they become suspicious they should take me to you, and there let me make answer."

"Not at all—not at all!" he snapped, walking away. Then halting and turning for a moment, he cried back: "You will not be shot down unless you deserve it, but rest perfectly assured that they will fire without any consultation with me or anyone else; such are their orders, so be careful, Mr. Brice—very careful—for the sake of your own skin, sir."

Ward and I wheeled about and started for the companionway, when we were aware of four armed men in close attendance.

"Each one to his own room, if you please, and no conversation," politely murmured Allison.

(To be continued)

The Author of "There Is No Death"

JOE M. CHAPPLE, Esq.,

Dear Sir: In your very interesting collection of "Heart Throbs," I find on pages 255-257, a version of that very beautiful poem, "There is no Death," which you have attributed to Bulwer Lytton, as it is generally.

Some years ago, finding the poem so variously given, I turned to Bulwer's volume of poems, to see how he had written it. But, after a diligent search, I failed to find it there, which seemed to me strange.

Not long after my brother, writing to a friend in St. Paul, quoted some of these stanzas of "Bulwer's"; in his reply the friend wrote:

"The poem 'There is no Death,' is wrongly attributed to Bulwer. The author is J. L. McCreery, who wrote it when a student at college, and who is still living or was not long ago. The poem, as it appears in the author's writings, contains sixteen stanzas, only four of which are identical with those as commonly quoted."

I send you a copy of his version of it, which I think you will find much more beautiful even than the version in your "Heart Throbs." Though perhaps, even this version may not be quite correct.

But it seems to me, and this is why I write you, that if Mr. McCreery be the author, if *he* has given to the world a poem that touches the heart of everyone who has suffered, certainly he should be credited with it. Could you not help him to his own?

Yours very truly,

TAYLOR HATFIELD.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth,
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so
long.

Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead"—

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have but wandered far away—
They are not "lost" nor "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here, and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow
faint

Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of
balm;

Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen.
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

First Aid to the Injured

By H. H. HARTUNG, M. D.

Boston, Mass.

Major Surgeon, Medical Department, Coast Artillery Corps, M. V. M.; Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, American Medical Association, Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, Instructor in First Aid to the Injured to the Boston Police Department, Metropolitan Park Police and the Fall River Police Department.

PART II

Respiration, suffocation and artificial respiration. Respiration or breathing consists of the alternate expansion and contraction of the chest by means of which air is drawn into and forced out of the lungs. We breathe on an average of sixteen times to a minute. Anything which interferes with breathing will cause suffocation. This may be due to external or internal causes. The following are some of the most frequent causes of suffocation: foreign bodies in the windpipe, such as a piece of meat, buttons, coins; foul gases, such as sewer gas, illuminating gas, fumes of charcoal, smoke, vapors from various chemicals; drowning, hanging, being buried in a cave-in, landslide of earth or snow. Next to being able to stop bleeding, I believe that knowing how to properly apply artificial respiration, in a case of drowning or suffocation from gas, is the next most important thing in first aid to the injured. Many people are suffocated, either accidentally or intentionally every year, and if artificial respiration was properly applied in many cases lives could be saved that are otherwise lost.

Artificial Respiration. As the method of artificial respiration in all cases, whether used for gas-poisoning or drowning is the same, and as it is perhaps used more often for cases of drowning, I will illustrate the method used for resuscitating an apparently drowned person. Probably the best method used by the life-saving stations, police and others is known as the Sylvester Method. The first thing to do after removing the person from the water is to get the water out of the mouth, throat, lungs and stomach. This is best accomplished by turning the person over on their stomach, stand over the body, grasp around the waist and raise the

body up, so that the head and the feet hang down (see illustration number 2). This position and the pressure of the hands on the abdomen, force the water out of the stomach and lungs. This is a better way of getting the water out than the old-fashioned way of rolling the body over a barrel, and avoids the danger of bruising the body and even the possibility of breaking one of the arms. Now place the person flat on the back. In warm weather, the best place to apply artificial respiration is out of doors in the fresh air; in cold weather, this should be done indoors in a well-ventilated room. Unloosen all tight clothing about the neck and waist; in fact, it is well to remove all wet clothing so that there will be no interference with respiration or the circulation. Place a pillow or blanket, rolled up, under the shoulders, permitting the head to fall backwards. This position permits the windpipe to open up. Never place a pillow under the head. Next force open the mouth and pass the index finger around the mouth, sweeping back to the throat, so as to clear out all mucus



No. 2

and grit which may have collected there. Almost always in cases of suffocation, the tongue is found way back in the throat. It is absolutely necessary, in order to render artificial respiration properly, to see that the tongue is drawn forward and kept forward, either by means of a tongue forceps or by tying a handkerchief around the tongue and the lower jaw, or by using a strong rubber band in the same way. Now kneel at the patient's head, if working on the ground, or stand if the patient is on a lounge or table. Never stand over the body, as this interferes with the proper motions of artificial respiration. Grasp the arms about at the wrist and raise them upward and backward until they touch the ground behind the patient's head and wait a few seconds, or until one, two, three can



No. 3

be counted, slowly (see illustration number 3). This movement raises the chest and allows the air to rush into the lungs, and might be called artificial inspiration. Now double up the arms at the elbows, and bring them down slowly upon the sides of the chest and press firmly (see illustration number 4). This



No. 4

movement forces the air out of the lungs, and might be called artificial expiration. Now rest a few seconds, the same as after the first motion, and then repeat the same movements regularly and persistently,

at the rate of sixteen times to the minute, corresponding to the natural rate of breathing. This should be continued for at least an hour or an hour and a half before giving up, or until a physician has pronounced the person dead. During the application of artificial respiration the body should be kept warm by the application of hot water bottles and blankets. With the return of natural breathing and the beating of the heart, friction and rubbing should be applied to the arms and legs; and as soon as the patient can swallow, hot drinks, such as hot tea and coffee, whiskey or brandy may be given. As soon as regular breathing is re-established, the patient should be put to bed and kept quiet in order to recover from the shock.

One of the most recent advances made in the scientific world with regard to resuscitating person overcome by suffocation, drowning and the effects of ether, etc., is by means of a mechanical apparatus, known as the Habberley Resuscitator, an invention of Superintendent Albert N. Habberley of the Metropolitan Park System of Massachusetts, manufactured by The Randall-Faichney Company, Boston. As a result of years of careful experimentation, he has perfected an apparatus by means of which artificial respiration may be applied, in the above mentioned cases, filling and emptying the lungs without any injury to the delicate air cells and resuscitating persons overcome, in a much better and more scientific way than by any other means yet known. Such an apparatus should be a part of the equipment of all hospitals, life-saving stations and places where artificial respiration is required.

Breaking through the ice. To rescue a person who has broken through the ice, it is not wise to attempt to walk out to them on the ice, as it is liable to give way, and the would-be rescuer finds himself in the same predicament. In the first place, always tie a good strong rope around your own waist and see that it is firmly attached to a tree

or post on shore, so that you may be sure of getting back to shore yourself in case the ice gives way. If you spread your weight on the ice by creeping on your hands and knees, or better still, working your way, flat on your abdomen, you can go where the ice would not bear your weight standing up. If obtainable, push a long board, pole, tree or ladder out in front of you, and this will lessen the danger of getting in the water too. The treatment of a person who has become apparently drowned from breaking through the ice is artificial respiration as already described.

Various kinds of wounds. Wounds are injuries to the outer surface of the body, in which an opening is made in the skin and more or less of the deeper tissues, depending upon the severity of the injury. The different kinds of wounds are: cut or incised, torn or lacerated, bruises or contusions, pierced or punctured, and poisoned.

Cut or incised wounds, as the name indicates, are the result of injuries caused by sharp-cutting instruments, such as knives, razors and pieces of glass. The edges of such wounds are clean cut and can be brought together and sewed up (by the surgeon), so that when healed there is practically no scar left. Torn or lacerated wounds are the result of tearing of the tissues, caused by crushing accidents, machinery and explosives. Such wounds, on account of their extent and the irregularity of the edges, cannot as a rule be sewed up, and when they heal they leave bad scars. Bruises or contusions result from blows and falls. The skin is not cut or torn, but some of the small blood vessels under the skin are ruptured and as a result we get the well-known black and blue marks. Pierced or punctured wounds are produced by daggers, knives, bullets and all sharp pointed instruments. Usually the opening in the skin may be small, but the wound may be deep and liable to involve some of the internal and vital organs. Poisoned wounds are the result of bites of venomous reptiles, animals or insects, where at the time of the injury some poisonous substance has been injected into the tissues. Snake bites, mad-dog bites and

mosquito bites are examples. In the first aid treatment of all kinds of wounds, always remember where they are at all serious to send for a surgeon at once. The treatments of cuts and lacerated wounds consists in first stopping the bleeding by either direct pressure on the wound with an antiseptic first aid dressing, or by the use of a tourniquet, and second by keeping the wound absolutely clean, so as to prevent infection and blood-poisoning. This means that if you are obliged to handle the wound, be sure and see that your hands are made absolutely clean by scrubbing them with plenty of hot water and soap and a stiff brush. If an antiseptic solution is used, there is nothing better than Lysol, one teaspoonful to a quart of hot water. This makes a clean, soapy, antiseptic solution, and is not injurious to the hands or to any wounds. Do not use carbolic acid or bi-chloride. They are too powerful, dangerous and poisonous for indiscriminate use, except under the direction of a physician. Bruises or contusions are usually very slight, and require very little treatment. Hot or cold applications generally relieve the pain and swelling, and the discoloration clears up in a few days by absorption. Equal parts of witch hazel and water, either hot or cold, is good treatment for bruises. The first aid treatment of punctured wounds is very limited, because of their dangerous nature, especially where they involve the chest, abdomen and brain. They require the skilled services of a surgeon as soon as possible. The danger from such wounds of course is internal bleeding, infection and blood-poisoning. If any first aid treatment is used at all, the only thing to do is to cover the wound of entrance and exit with a clean antiseptic first aid dressing, so as to prevent dirt and germs getting into the wound, and get the person to a surgeon or hospital as quickly as possible. The treatment of poisoned wounds, such as snake bites and mad-dog bites, is to prevent the poison from getting into the circulation, and then destroying the poison. This can be done, where the hands, fingers, legs and feet are involved, by using a tourniquet or by binding a piece of string or a rubber band above the bite, so as

to stop the circulation—then the poison can be removed by several ways. If you are absolutely certain that there are no cuts in the mucous membrane of the lips and mouth, the poison can be sucked out, but the best way is to take a red hot poker and cauterize the bite, so as to destroy the germs, which cause hydrophobia. This should be done preferably by a physician, and if absolutely certain that the dog was mad, the patient should be sent to a Pasteur hospital for treatment. The treatment of a snake bite is practically the same as mad-dog bite, with the addition that the person may be given considerable whiskey, and it can also be used locally on the snake bite.

Burns are injuries due to the action of heat in various forms, caused by contact with fire, steam and various chemicals. They are divided into three varieties,



No. 5

according to their severity. Burns of the first degree are where the skin is reddened. Burns of the second degree, where blisters are formed, and burns of the third degree, where there is charring and destruction of the skin and underlying tissues. Burns of the first and second degree, unless of great extent, are not as a rule serious; where, however, a large portion of the skin of the body is burned, say one-third or one-half, results are always serious, and frequently fatal. Burns of the third degree are the most severe and dangerous. Such burns are usually attended by severe nervous shock, and death frequently follows in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Pain accompanies burns of all degrees, and in some cases is very severe.

Treatment of burns. The first aid treatment of burns is to keep the parts as clean as possible and to exclude the air. The application of any clean, oily substance is all that is required. Olive oil, sweet oil,

butter, lard and carron oil are frequently used. Carron oil is a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and limewater. A solution of baking soda in water is a very soothing application. The burned parts should be bathed in any of the above preparations and then covered over with compresses soaked in the solutions and then bandaged. In burns of the second degree, where large blisters are formed, these should have the serum or water removed from them, as follows: take a clean cambric needle that has never been used, pass it several times through the flame of an alcohol lamp, so as to be certain that it is sterilized, then enter the blister by passing the needle through the healthy skin about a quarter of an inch beyond the edge of the blister, then gently press out the water. In this way the blistered skin forms a natural protection to the new skin underneath. In burns of the third degree, the clothing frequently adheres to the flesh. In such cases never remove the clothing forcibly, but cut it away as close to the burn as possible. Burns caused by strong acids, such as nitric, sulphuric, etc., should not have water applied to them, as this simply spreads the acid and causes a larger burn. Such burns should first be neutralized by means of an alkali of some kind, such as sodium bicarbonate or chalk. When acids are splashed into the eyes, solutions of the above alkalies should be applied in order to neutralize the acids. In the same way burns caused by strong alkalies, such as caustic soda or potash, should be neutralized by the application of some acid preparation, such as a solution of vinegar and water or lemon juice and water.

Some of the severest cases of burns result from the clothing catching fire, especially those of women. As a rule under such circumstances, they become confused and run about the house and even out into the open air, which is really the worst thing they could do and makes the clothing burn all the more rapidly. The thing to do is to grasp them and force them to the ground or floor, wrapping them up in a blanket, rug or overcoat and rolling them over the floor. (See Illustration No. 5.)

(To be continued)

THE SONG OF THE SOUL

By Ora Lee Bargamin

AT THE STUDIO—ROSARIE SOULE

SHE was late. For the third time Manetti drew forth the heavy Swiss watch. Just then faintly, very faintly, it chimed the seventh hour of an April evening.

He turned back to the window with an impatient ejaculation. She had never been this late before. Six-thirty was the hour for her lesson, and Manetti would never have waited even this long, but she had always been at the studio with unusual punctuality—for a woman.

Rosarie Soule entered. She glimpsed his face as he swung around suddenly from the window, "Oh, don't lecture me, please," entreated Rosarie, seating herself wearily. "I couldn't stand it after all—all this afternoon." She felt her courage about to melt into tears; she sat up very straight and pressed her lips firmly.

"No, Little Lady, it is not a lecture we shall call it; rather an explanation. Come; I perceive you are troubled."

"I am fired," said Rosarie simply.

"Fired?" echoed Manetti.

"Fired. Turned out; in other words, informed that my services are no longer valuable to the firm, Messrs. Crossers and Jacobs."

"Fired on the grounds of neglecting my duty. Not Christian duty by any means; duty! Merciless tattling they compel you to when you sign their papers."

"How now?" queried he.

"I attended the counter of a pale, weak droopy little thing while she escaped to the park for a few minutes to relieve a terrific headache. She only took up fifteen minutes after the lunch hour. My counter was right next to hers, so I told her to go on and

enjoy herself. Floor walker nosed around and reported it. We both got fired. 'Twasn't that—'twasn't that—"

"Eh?" encouraged Manetti.

Rosarie shifted about in her seat, then faced him with eyes blazing from her thoughts.

"'Twasn't that alone he fired me for; or rather reported me for." She hesitated. Manetti waited.

"He tried to kiss me last week, and I—slapped him!"

Silence for a moment.

"He said then he'd get even!"

"Beast!" ejaculated Manetti. "But surely you can interview the manager and justify yourself?"

"Ah, how little you know about it, my friend. He will not even bother to see me. And if he should, what chance would I stand after such a report and after it had been passed up through such a source?" She shook her head slowly. "Ah, you don't know. Others have failed. The girls told me a few things."

"Poor child," said Manetti, "poor child. It's an outrage!"

"I am so late because I've been trying for other places, but it's a hard thing to find when you have no more flattering a recommendation than I have! Fired!" She spoke bitterly now.

"Here's my music! You know how I've worked with that!" Her eyes looked appealing. "You know! And now—now even that has got to stop. And I have staked so much on it, too! I thought—oh, do you think it's going to be anything with me? Do you?"

"Miss Soule, you have only been my

pupil a little over a half term, and progress in voice is slow, my dear, very slow and sure, if the singer would master her art. I think I may encourage you this much, however: you have a capable ear, a wide range and above all, the most necessary—a sympathy of expression. With these accessories I feel quite justified in saying that you will win—some day! Some day, Miss Soule.

"But you must have each note upon the scale at your command; to place and color at your will. To make it quiver with tears or bubble with laughter! It is a language of the soul that God gives but few the real power to interpret. Ah, Little Lady, you are only in A B C. There is much more to know. Much more."

Rosarie had leaned forward with eyes intent upon his face as he talked. Talked! Ah, no. It was far too insipid a word to express it, as he sang her lesson in low, vibrant notes that rose and fell, rose and fell—like the sound of soft waters soothing a troubled spirit to rest. So Rosarie thought as she listened and forgot her own present state of misery.

All was silent for a little, and he was about to speak again, when she said:

"Ah, if I might be one of the—chosen—interpreters!"

"You may. Attend. Today—this morning—I received word from Mrs. Astor-Raeburn to send one of my best pupils for her concert which is given in honor of her daughter who has just returned from the Notre Dame in France. It is to be tomorrow evening; and, as you may know, it is a fad among the rich nowadays to seek out and promote a promising young celebrity. Perhaps—well, I shall not flatter or encourage you yet. She likes the unusual; and often in preference to some well-known singer will find an 'unknown' in some studio and delight in having discovered the hidden violet."

Manetti studied his pupil a moment, then continued:

"You shall go to her, even though I have told her I should send Eileen Ashton. Miss Ashton, as you are aware, has been my pupil for three years, and it is no doubt obvious to you, as to me, that she is without question my 'best' as far as advancement in the voice is concerned. But you—" he

held up his hand, "poor child, shall have your chance!"

Rosarie saw in an instant the bigness of his heart. She understood why he was sending her.

"Oh, you are so kind! I am as grateful as a poor girl can be," she held out her hand. "It will help, oh, so much!" she said. Her heart rose from the depths to which it had sunk and bobbed up and down in ecstasy of anticipation.

"Now come," said he, releasing his hand from the strong friendly clasp of her fingers. "Let us see what will suit your voice best." He swung around to the piano.

THE SELECTION—THE INTERPRETATION

"Ah! here," taking an "Arab Love Song" from the top of the cabinet nearby. He struck three or four preliminary chords. They went over it together once, twice, and even a third time.

"That will never do!" cried Manetti finally. "Never!—You do not seem to—Ah!" Suddenly he dived down into the stack of music and drew forth another selection.

"The Song of the Soul!" This is better in your power for interpretation! Attend. I shall tell it to you and play it afterward, for the music is but the setting and you will have to learn your part before rehearsing with the former!"

His pupil seated herself opposite him. "I am ready," she said. Manetti turned so that he could face her and yet glance occasionally at the music on the piano.

"This is a song of your soul, Little Lady. It must be—intense," choosing the word after a second or so of deliberation.

"'Ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine; ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine.' Repeated for emphasis. 'Rising to ecstasy—and so hath mine!' Declare it! 'And so hath mine!' 'Ev'ry soul hath its song, its melody divine, Rising to ecstasy to ecstasy! And so hath mine!' That is all you can think of; all in your heart—your mind! As ev'ry soul has its song, so has yours. Now if you have a song you want to sing it, as, if you have a secret, you long to tell it. Ah, I know! 'Tis a woman's way!"

"Just let me sing my song, my song divine; Let me sing, let me sing, let me sing

my song divine!" Plead it; beg with tears in your voice! For it is a divine song and as the flower must breathe forth its fragrance and drink the sun and dew, so must you sing your song and *live* on its spell! If not? Then: 'ah, let me sing my song divine, or I shall die of sorrow!' If you may not breathe the song from your soul you will die, you will die—of sorrow! Here, take this. Follow me." He handed her a copy from the piano.

The notes rose and fell in peaceful cadence throughout the still room in the opening of the song. And then, as if the very soul of the instrument were just awakened, it leaped and bounded to climatic heights in clamoring richness asserting itself. Then—as suddenly did it fall back to a gentle throbbing which sank to almost silence.

When it seemed nearly lulled to slumber, it stirred, leaped again and soared to the heights of some paradise invisible, coming back in whispering sweetness, and passing away into space.

Her teacher turned. Rosario still held rigidly to the song, staring mutely at its ended theme! Suddenly she rose and took her place at the side of the piano. With trembling hands she raised the copy.

"Let me sing the song," she breathed. "I understand."

Once more he turned to the instrument. His fingers sought the keys, and she began her song.

Who can describe the power, passion, and tenderness Rosario Soule wove into this rendition? Not even the poet who has fluent, beauteous thoughts at his command, and words in abundance to color it with! This description!

The last note came back sweetly, softly, from the bare walls. The girl's face was transfigured by the power of her song. The soul which she sang of lay in her eyes; the fragrance of "its melody divine" still played about her lips which were slightly apart as if they had yet a little more to tell—a little more to beg!

Manetti was a true artist, and he sat under the spell fully aware of the charm he thought she might possess, but never knew of until now—the gift of interpretation!

"Do you know what you have done?" he said to Rosario.

"I only know I have sung my song," she replied.

"You have interpreted your song! . . . I shall be with you tomorrow evening. Until then—adieu! Or you might come in the morning for one more rehearsal. Adieu!"

He rose, went to the door with her and bowed as she passed out.

AT THE ASTOR-RAEBURN'S—THE REVELATION

Mr. Raeburn stepped into his wife's boudoir.

"My dear, you must forgive me for leaving you at the critical moment, but I must go. Weymouth's man has telephoned that Budgie Weymouth is ill and calling for me every minute. I shall not be gone long. I cannot understand it; I left Weymouth yesterday after supper at the club, and he was in perfect health. He isn't far from here—in his bachelor quarters, you know. Poor old chap!"

Mrs. Astor-Raeburn lay down the string of pearls she had been trying about her throat, and turned away from the mirror.

"Poor Budgie! Yes, you must certainly go to him. But do try to return in time for the musical, won't you? Where is my bracelet? Oh, dear—that careless girl!" She rang for her maid. Mr. Raeburn turned to go.

"Telephone if you have to remain very long; I shall delay for you as long as possible."

"All right!" called Raeburn passing out. "I shall."

In the wide and long and elegant parlors of the Astor-Raeburn's beautiful old home a swarm of people buzzed and hummed and moved to and fro.

In the music room at the rear of the back parlor was an improvised stage for the performers; in front were seats placed here and there in no particular position. Palms and tall lilies graced the room, and the very surroundings indicated ease and comfort. Though the stage was well lighted with soft, mellow lights, about the ceiling bulbs peered forth from green and yellow flower shades. The parlors were pink and white, and green and yellow. The flowers in these rooms were fragrant tea roses.

Manetti and Rosario had arrived to-

gether. When the latter was presented to Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, she was somewhat surprised at the plain black satin gown cut very modestly from the throat where a single string of pearls was twisted; on her arm she wore a single bracelet. No more display. A simple attire worn with matchless grace and dignity. It truly was a contrast to some of the gowns present.

She had expected to see a willowy figure in billowy lace and encased in diamonds! She welcomed the friendly clasp her hostess gave her hand, and at once felt almost at ease. But as soon as Rosarie moved away into the midst of the guests, she became a stranger again. She longed to have the singing over with and be once more within her humble little room, planning for the future. She had an idea to try the stage. But this was early spring, and she would have to study until the fall at least. Well, she might do as she pleased. There was no one to say her "yea" or "nay."

Long ago with the passing of her dear mother whose name she had only been old enough to call "Muver," she had known no home save another's—her aunt's home, in Boston. Of her stepfather Rosarie knew very little and heard less. Leaving her in Boston, he had gone somewhere away out West to try his luck in the mines. When last heard from he was in Denver. All this was told Rosarie when she grew old enough to understand.

Two years ago Aunt Betty died, leaving her niece memories—inherited memories—and a small sum of money; barely enough to keep and clothe Rosarie throughout a single year.

Manetti piloted her about and never left her side for an instant. For this she was very thankful, for in these surroundings he had suddenly become an old friend to her and she found herself conversing more fluently with him than she had ever done before. They talked alternatively to many people and as the evening wore away, Rosarie's nervousness ceased altogether.

"It is kind of you not to leave me," whispered Rosarie to Manetti when they found themselves on the edge of the crowd and a little apart from the others. Manetti smiled.

"I want to keep you composed for your song," he said.

"Ah, here you are, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, sweeping down upon the pair. "We are ready for you; I've waited as long as I dare. They are becoming impatient." She looked back over her shoulder at a laughing, fanning throng. "So suppose we start now." She looked to the singer to open the program.

An audience seated languidly about the music room with upturned faces beheld a tall, fair-haired girl with large, soft brown eyes. She wore a simple white silk mull with a single red, red rose at her breast. No flowers, no ribbon in the simply arranged hair, and no ornaments about her lovely person.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Billy Raeburn to his sister, Millicent. "She looks dead swell under those lights! Doesn't she?"

They were seated very near the stage. Millicent turned to her brother.

"My dear Billy, how inappropriately you choose your adjectives. I should say how sweet and charming. Your comment rather suggests a 14th street soubrette! N'est-ce-pas?"

Her brother was about to reply when Millicent whispered: "Hush. Listen."

The prelude had been played, and Rosarie opened her lips to let her soul-song escape.

Whispers ceased. The room suddenly grew very quiet. Even fans were closed and lay forgotten in their owner's laps.

"Rising to ecstasy, and so hath mine!" The air seemed surcharged with electrical sweetness which sent little thrills throughout the audience. The song found a place in the heart of every one present and in some manner was manifest in their faces.

No one of the audience noticed Raeburn as he stole softly in and stood up at the rear near the entrance of the music room. No one noticed him but the singer whose eyes fell upon his conspicuous figure, then travelled to his gray head and at last to his blue eyes. Looking into them she sang.

"Just let me sing my song—my song divine! Let me sing, let me sing my song divine!" High the last note ended—high and sweet, and ringing.

"Ah, let me sing my song divine," she pleaded, looking back to Raeburn again—and pleaded as if he had held the song from her lips, her heart all these years! Suddenly Raeburn started.



She wore a single white silk mull with a single red, red rose at her breast

Those eyes—hair—face—form! He saw before him a revelation!

"Let me sing my song divine!" rang high and sweet again. "Or I shall die—" sinking lower and softer, "of sor—" sustained and low—"row!" ending in high G, full and rich in color and tone.

Rosarie Soule bowed to her audience and smiled dazedly as she stepped back from the stage. This action seemed to bring her listeners from under the spell. The room was filled instantly with noisy applause.

Raeburn leaned over the back of his wife's chair and said:

"Is that Miss Ashton?"

"Oh, you startled me! No, Miss Ashton is substituted by Miss Soule. When did you come in? I didn't hear you."

"Soule? Soule?" cried Raeburn.

"Yes; Rosarie Soule. Did you miss much, dear? I—"

"Don't you know who Rosarie Soule is?" exclaimed Raeburn.

"No. Who?" mildly queried Mrs. Astor-Raeburn.

"Don't you remember my telling you years ago that I married Rosarie Soule? Mrs. Soule?"

"Yes—yes," spoke his wife somewhat vaguely. "Then this young woman is—"

"Her daughter," finished Raeburn. "My daughter—my stepdaughter!"

Rosarie had appeared again upon the stage in response to the tumultuous encore. Even as he spoke Raeburn moved forward with white face and eyes strangely aglow, seeing in the sweet child-face the wife and ardent love of his youth!

He stepped upon the stage and took her by the hand.

"Allow me to introduce my step-daughter, Rosarie Soule!" he said.

"Twenty-two years ago at the death of her mother I placed this child, a mere toddling tot, in charge of her aunt in Boston, and myself turned to the West in search of fortune. When I returned North I learned of the death of Mrs. Bradford, her aunt. I searched Boston for Rosarie, and finally discovered she had left there, but no one seemed to know where she had gone. I made many inquiries since, but they resulted in nothing, so at last I abandoned all hope of ever seeing her again. Least of all here

in New York! And here," he turned to Rosarie, "an Unseen Hand has guided her to me!"

If the guests were astonished, amused and delighted at this announcement and little sketch of Mr. Raeburn's career, Rosarie Soule was all these in the superlative degree!

"Call me dad, father—any old thing!" cried Raeburn to the look of bewilderment in her eyes.

"Father," murmured Rosarie, with more of question rising in her tone than any expression of sentiment.

Raeburn kissed one of the flaming cheeks and led his step-daughter down the center of a chattering, congratulating crowd pressing very close about the two as they proceeded toward Mrs. Astor-Raeburn.

"One can never have too many daughters," said Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, welcoming the girl with a kiss. "You will stay with us now. Tomorrow we shall kill a fatted calf for you! Do you hear, friends? I extend an informal invitation to as many of you as can come to dinner tomorrow evening!"

They did hear, and accepted happily the unique diversion this entertainment would afford. Mrs. Astor-Raeburn was always doing the unusual. They owned that this was half her charm. She did the unusual and defied criticism.

"Dinner at eight—prompt! After that cards, games, anything you may suggest. And oh, of course—singing!" She looked at Rosarie, who was very highly colored in excitement. Her heart hopped and skipped about in her breast. Sometimes she felt it tight in her throat.

She could only nod happily in assurance to this announcement from Mrs. Astor-Raeburn, her—what? Oh, this was getting to be too much for Rosarie's brain, which was all muddled now in a head spinning around like a top to the tune of—"Let me sing my song, my song divine! Let me sing my song divine—or I shall die—of sorrow!"

THE STUDIO—MANETTI

It was about a month later that Manetti sat in the early twilight running his fingers listlessly over the keys. It was Rosarie Soule's hour which had never been filled

in by any other pupil since she had left. It was usually long past Manetti's hour for giving lessons that Rosarie used to come, but he had always waited for her because she could not be present at any other time, save very early in the morning. And Manetti was a late riser.

After a while he walked over to the open window and looked out upon the busy life below. He saw an electric brougham drive up to the door and there stepped out a vision of elegance.

Presently a tap at his door. He crossed the room, but before he had gone half way the door opened and a face peered cautiously in.

"Ah, you *are* at home, then," said the visitor, coming forward with both hands extended. A little silver bag dangled from one arm.

"Miss Soule!" exclaimed Manetti. "You are the illustration of my thoughts."

"Why, were you thinking of me?" asked Rosarie as she took the chair he placed for her.

"Yes; this is your hour, you know."

"I know that," she answered. "What were you doing?"

"Playing—and thinking."

"Thoughts set to music!" laughed Rosarie.

"So. You are going to study in Europe. Soon?"

"I leave in September," she answered.

"Well, ah, well . . . We all must try our wings. Sometimes we fly very far and grow very weary, then we are glad enough to creep back to our forsaken nests! Sometimes, we stay so long away—some of us—that there is no nest when we return! You will learn much in traveling, Miss Soule," said Manetti.

She sat silent, looking down at the vanity bag in her lap. He studied her—his former pupil.

She wore a black striped taffeta, effectively trimmed in black velvet. On her head, and tilted to the right, was a large black picture hat graced by a single willow plume. Rosarie Soule was indeed good to look upon. Suddenly she looked up.

"Money doesn't make the nest after all, does it?" she asked, smiling.

"No; indeed, no. Each little strand is woven around with the care of love

and feathered with patience and faith. But sometimes a storm comes and whirls the nest away!" He was becoming reminiscent.

"How do you know all this?" demanded Rosarie. "Have you perchance ever had—"

"No; oh, no," he hastily assured her. "Once I started building one but—the storm!" With a shrug and gesture.

"Oh," said she, rising. "Oh!" Which might mean any number of things.

"Let me sing my song!" She took her place a little away from the piano and crossed her hands behind her.

Manetti obeyed; touching the keys softly and lingering a second upon her chord, she began the song. Memories flooded through the music and glistened in her eyes.

"Let me sing my song, my song divine!" was borne upon the deepening twilight through the open window. "Ah, let me sing my song divine!" The last word rang through the room to its utmost vowel; then, very softly, as she clasped her hands at her breast, "Or I shall die of sorrow."

Not until its echo had passed away did either move. There was some sort of communication going on between them which both were aware of, yet neither dared to interrupt. Manetti presently turned from her. Rosarie laughed, somewhat abashed. She was about to drop back to her chair when he suddenly swung about.

"Sing 'Promise Me,'" he demanded, rather than entreated.

"No. *You* sing it for me, please. It sounds so much better in a man's voice, anyway. Sing it!"

"Sit down," he said.

She moved her chair a little so that she could see his face as he sang. Manetti's rich baritone went straight to the heart of Rosarie Soule. As she sat there wrapped in the charm his voice had cast upon her, she looked at his handsome features and wondered about the man. He had been so kind, so patient with her many mistakes; and had helped her up many a time when she had stumbled in her "A-B-C's" of music. She had found him ever ready to sympathize with her petty trials, and more than once had helped her by his kindly advice when she had

come in for her lesson in a low-spirited, troubled mood. He had indeed been her benefactor in many things.

"Sweet violets of early spring, which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing"—Rosarie met his eyes—"of love unspeakable that is to be. Promise me; oh, promise me!" Something awakened in her breast; stirred, tried to be free, then sank to rest again. "Ah, the power of his song!" she thought.

"No love less perfect than a life with thee. Promise me; oh, promise me!" How his voice lingered over "promise!" And as if the word were scarcely to be spoken, he whispered "me."

Manetti, all unaware of his boldness, had stretched out a hand to her. But she lowered her eyes and did not see this gesture. He was glad. He murmured something self-condemning, then arose and took another seat further away.

"That was beautiful!" cried Rosarie. "Beautiful! I love it so!"

He smiled. "The *song* is beautiful," he answered simply.

"I was wondering where your thoughts were while you were singing."

"Once I might have told you," said he. "But not now."

"Why?"

"The storm has swept the nest away, and I cannot show you what I was building."

"Can't you build again?"

"I fear not. No, it would be of no use now. It is too late."

"How now!" exclaimed Rosarie. "Where is all that fine courage you used to administer me?"

"The best doctor cannot save himself."

"But you are not ill?"

"Only of the heart," replied Manetti.

"Ah, some woman! I see. And will she have none of you?"

"I do not know."

"Then ask her."

"Will you?"

"Will I? Will I what?" asked Rosarie, contracting her pretty brows in a troubled manner.

"Have aught of me? My heart, for instance! Take care! You will trample upon it! It is at your feet!"

Rosarie had risen. She laughed nervously, looking down as if she actually expected to see it.

"Surely you are not serious!"

"No; of course not. I often jest this way. Forgive my dry humor, Miss Soule. I am dull." He bowed low and mockingly.

This hurt her. She wished she had not spoken at all. Ah, that he could treat love so lightly!

"It must be very late. I had not meant to stay so long," she said.

"I think it must have seemed long to you. I am a poor entertainer." He rose and pushed a button flooding the room with light.

"You know I didn't say—didn't mean that!" stammered Rosarie, giving him her hand at the door as she was passing out.

"Oh! I have forgotten something!" withdrawing her hand and entering the room. "My purse; there it is; over on the piano!"

"Is that all?" he asked, covering the hand with both of his as he returned the purse. "Haven't you forgotten your song?"

"My song?" lowering her eyes to the bare floor.

"Yes; it is here in my heart. The one you nearly trampled upon; the other you left with me—to stay always. They are inseparable. Rosarie! Rosarie!"

"I am glad it is so. I am glad. 'Or I should die of sorrow!' Oh, my dear—my dear!"

She raised her eyes. No fear that he should read them now. In his arms she raised her face, and when she felt his kisses and knew the sweetness of good, strong love, she realized as never before how empty her whole life had been; how lonely! It was this she had waited for. It was this she needed.

"My little wife, aren't you? My little wife!"

"Yes, ah, yes!" happily she whispered.

THE LETTERS

By L. M. Montgomery

JUST before the letter was brought to me that evening I was watching the red November sunset from the library window. It was a stormy, unrestful sunset, gleaming angrily through the dark fir boughs that were now and again tossed suddenly and distressfully in a fitful gust of wind. Below, in the garden, it was quite dark, and I could only see dimly the dead leaves that were whirling and dancing uncannily over the roseless paths. The poor dead leaves—yet not quite dead! There was still enough unquiet life left in them to make them restless and forlorn. They hearkened yet to every call of the wind, who cared for them no longer but only played freakishly with them and broke their rest. I felt sorry for the leaves, as I watched them in that dull, weird twilight, and angry—in a petulant fashion that almost made me laugh—with the wind that would not leave them in peace. Why should they—and I—be vexed with these transient breaths of desire for a life that had passed us by?

I was in the grip of a bitter loneliness that evening—so bitter and so insistent that I felt I could not face the future at all, even with such poor fragments of courage as I had gathered about me after father's death, hoping that they would, at least, suffice for my endurance, if not for my content. But now they fell away from me at sight of the emptiness of life.

The emptiness! Ah, it was from that I shrank. I could have faced pain and anxiety and heartbreak undauntedly, but I could not face that terrible, yawning, barren emptiness. I put my hands over my eyes to shut it out, but it pressed in upon my consciousness insistently, and would not be ignored longer.

The moment when a woman realizes that she has nothing to live for—neither love nor purpose nor duty—holds for her the bitterness of death. She is a brave woman indeed who can look upon such a prospect unquailingly; and I was not brave. I was weak and timid. Had not father often laughed mockingly at me because of it?

It was three weeks since father had died—my proud, handsome, unrelenting old father, whom I had loved so intensely and who had never loved me. I had always accepted this fact unresentfully and unquestioningly, but it had steeped my whole life in its tincture of bitterness. Father had never forgiven me for two things. I had cost my mother's life and I was not a son to perpetuate the old name and carry on the family feud with the Frasers.

I was a very lonely child, with no playmates or companions of any sort, and my girlhood was lonelier still. The only passion in my life was my love for my father. I would have done and suffered anything to win his affection in return. But all I ever did win was an amused tolerance—and I was grateful for that—almost content. It was much to have something to love and be permitted to love it.

If I had been a beautiful and spirited girl I think father might have loved me; but I was neither. At first I did not think or care about my lack of beauty; then one day I was alone in the beechwood; I was trying to disentangle my skirt which had caught on some thorny underbrush. A young man came around the curve of the path and, seeing my predicament, bent with murmured apology to help me. He had to kneel to do it, and I saw a ray of

sunshine falling through the beeches above us strike like a lance of light athwart the thick brown hair that pushed out from under his cap. Before I thought I put out my hand and touched it softly; then I blushed crimson with shame over what I had done. But he did not know—he never knew.

When he had released my dress he rose and our eyes met for a moment as I timidly thanked him. I saw that he was good to look upon—tall and straight, with broad, stalwart shoulders and a dark clear-cut face. He had a firm, sensitive mouth and kindly, pleasant, dark-blue eyes. I never quite forgot the look in those eyes. It made my heart beat strangely; but it was only for a moment, and the next he had lifted his cap and passed on.

As I went homeward I wondered who he might be. He must be a stranger, I thought—probably a visitor in some of our few neighboring families. I wondered, too, if I should meet him again, and found the thought very pleasant.

I knew few men and they were all old, like father, or at least elderly. They were the only people who ever came to our house, and they either teased me or overlooked me. None of them was at all like this young man I had met in the beechwood nor ever could have been, I thought.

When I reached home I stopped before the big mirror that hung in the hall and did what I had never done before in my life—looked at myself very scrutinizingly and wondered if I had any beauty. I could only sorrowfully conclude that I had not—I was so slight and pale, and the thick black hair and dark eyes that might have been pretty in another woman seemed only to accentuate the lack of spirit and regularity in my features. I was still standing there, gazing wistfully at my mirrored face, with a strange sinking of spirit, when father came through the hall, his riding whip in his hand. Seeing me, he laughed.

"Don't waste your time gazing into mirrors, Isobel," he said carelessly. "That might have been excusable in former ladies of Shirley whose beauty might pardon and even adorn vanity; but with you it is only absurd. The needle and the

cook-book are all that you need concern yourself with."

I was accustomed to such speeches from him, but they had never hurt me so cruelly before. At that moment I would have given all the world only to be beautiful.

The next Sunday I looked across the church, and in the Fraser pew I saw the young man I had met in the wood. He was looking at me with his arms folded over his breast and on his brow a little frown that seemed somehow indicative of pain and surprise. I felt a miserable sense of disappointment. If he were the Frasers' guest I could not expect to meet him again. Father hated the Frasers; all the Shirleys hated them; it was an old feud, bitter and lasting, that had been as much our inheritance for generations as land and money. The only thing father had ever taken pains to teach me was detestation of the Frasers and all their works. I accepted this as I accepted all the other traditions of my race. I thought it did not matter much. The Frasers were not likely to come my way, and hatred was a good satisfying passion in the lack of all else. I think I rather took a pride in hating them as became my blood.

I did not look at the Fraser pew again, but outside, under the elms, we met him, standing in the dappling light and shadow. He looked very handsome and a little sad. I could not help glancing back over my shoulder as father and I walked to the gate, and I saw him looking after us with that little frown which again made me think something had hurt him. I liked better the smile he had worn in the beechwood; but I had an odd liking for the frown, too, and I think I had a foolish longing to go back to him, put up my fingers and smooth it away.

"So Alan Fraser has come home," said my father.

"Alan Fraser?" I repeated, with a strange, horrible feeling of coldness and chill coming over me, like a shadow on a bright day. Alan Fraser, the son of old Malcolm Fraser of Glenellyn! The son of our enemy! He had been living since childhood with his dead mother's people; so much I knew. And this was he! Something stung and smarted in my eyes. I think the sting and smart might have

turned to tears if father had not been looking down at me.

"Yes. Didn't you see him in his father's pew? But I forgot. You are too demure to be looking at the young men in preaching—or out of it, Isobel. You are a model young woman. Odd that the men never like the model young women! Curse old Malcolm Fraser! What right has he to have a son like that when I have nothing but a puling girl? Remember, Isobel, that if you ever meet that young man you are not to speak to or look at him, or even intimate that you are aware of his existence. He is your enemy and the enemy of your race. You will show him that you realize this."

Of course that ended it all—though just what there had been to end would have been hard to say. Not long afterwards I met Alan Fraser again, when I was out for a canter on my mare. He was strolling through the beechwood with a couple of big collies, and he stopped short as I drew near. I had to do it—father had decreed—my Shirley pride demanded—that I should do it. I looked him unseeing in the face, struck my mare a blow with my whip, and dashed past him. I even felt angry, I think, that a Fraser should have the power to make me feel so badly in doing my duty.

After that I had forgotten. There was nothing to make me remember, for I never met Alan Fraser again. The years slipped by, one by one, so like each other in their colorlessness that I forgot to take account of them. I only knew that I grew older and that it did not matter since there was nobody to care. One day they brought father in, white-lipped and groaning. His mare had thrown him, and he was never to walk again, although he lived for five years. Those five years had been the happiest of my life. For the first time I was necessary to someone—there was something for me to do which nobody else could do so well. I was father's nurse and companion, and I found my pleasure in tending him and amusing him, soothing his hours of pain and brightening his hours of ease. People said I "did my duty" toward him. I had never liked that word "duty," since the day I had ridden past Alan Fraser in

the beechwood. I could not connect it with what I did for father. It was my delight because I loved him. I did not mind the moods and the irritable outbursts that drove others from him.

But now he was dead, and I sat in the sullen dusk, wishing that I need not go on with life either. The loneliness of the big echoing house weighed on my spirit. I was solitary, without companionship. I looked out on the outside world where the only sign of human habitation visible to my eyes was the light twinkling out from the library window of Glenellyn, on the dark fir hill two miles away. By that light I knew Alan Fraser must have returned from his long sojourn abroad, for it only shone when he was at Glenellyn. He still lived there, something of a hermit, people said; he had never married, and he cared nothing for society. His companions were books and dogs and horses; he was given to scientific researches and wrote much for the reviews; he travelled a great deal. So much I knew in a vague way. I even saw him occasionally in church, and never thought the years had changed him much, save that his face was sadder and sterner than of old and his hair had become iron gray. People said that he had inherited and cherished the old hatred of the Shirleys—that he was very bitter against us. I believed it. He had the face of a good hater—or lover—a man who could play with no emotion but must take it in all earnestness and intensity.

When it was quite dark the housekeeper brought in the lights and handed me a letter, which, she said, a man had just brought up from the village postoffice. I looked at it curiously before I opened it, wondering from whom it was. It was postmarked from a city several miles away and the firm, decided, rather peculiar handwriting was strange to me. I had no correspondents. After father's death I had received a few perfunctory notes of condolence from distant relatives and family friends. They had hurt me cruelly, for they seemed to exhale a subtle spirit of congratulation on my being released from a long and pleasant martyrdom of attendance on an invalid, that quite overrode the decorous phrases of conventional

sympathy in which they were expressed. I hated those letters for their implied injustice. I was not thankful for my "release." I missed father miserably and longed passionately for the very tasks and vigils that had evoked their pity.

This letter did not seem like one of those. I opened it and took out some stiff, blackly written sheets. They were undated and, turning to the last, I saw that they were unsigned. With a not unpleasant tingling of interest I sat down by my desk to read. The letter began abruptly: "You will not know by whom this is written. Do not seek to know—now or ever. It is only from behind the veil of your ignorance of my identity that I can ever write to you fully and freely as I wish to write—can say what I wish to say in words denied to a formal and conventional expression of sympathy. Dear lady, let me say to you thus what is in my heart.

"I know what your sorrow is, and I think I know what your loneliness must be—the sorrow of a broken tie, the loneliness of a life thrown empty back on itself. I know how you loved your father—how you must have loved him if those eyes and brow and mouth speak truth, for they tell of a nature divinely rich and deep, giving of its wealth and tenderness ungrudgingly to those who are so happy as to be the objects of its affection. To such a nature bereavement must bring a depth and an agony of grief unknown to shallower souls.

"I know what your father's helplessness and need of you meant to you. I know that now life must seem to you a broken and embittered thing; and knowing this I venture to send this greeting across the gulf of strangerhood between us, telling you that my understanding sympathy is fully and freely yours, and bidding you take heart for the future, which now, it may be, looks so heartless and hopeless to you.

"Believe me, dear lady, it will be neither. Courage will come to you with the kind days. You will find noble tasks to do, beautiful and gracious duties waiting along your path. The pain and suffering of the world never dies, and while it lives there will be work for such as you to do, and

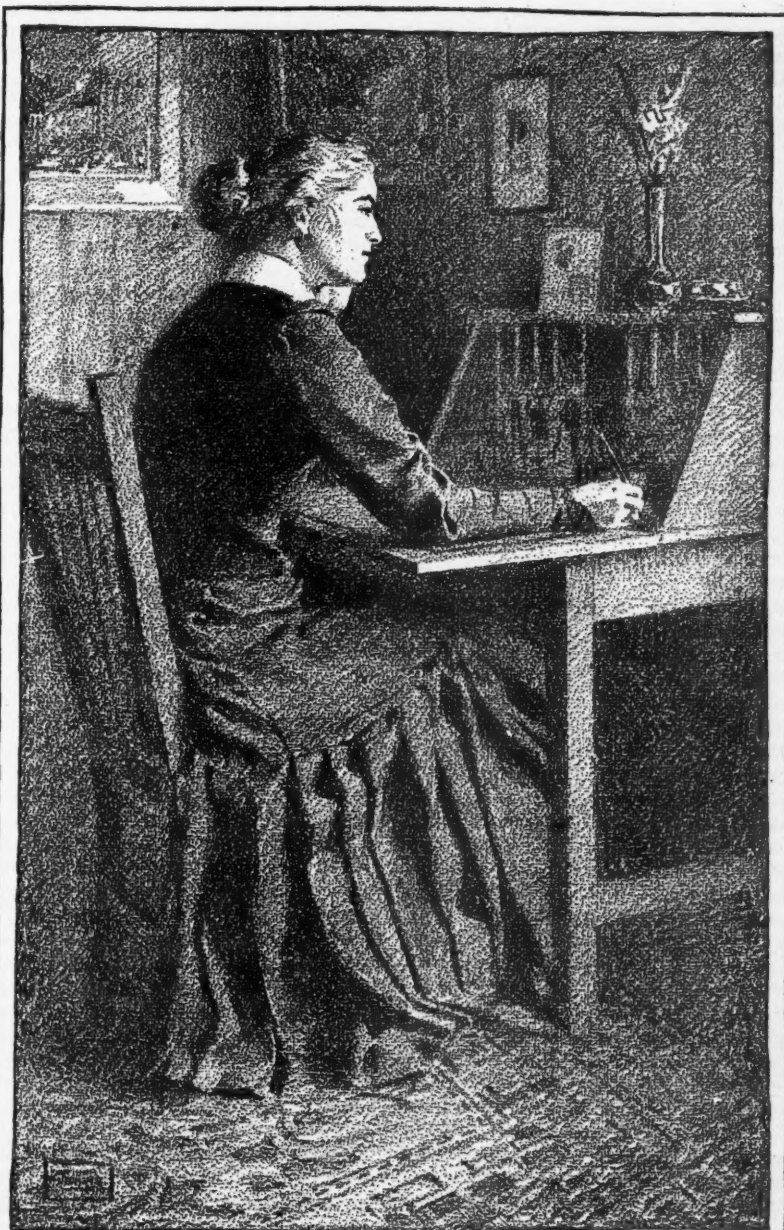
in the doing of it you will find comfort and strength and the highest joy of living. I believe in you. I believe you will make of your life a beautiful and worthy thing. I give you Godspeed for the years to come. Out of my own loneliness I, an unknown friend, who has never clasped your hand, send this message to you. I understand—I have always understood—and I say to you: 'Be of good cheer.'"

To say that this strange letter was a mystery to me seems an inadequate way of stating the matter. I was completely bewildered, nor could I even guess who the writer might be, think and ponder as I might.

The letter itself implied that the writer was a stranger. The handwriting was evidently that of a man, and I knew no man who could or would have sent such a letter to me.

The very mystery stung me to interest. As for the letter itself, it brought me an uplift of hope and inspiration such as I would not have believed possible an hour earlier. It rang so truly and sincerely; and the mere thought that somewhere I had a friend who cared enough to write it, even in such odd fashion, was so sweet that I was half ashamed of the difference it made in my outlook. Sitting there, I took courage and made a compact with myself that I would justify the writer's faith in me—that I would take up my life as something to be worthily lived for all good, to the disregard of my own selfish sorrow and shrinking. I would seek for something to do—for interests which would bind me to my fellow-creatures—for tasks which would lessen the pains and perils of humankind. An hour before, this would not have seemed to me possible; now it seemed the right and natural thing to do.

A week later another letter came. I welcomed it with an eagerness which I feared was almost childish. It was a much longer letter than the first and was written in quite a different strain. There was no apology for or explanation of the motive for writing. It was as if the letter were merely one of a permitted and established correspondence between old friends. It began with a witty, sparkling review of a new book the writer had just



I Was in the grip of a bitter Loneliness that evening :

read, and passed from this to crisp comments on the great events, political, scientific, artistic, of the day. The whole letter was pungent, interesting, delightful—an impersonal essay on a dozen vital topics of life and thought. Only at the end was a personal note struck.

"Are you interested in these things?" ran the last paragraph. "In what is being done and suffered and attained in the great busy world? I think you must be—for I have seen you and read what is written in your face. I believe you care for these things as I do—that your being thrills to the 'still, sad music of humanity'—that the songs of the poets I love find an echo in your spirit and the aspirations of all struggling souls a sympathy in your heart. Believing this, I have written freely to you, taking a keen pleasure in thus revealing my thought and visions to one who will understand. For I, too, am friendless, in the sense of one standing alone, shut out from the sweet, intimate communion of feeling and opinion that may be held with the heart's friends. Shall you have read this as a friend, I wonder—a candid, uncritical, understanding friend? Let me hope it, dear lady."

I was expecting the third letter when it came—but not until it did come did I realize what my disappointment would have been if it had not. After that every week brought me a letter; soon those letters were the greatest interest in my life. I had given up all attempts to solve the mystery of their coming and was content to enjoy them for themselves alone. From week to week I looked forward to them with an eagerness that I would hardly confess, even to myself.

And such letters as they were, growing longer and fuller and freer as time went on—such wise, witty, brilliant, pungent letters, stimulating all my torpid life into tingling zest! I had begun to look abroad in my small world for worthy work and found plenty to do. My unknown friend evidently kept track of my expanding efforts, for he commented and criticized, encouraged and advised freely. There was a humor in his letters that I liked; it leavened them with its sanity and reacted on me most wholesomely, counteracting many of the morbid ten-

dencies and influences of my life. I found myself striving to live up to the writer's ideal of philosophy and ambition, as pictured, often unconsciously, in his letters.

They were an intellectual stimulant as well. To understand them fully I found it necessary to acquaint myself thoroughly with the literature and art, the science and the politics they touched upon. After every letter there was something new for me to hunt out and learn and assimilate, until my old narrow mental attitude had so broadened and deepened, sweeping out into circles of thought I had never known or imagined, that I hardly knew myself.

They had been coming for a year before I began to reply to them. I had often wished to do so—there were so many things I wanted to say and discuss; but it seemed foolish to write letters that could not be sent. One day a letter came that kindled my imagination and stirred my heart and soul so deeply that they insistently demanded answering expression. I sat down at my desk and wrote a full reply to it. Safe in the belief that the mysterious friend to whom it was written would never see it I wrote with a perfect freedom and a total lack of self-consciousness that I could never have attained otherwise. The writing of that letter gave me a pleasure second only to that which the reading of his brought. For the first time I discovered the delight of revealing my thought unhindered by the conventions. Also, I understood better why the writer of those letters had written them. Doubtless he had enjoyed doing so and was not impelled thereto simply by a purely philanthropic wish to help me.

When my letter was finished I sealed it up and locked it away in my desk with a smile at my middle-aged folly. What, I wondered, would all my sedate, serious friends, my associates of mission and hospital committees think if they knew. Well, everybody has, or should have, a pet nonsense in her life. I did not think mine was any sillier than some others I knew; and to myself I admitted that it was very sweet. I knew if those letters ceased to come all savor would go out of my life.

After that I wrote a reply to every letter I received and kept them all locked up together. It was delightful. I wrote out all my doings and perplexities and hopes and plans and wishes—yes, and my dreams. The secret romance of it all made me look on existence with joyous, contented eyes.

Gradually a change crept over the letters I received. Without ever affording the slightest clue to the identity of their writer they grew more intimate and personal. A subtle, caressing note of tenderness breathed from them and thrilled my heart curiously. I felt as if I were being drawn into the writer's life, admitted into the most sacred recesses of his thoughts and feelings. Yet it was all done so subtly, so delicately, that I was unconscious of the change until I discovered it in reading over the older letters and comparing them with the later ones.

Finally a letter came—my first love letter; and surely never was a love letter received under stranger circumstances. It began abruptly as all the letters had begun, plunging into the middle of the writer's strain of thought without any preface. The first words drove the blood to my heart and then sent it flying hotly all over my face.

"I love you. I must say it at last. Have you not guessed it before? It has trembled on my pen in every line I have written to you—yet I have never dared to shape it into words before. I know not how I dare now. I only know that I must. What a delight to write it out and know that you will read it. Tonight the mood is on me to tell it to you recklessly and lavishly, never pausing to stint or weigh words. Sweetheart, I love you—love you—love you—dear, true, faithful woman soul, I love you with all the heart of a man.

"Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. I can never come to tell you so in spoken words; I can only love you from afar and tell my love under the guise of impersonal friendship. It matters not to you, but it matters more than all else in life to me. I am glad that I love you, dear—glad, glad, glad."

There was much more, for it was a long letter. When I had read it I buried my

burning face in my hands, trembling with happiness. This strange confession of love meant so much to me; my heart leaped forth to meet it with answering love. What mattered it that we could never meet—that I could not even guess who my lover was? Somewhere in the world was a love that was mine alone and mine wholly and mine forever. What mattered his name or his station, or the mysterious barrier between us? Spirit leaped to spirit unhindered over the fettering bounds of matter and time. I loved and was beloved. Nothing else mattered.

I wrote my answer to his letter. I wrote it fearlessly and unstintedly. Perhaps I could not have written so freely if the letter were to have been read by him; as it was, I poured out the riches of my love as fully as he had done. I kept nothing back, and across the gulf between us I vowed a faithful and enduring love in response to his.

The next day I went to town on business with my lawyers. Neither of the members of the firm was in when I called, but I was an old client, and one of the clerks showed me into the private office to wait. As I sat down my eyes fell on a folded letter lying on the table beside me. With a shock of surprise I recognized the writing. I could not be mistaken—I should have recognized it anywhere.

The letter was lying by its envelope, so folded that only the middle third of the page was visible. An irresistible impulse swept over me. Before I could reflect that I had no business to touch the letter, that perhaps it was unfair to my unknown friend to seek to discover his identity when he wished to hide it, I had turned the letter over and seen the signature.

I laid it down again and stood up, dizzy, breathless, unseeing. Like a woman in a dream I walked through the outer office and into the street. I must have walked on for blocks before I became conscious of my surroundings. The name I had seen signed to that letter was Alan Fraser!

No doubt the reader has long ago guessed it—has wondered why I had not. The fact remains that I had not. Out of the whole world Alan Fraser was the last man whom I should have suspected to be the

writer of those letters—Alan Fraser, my hereditary enemy, who, I had been told, cherished the old feud so faithfully and bitterly, and hated our very name.

And yet I now wondered at my long blindness. No one else could have written those letters—no one but him. I read them over one by one when I reached home and, now that I possessed the key, he revealed himself in every line, expression, thought. And he loved me!

I thought of the old feud and hatred, I thought of my pride and traditions. They seemed like the dust and ashes of outworn things—things to be smiled at and cast aside. I took out all the letters I had written—all except the last one—sealed them up in a parcel and directed it to Alan Fraser. Then, summoning my groom, I bade him ride to Glenellyn with it. His look of amazement almost made me laugh; but after he was gone I felt dizzy and frightened at my own daring.

When the autumn darkness came down I went to my room and dressed as the woman dresses who awaits the one man of all the world. I hardly knew what I hoped or expected; but I was all athrill with a nameless, inexplicable happiness. I admit I looked very eagerly into the mirror when I was done, and I thought that the result was not displeasing. Beauty had never been mine, but a faint reflection of it came over me in the tremulous flush

and excitement of the moment. Then the maid came up to tell me that Alan Fraser was in the library.

I went down with my cold hands tightly clasped behind me. He was standing by the library table, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the light striking upward on his dark, sensitive face and iron-gray hair. When he saw me he came quickly forward.

"So you know—and you are not angry—your letters told me so much. I have loved you since that day in the beechwood, Isobel—Isobel—"

His eyes were kindling into mine. He held my hands in a close, impetuous clasp. His voice was infinitely caressing as he pronounced my name. I had never heard it since father died—I had never heard it at all so musically and tenderly uttered. My ancestors might have turned in their graves just then—but it mattered not. Living love had driven out dead hatred.

"Isobel," he went on, "there was *one* letter unanswered—the last."

I went to my desk, took out the last letter I had written and gave it to him in silence. While he read it I stood in a shadowy corner and watched him, wondering if life could always be as sweet as this. When he had finished he turned to me and held out his arms. I went to them as a bird to her nest, and with his lips against mine the old feud was blotted out forever.

PLUCK . WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

—From "*Heart Throbs*."



WITH late fall the birds of song soar southward in search of a warmer clime; but not so the "song-birds" of musical records. Their pilgrimages have been made months before in order that their new songs may be ready in the season of "fireside evenings." It was in sultry August that Madame Melba, the far-famed opera soprano, left her abode on the continent and took up a residence at a little inn near Philadelphia, for convenience in preparing the winter roles for the Victor public. Nor was this an unique situation; most of the records for the winter must necessarily be made during the summer, and vice versa. Except on special occasions, from four to six months are required to put a new record on the market. The selection must be sung into the recording machine satisfactorily, and pass a severe criticism on the part of an efficient musical board before being placed in the mould for record-making. Furthermore, there is the gigantic problem of distribution; and the arrangement whereby every phonograph owner in every part of the country is able to have the new records at precisely the same moment, requires time and some hard planning.

* * *

A really good piano record is an achievement, on the phonograph. Emilio Murillo, the South American composer, has entered into a contract with the Columbia company that promises to set a new pace in this field of endeavor. "Leonor," a polka, and "High Life," two-step, are his own compositions, and he plays them with a master hand.

One of the old "Sunday night singers" at the Manhattan, Francesco Daddi, has made his

initial bow to the Columbia audience in one of the old Neapolitan songs that did so much to pave his way toward Grand Opera.

It is some time since I have heard the Archibald Brothers, the peerless Indiana quartet, who sing so exquisitely without accompaniment. The Columbia people, discovering their talent, engaged them for a series of selections. I hope that those to come will be as well rendered as "Juanita" and "The Two Roses."

Among the stage favorites, Miss Grace La Rue is one of the latest to join the ranks of "phonograph singers." She made her great success last season in "Molly May," from which two selections this month are taken. "Clap Hands," and "Does Anybody Here Know Nancy?" of the "Kelly" variety are recorded in excellent shape.

Kitty Cheatham has a following all her own—and it's universal at that. "Scandalize My Name," "Sat'dy Night" and "Georgia Buck" (with top-notch banjo accompaniment) are charming little negro songs. Miss Cheatham can recite, too—Dunbar's "When Malindy Sings" proves it conclusively.

No. A897 is one of the records you are sure to buy. One can't deny that "Any Little Girl, That's a Nice Little Girl, is the Right Little Girl for Me," and "I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place, But It's Hard to Find the Girl," are "the" songs of the day; and they go very well on double disc—catchy words, airs, elongated titles and all.

The "semi-high class" ballad has made a host of friends since its advent not so long ago. This shouldn't convey the impression that our tastes are deteriorating, either; for the "semi-high class" is quite in a field by itself, and should be accorded a more dignified and adequate title. Ball and Ingraham have been largely responsible for its success, and "You are the Ideal of My Dreams," Mr. Ingraham's latest ballad, is featured by the Victor people, along with its singer, George Carre, who is new to the Victor ranks.

Fifty-five measures to the minute, decided the National Association of Masters of Dancing at their annual meeting, is the correct waltz tempo, and the edict will be generally observed throughout the country at "correct" affairs. The Victor company has put out a ten-inch double-disc in the new time especially to put folks in practice with the proper speed, and they're to be thanked for it. Two of the most popular dance waltzes have been chosen—the "Cupid Astray" and "Garden of Dreams," and the Victor Dance Orchestra, with Walter B. Rogers conducting, have done admirable work.

A novel creation is that "Humorous Variations on a German Folk Song," by Wollweber. A little German folk song has been rendered according to the much varied styles of the greatest composers—Bach, Gounod, Strauss and Wagner. An educative novelty is this; in getting an exaggeration of the different styles of the famous four, you can't help but gain some knowledge of their characteristics. The record is numbered 31796, and played by Arthur Pryor's Band.

Of course, when Edmond Rostand's "Chantecleer" was heralded far and wide, most people prepared for scores of "rooster" compositions from the aggressive American song-writer. Only a few of them, fortunately, have found any favor at all with the publishers. Lampe has put forth a "Chantecleer March" which is really good—quite as high class, in fact, as any of the Lampe compositions.

The Victor people are particularly "sot up" this month over the "Second Chausseurs March" by the famous Garde Republicaine Band of France. The organization is about a hundred strong, and

it ranks among the best bands in the world. Personally, I don't think they have anything "on" our own United States Marine Band, but their work is certainly magnificent.

The two Ring records, the violin numbers by Kreisler and Miss Powell, ballads by McCormack and Mme. Alda, not forgetting George Hamlin's two new records, are all deserving of more than passing mention. There are songs, too—any number of good ones; in short, the Victor list for October furnishes a genuine treat.

* * *

Rostand, some people forget, *has* composed real drama. "L'Aiglon" is such, and the Edison people have very aptly selected its thrilling climax, "La Plaine de Wagram" as an amberol record for the month. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is the artist, and the recording is admirable.

The grand opera list is especially replete—the mere mention of Carmen Melis, Karl Jorn, Marie Delna, Giovanni Polese and Florencio Constantino awakens an expectation of all that is sublime in the operatic world.

One never tires of the old songs, and the Edison people have faithfully listed one or two every month, often introducing their new singers in this way to ensure for them a cordial reception. Here, then, is "Auld Lang Syne," as a soprano solo by Miss Marie Narelle, whom the Edison people have secured under exclusive contract. The number is 525.

Jere Sanford doesn't wait for any sort of introduction; he goes through a series of whistles, yodles and snatches from patriotic songs so fast one has to put the record on again half a dozen times.

The Knickerbocker Quartet has made an enviable name for itself in the rendition of inspiring music. October lists both an amberol and a standard record—"Fading, Still Fading" and "Oft in the Stilly Night."

Billy Murray, Edward M. Favor, Collins and Harlan and the other artists on whom we depend to keep us lively, are all listed in popular songs; Len Spencer has gone in for sustained work and has himself arranged a record on the illustrated song idea, "Mamma's Boy."

THE MAN WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

By C. L. ANDÉ

THE world at large, interested in the romantic development of Florida in a way the world perhaps has never before been interested in the development of any single State, is prone to give the entire credit for the wonderful upbuilding of the beautiful land of flowers and sunshine to such men as Flagler, Plant, and those other early pioneers who laid the steel rails of industrial conquest across the limitless expanse of the Peninsula State.

And these men certainly deserve all the credit they receive, for without the railroad the Florida of today would still be a picturesque paradise, abounding in all manner of fish and game, and with a climate surpassed nowhere in the world, but a land withal that would occupy no important role in the great empire of commercialism that has been built up on the new continent.

But there are other men—the men who have paved the way for the great stream of immigration that is now turning to Florida from all corners of this great land—who must be given their share of credit for what has been and is being accomplished in Florida's economic upbuilding—the men who have converted Florida from a teeming wilderness

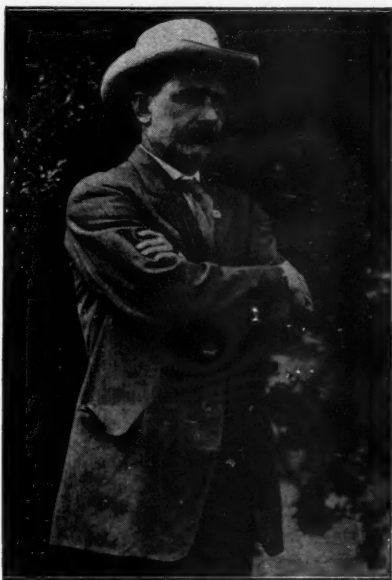
to a veritable empire of small farms. One of these is Senator George W. Deen.

As the first real estate operator to turn his attention to the Florida field, Senator Deen is truly the pioneer of Florida development. He has been called, indeed, "the man who sold Florida," because of the tremendous work he has accomplished in laying out and peopling with sturdy settlers thousands upon thousands of acres of Florida lands.

It was Senator Deen who first realized that Florida, with her limited population, could be developed only by peopling her vast areas of tillable land with people from the North and West. And Senator Deen put this theory into practice with no

trepidation or hesitancy, for he had an abiding faith in the possibilities of Florida, and like all true pioneers he could look into the future and realize the ultimate. And the ultimate to the Senator was the Florida of today.

The success of Senator Deen's initial experiment was as pronounced as it was immediate. In a little over a calendar month he had sold thirty thousand acres of land to eighteen hundred people throughout the United States. This was the famous colony of St. John's Park, which is now



SENATOR GEORGE W. DEEN, "THE MAN WHO SOLD FLORIDA"

THE MAN WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

the recognized prototype of successful Florida development.

Senator Deen, having played his part in laying the foundation for the future Florida, last year determined to turn his attention from that State to fulfil what had been the dream of his youth—the peopling of his home state, the state which he and his fathers had loved and served so well. In leaving Florida, however, Senator Deen made no marked change in his plan of operation, for the part of Georgia in

facturing industries that include the largest railroad shops in the United States and represent an investment of five million dollars; with two of the largest cypress plants in the South; with a single railroad system that pays over two million dollars annually in wages; with a splendid system of education, embracing normal, high and public school instruction, and possessing, in the Bunn-Bell Institute, one of the finest denominational colleges in the South; with well-paved



CORNER OF PACKING HOUSE OF A. F. MOOR & SONS, WAYCROSS, GA.

These farmers shipped entire crop of 50 acres of cantaloupes at net profit of over \$200 an acre

which he lives has everything in common, both as to climate and topography, with the part of Florida in the upbuilding of which he was so closely identified.

The scene of Senator Deen's present operations is Waycross, Georgia, one of the Empire State's most prosperous manufacturing towns, and a town in the development of which the Senator has played an important part.

With a present population of over fourteen thousand inhabitants—an increase of nearly three hundred per cent in the last decade—with established manu-

facturing industries that include the largest railroad shops in the United States and represent an investment of five million dollars; with two of the largest cypress plants in the South; with a single railroad system that pays over two million dollars annually in wages; with a splendid system of education, embracing normal, high and public school instruction, and possessing, in the Bunn-Bell Institute, one of the finest denominational colleges in the South; with well-paved streets, up-to-date water and sewerage systems, electric lights, churches of all denominations, daily and weekly newspapers, and all those other conveniences peculiar to the American city of today, it seems almost impossible of belief that Waycross less than thirty years ago was to all intents and purposes an indefinable part of the great pine belt of Georgia that at that time had little value even for its magnificent supply of timber.

And the only explanation for the remarkable transformation can be found in the work of such men as Senator Deen,

THE MAN WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

Captain H. H. Tift, and other pioneers, who, prompted by no selfish motive, have lent their fortunes and their best efforts to the development of the country they loved, knowing that in the end their labor would not have been in vain.

As has been said Senator Deen's one great ambition is the peopling of the lands of Ware County and the upbuilding of an even greater Waycross.

With this end in view, the Senator put on last November, and is just closing the

in all the South no other place was better adapted for rapid development. He knew that Waycross was the strategical gateway to Florida, every train from the Middle West and most of those from the North passing through its gates. He knew that no less than seven different trunk lines iced their refrigerator cars at Waycross. He realized the enormous advantages that would be enjoyed by the trucker and the farmer, not only on account of a good home market, not



DEMONSTRATION DAY AND OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIA BARBECUE

At Senator Deen's Deenwood Farm home "Maryland," on May 19, 1910, given especially for Deenwood Farm purchasers and homeseekers. Over 1,000 guests were present

sale of, Deenwood Farms—a 40,000 acre tract of ten acre truck farms.

Next month he will open for development 60,000 acres of land south and east of Waycross. This development is known as Deen Land Farms.

With the true spirit of helpfulness, Senator Deen is selling his land on monthly payments covering a number of years, so that a home in sunny Georgia is now in the reach of every man.

In selecting Waycross as the site of Deenwood and Deen Land Farms the Senator made no mistake. He knew that

only on account of its contiguity to Savannah, Jacksonville, and other good trading points, but more especially on account of the extraordinary freight-rate advantages that it enjoyed over other points to the country's great centres of consumption.

In the creation of Deen Land Farms, however, Senator Deen realized that cheap and ready transportation to the great markets of the country, contiguity to a thriving manufacturing center, ideal location, and an unsurpassed climate were not the only essentials to the success of

THE MAN WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

his great undertaking. Above all must come the quality of the soil.

And in selecting the site of his great colony the Senator had this cardinal requisite—the quality of the soil—always in view. That is why Deen Land Farms is as fertile a tract of land as can be found in the entire South, and that is why every Deen Land colonist will be assured success from the outset.

Deen Land Farms is situated in the most favored section of Ware County,

Sea island and short staple cotton will produce as well as anywhere in the South; corn that would do credit to Indiana, yielding from 60 to 120 bushels as one of two crops on the same land in the same year, grows to a special advantage; oats that might grace a Vermont farm, velvet beans, peanuts, sugar cane, all manner of market produce, such as Irish and sweet potatoes, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and tomatoes, peaches, pears, plums, strawberries and all the other small fruits;



"LADY BOUNTIFUL" AT THE DEEN LAND FARMS OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIA BARBECUE
A concrete example of the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of Ware County

the banner county of South Georgia, commonly known as the heart of the Wire Grass country, an agricultural acre that has been defined by the United States Department of Agriculture as having one of the best futures of any section of the entire United States.

Ware County, on account of its regular rainfall, delightfully equable climate, lack of noxious insect life, and above all its fertile soil is indeed the garden spot of the empire state of the South. Its lands can grow in luxuriant profusion, all of the chief staple crops that have made the South famous throughout the world.

in fact, practically every fruit of the earth, except those of an essentially citrus nature, are numbered in the harvest that Lady Bountiful brings to Ware County.

The future of Deen Land Farms is assured beyond peradventure. Their fertility of soil, their nearness to Waycross, their peculiar position in relation to the great markets of the East and West, all combine to make it the Holland of America. Indeed one has to be no prophet to see that the time is not far distant when the vision of Senator George W. Deen will be no longer a dream to be realized but a dream come true.

THE OPEN DOOR TO FLORIDA

MAKING A HOME MARKET FOR THE TRUCKER

By R. T. STEARNS

OF the many problems that confront the new settler in Florida no one is more vital than the successful marketing of his crop. Florida's soil and climate will produce as good crops as can be grown anywhere in the United States, and maturing at a season when a great portion of the country is under a blanket of snow and the remainder agriculturally dormant, should be eminently more profitable than those of any other section.

But good crops do not necessarily spell success in Florida. The difficulties of transportation—embracing long hauls to market, high freight rates and avaricious commission men—all help to make the problem of profitable crop disposal a more intricate one. A profitable market for all he can produce is the great desideratum of the Florida trucker.

An innovation that seems destined to fill this longfelt want has recently been introduced in one of Florida's small farm colonies. This colony is known as Magnolia Springs, and is a subdivision in Clay County, on the St. John's River, four miles from the little town of Green Cove Springs, and eighteen miles from Jacksonville.

The innovation referred to is a new process of vegetable evaporation, which will utilize all that portion of the trucker's crop that he cannot profitably ship to distant markets and will permit him to continue the operation of a farm throughout the year.

This new process of vegetable evaporation is the discovery of Mr. A. F. Spawn, a chemist of note and for seven years a scientific expert for Australia. Mr. Spawn has done much to further agriculture, both in this country and in the antipodes.

When he went to Australia that country

was importing practically all the butter it consumed; when he left that land to return to his native soil, America, Australia was exporting hundreds of thousands of tons of this commodity to foreign markets—the direct result of Mr. Spawn's work in the field of irrigation.

The Spawn process of vegetable evaporation is one of the most revolutionary discoveries of the age. It differs radically from the old methods now in use, in that while taking out all of the eighty odd per cent of water that is contained in every vegetable, it does not destroy either its texture or flavor. All the housewife has to do is to soak the dried vegetable in water for a few hours and it will return to its former condition and be in practically every sense a new vegetable.

Mr. Spawn has also discovered a method of manufacturing a first-class flour from the sweet potato in combination with wheat, but using only about one-third of the latter. This will be of peculiar advantage to the trucker, because the manufacturer will be able to pay him at least forty cents a bushel for his sweet potatoes and make a good profit.

As a third crop sweet potatoes will produce from two hundred to four hundred bushels an acre, which, at the rate referred to, would net the trucker more to the acre than the most prolific wheat field of the West. He would still have the first two crops on the same land.

The first vegetable evaporation plant is now in operation at Magnolia Springs, and the president of this colony, Mr. J. J. McNamara, is arranging for the erection of other plants at an early date.

The experiment will be watched with interest.

The Land of the Manatee

SOME TIME ago the Florida-Manatee Company, which is incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, purchased sixteen thousand acres of land near the Manatee River, known as the Covington tract. For many years this has been turpented and, therefore, has not been available for colonization purposes. The new company proposes, however, to make up for lost time and has cut the property up into 1,600 tracts of ten acres each. These they propose to sell on an unique and very economical basis. In fact the plan is absolutely new so far as it affects the general public and as for the development of Florida, no plan has been suggested which will do as much to popularize the state as the plan contemplated by the Florida-Manatee Company.

For approximately \$580 cash outlay, spread over four years, anyone can own a bearing grapefruit grove under the plan adopted by the Florida-Manatee people. Their proposition is so different from the average proposition that it is worth giving in detail, for under this basis of operation, for what one would pay for raw land, one gets a bearing grapefruit grove in four or five years. The plan is as follows: Those who can visit the land, personally, can select a ten-acre tract for one hundred dollars down and one dollar an acre a month thereafter. For those who cannot personally select the land, the company will make allotments. The company takes the money received from the sale of the land and invests it in clearing the land, plowing it, fencing it and planting eight acres with the best grapefruit trees, sixty-nine to the acre. This will be done as soon as possible for the very good reason that the quicker the groves are in bearing, the quicker the company gets its money as will be seen presently. On the basis outlined above, each of the groves will contain 552 trees. During the third year, planting these trees should produce one-half box of grapefruit each, which at two dollars a box would bring \$552. The fourth year, on a conservative estimate, 552 trees should produce two boxes each or 1,104 boxes, which at two dollars a box should produce \$2,208. Therefore, it will be seen that the grove will produce the third and fourth years a gross of \$2,730. Allowing for fertilizer, labor and expense for caring for the fruit, the amount credited on the land will be certainly not less than \$1,500. As the grove is sold for a total of two thousand dollars and in the four years mentioned the purchaser has paid one hundred dollars down and \$120 for each of the four years,

or a total of \$580, the grove would then produce in that time enough fruit to complete the payments and turn the property over to the purchaser with a clear title fully paid and unencumbered. In all probability, although the company does not guarantee it, there will be in addition to this an amount of cash for the customer equal to the difference between the total amount realized and the amount credited on the balance due for the land less the cost of raising and caring for the crop.

One of the strongest and most carefully managed banks in the State of Florida, The Citizens Bank & Trust Company, is trustee for the funds paid in for the land of the Florida-Manatee Company. All payments are made to this trustee, and on the first payment, a warranty deed is deposited with the bank by the Florida-Manatee Company. When the payments are completed, this deed, giving clear title without encumbrances, is turned over to the purchaser of the property by the Citizens Bank & Trust Company. The plan is so carefully guarded, so far as the purchaser is concerned, that no one need hesitate to invest in this proposition.

At the Company's offices in Tampa thousands of inquiries regarding their plans have been received. Nearly everyone that knows anything about Florida wants a grapefruit or orange grove. The trouble has been, heretofore, that many were not in a position to leave their business and found it impossible to buy the land and have it developed for them at a reasonable figure while they still remained in their places and continued to receive an income from their labor until the grove was producing an income. Under the plans of the Florida-Manatee Company that is absolutely obviated and hundreds upon hundreds of people throughout the country are signifying their desire to embrace an opportunity that they have looked for for many years but have never seen before.

Everyone who knows anything about Florida knows the wonderful success of the grapefruit culture in Manatee County, particularly the Atwood grove of 230 acres, which has made a phenomenal record as an earning property. The editor of the *Fruit Grower*, a publication of national circulation of St. Joseph, Missouri, who was in Florida recently, wrote of Manatee County:

"While more attention has been given to planting oranges than to any other branch of fruit culture, other citrus fruits do especially well here and are very profitable. Grapefruit, for instance, grows to perfection, and finds ready sale at very profitable prices. Lemons have been planted to some extent, and the culture of pineapples is increasing very rapidly. Protected as it is, as has been explained,

Manatee County offers exceptional advantages for growing these tender fruits. The soil and the climate are right, and trees which have been planted have been so profitable that the success of the industry is assured. The quality of the fruit produced is not surpassed by that grown anywhere."

The Florida-Manatee Company's tract runs well up toward the Hillsboro County line and is about thirty-five or forty miles by automobile south from Tampa, lying north of the Manatee River. The ground is all high, being from thirty to thirty-five feet above sea level, and perfectly drained. All of the land is underlaid by artesian water and the original tract consisted of something like twenty thousand acres and has given abundant demonstration of the value of this land for grapefruit and orange culture. There are something like fifty groves in bearing on this property, all of which are either adjoining or surrounded by the property of the Florida-Manatee Company. One of the principal groves in this section is that owned by Mr. M. V. Huyler of New York who has four hundred acres completely surrounded by the Florida-Manatee property. The great advantage, of course, of this section in Manatee County is that it is below the frost line and free from all danger of this sort.

A few years ago, F. W. Fitzpatrick, a government employee at Washington, visited Manatee County and published the following:

"In 1895 and again this year, the citrus crops of northern Florida—those not protected by their owners—were frozen and turned out a complete failure. The Manatee District, being south of the twenty-eighth parallel, escaped those chilling blights; and in fact, as well as in theory, it is in the frost-proof zone."

Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, in a letter written to Charles H. Davis, Petersburg, Virginia, under date of August 16, says:

"No part of our country has seen such progress as the South has made in the last twenty years along material lines; and I believe the next twenty years will see a greater progress.

"For long, the eyes of this nation have been set steadily westward to watch its great and typical growth. From now on I think the South will share with the West in rapidity of growth. This leadership will be hastened by the completion of the Panama canal; the East has the Atlantic and the West, the Pacific; the South even more than the East, and West will have the Panama canal, and will, therefore, stand at the distributing point of all the great oceans of the world."

For further information address the editor of the National Magazine, or the Florida-Manatee Company, Tampa, Florida.

A MODERN ARCADIA

By MITCHELL MANNERING

LESS than fifteen miles from the beautiful city of Jacksonville, the gateway to Florida and its commercial metropolis, and some twenty odd miles from quaint old St. Augustine, just where the stately St. John's turns with one long, last sweep toward the mighty Atlantic, there lies in picturesque seclusion the fertile, beautiful valley of the St. John's.

Mr. Sidney C. Wood, by purchasing twenty thousand acres of its lands, and opening up to settlement Sidwood Farms has made possible for the first time a comprehensive development of this fertile valley.

Mr. Wood is no stranger to Florida. Born in Polk County, and educated in his native state and in Georgia, he has been identified for years with the various movements to develop the great inherent wealth of Florida. Although he has been an exile from his state for some years, he has never lost touch of its affairs, and much of this labor as president of the Wood-Loudon Company, of New York

City, one of the representative real estate corporations of that city, has been in the direction of attracting capital and immigration to the shores of Florida.

Mr. Wood, by the way, is still a comparatively young man, and will, therefore, be well able to carry to successful consummation the great work he has undertaken.

In an interview with the writer in his palatial offices in the Bisbee building, Jacksonville's most modern sky-scraper, Mr. Wood, president of the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation, spoke as follows concerning the great enterprise he has in hand:

"While I am a Floridian by birth, I have been in the North for a number of years, and during my sojourn there I have had many occasions to see the evolution of the small farm idea in the great Eastern centers of population.

"It was the success of the small farm idea in Long Island that first directed my attention toward the possibilities of



ON THE WAY TO SIDWOOD FARMS

A MODERN ARCADIA

a similar, if not a more profitable, development in my own state—Florida. I knew that, producing at a time of the year when Long Island and for that matter, the entire North and West was under a blanket of ice and snow, Florida would offer a far greater measure of success than any other section of the United States.

"I chose Jacksonville for the immediate scene of my operations because I realized



SIDNEY C. WOOD

President of the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation

that as the metropolis of and the gateway to Florida, as one of the first maritime harbors of the country, as the terminus of eight great transportation systems, as the most rapidly growing center of the entire South, and as an important winter tourist resort, it was bound to offer a ready and profitable market to the trucker, who, with such an important home field, would be entirely independent of the exigencies of market.

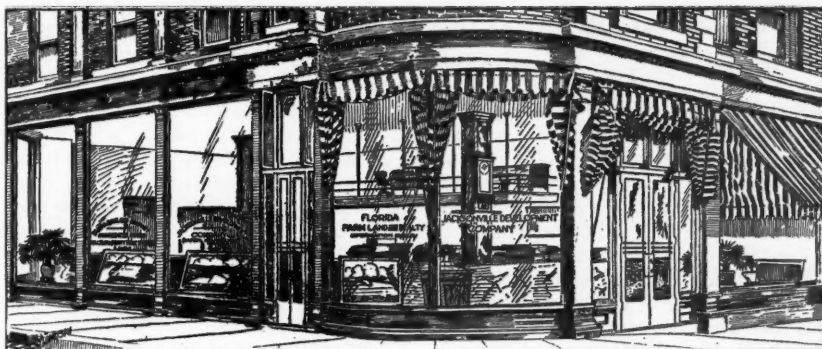
"In selecting the site of Sidwood Farms, I know that our company has made

no mistake. I was born in Florida, and I speak with no egotism when I say that I am thoroughly acquainted with every actual existing condition in the state. I have visited practically every agricultural community in Florida, and, for that matter, almost every state in the South, and have personally examined the soil conditions of thousands upon thousands of acres of land, and can say with truth and confidence that I know of no better soil in the state of Florida for general farming and trucking purposes than is found in the body of land that the Florida Homeseekers' Corporation has selected for its big colony."

"Upon what lines does your company intend to develop Sidwood Farms?" asked the writer of Mr. Wood.

"That question is a little difficult to answer. I may say, however, that Sidwood Farms will be developed along conservative and permanent lines. Our first consideration will be the future success of the settler. We do not want to be classed among that class of real-estate promoters whose one object is the disposal of their land. We believe that any man who has it in him to make good can find certain success in Florida, but we are not one of those concerns who pretend that a man can find success in Florida without a dollar. Who would think of going to the Northwest or any strange community to court success on the farm with merely the purchase price of that farm in his possession?

"Among the plans that we hope to evolve for the comfort and welfare of the settlers on Sidwood Farms," continued Mr. Wood, "and the general upbuilding of the colony, are a truckers' association, to look after the harvesting and marketing of the crop; an experimental farm, which will be conducted solely for the benefit of the settlers and will be a free institution; an automobile truck system to the city of Jacksonville, which will permit the settlers to readily market their products, and the foundation of a number of other permanent institutions which will make for the success and happiness of every resident on our land."



MONUMENT TO FLORIDA PROGRESS

By F. L. STANLEY

IN analyzing the remarkable economic and industrial transformation that Florida is now undergoing, one is bound to recognize the great factors that have made this transformation a living possibility, and, in so doing, to concede to them their due measure of recognition for the vital part they have played in the upbuilding of their state.

An institution that has been a very important factor in this transformation is the Jacksonville Development Company, the largest realty corporation in Florida, and one of the strongest in the entire South.

Founded only five years, and starting in a modest way, this company has gradually extended its operations until today, with total assets of over a million dollars, a surplus of five hundred thousand, and a clientele that embraces nearly five thousand people in all parts of the United States and Canada, it has become a recognized hallmark of Florida success.

In interpreting the remarkable success of the Jacksonville Development Company, one finds that that success has been conditioned on two things—a progressive policy of management, and an honest regard for the welfare of its patrons.

When the company was organized few believed that its success would be so certain and rapid as its founders predicted,

for there were many older and stronger companies in the field. But the doubting Thomases were soon silenced. Not content to follow in the wake of the older companies, no matter what success might have attended their efforts, the Jacksonville Development Company proceeded to hew out its own way to success, conducting its business along lines that though conservative were revolutionary compared with the then accepted order of things.

At that time comparatively little real estate in Jacksonville or vicinity was owned by the small property holder, and the company, recognizing the possibilities that this field, properly developed, offered, bought up a number of large tracts of land in and around the city and commenced to develop them for the benefit of the wage-earner, inaugurating a monthly installment plan of payment, waiving claim to interest on deferred payments, and undertaking to assume all taxes until the passing of title.

This was certainly a startling departure for a Southern institution, but its success was instantaneous, and that it has been sustained is shown by the fact that since its organization the Jacksonville Development Company has developed no less than fifty different suburban properties, and assisted over a thousand wage earners to become property owners.

A MONUMENT TO FLORIDA PROGRESS

Some of these developments, such as Grand Park, Murray Hill Heights, Seminole Gardens, Highland Estates, Riverside Gardens and Riverside Villas, are well known far beyond the limits of Jacksonville—have, indeed, become the recognized prototypes of the successful suburban development in many Southern cities—and all have become well-developed sections of Florida's chief metropolis.

For three or four years the Jacksonville Development Company confined its efforts to the upbuilding of its home city, and it was only when the management had satisfied itself that there was a substantial economic reason for a comprehensive broadening out of the company's policy that it entered the field of colonization.

In the few years that have intervened, however, this company has done more, perhaps, than any other single institution to advertise the resources and economic advantages of the Peninsula State to the people of the world. It has truly lived up to its name; indeed, its efforts have been so pronounced and so successful that it might well lay claim to the title—the Development Company of Florida.

And in advertising the resources of the state the Jacksonville Development Company has not resorted to any of the methods of exaggeration or misrepresentation that are supposed to be part and parcel of the land promotion business. They have told the story of Florida to the world in an instructive and interesting way; have pictured glowingly the wonderful climate and the beautiful scenery of the State; have done all in their power to attract the settler to the land of flowers—but in so doing it has been always conservative, always moderate, always frank; warning the prospective buyer that success in Florida was conditioned upon hard work as it is everywhere; pointing out the pitfalls and difficulties; doing everything possible to promote the welfare of the settler.

The welfare of the settler, that truly has been the keynote of the constructive policy of the Jacksonville Development Company. "Come and see for yourself," it has said, "and if you are not satisfied, then we will refund every penny you have paid into the coffers of this company."

In addition to this, the company has carried out the same policy with the farm settler in regard to easy payments, non-interest on deferred payments, and no taxation until the land has been paid for in full and the title passed, as it has in the case of the wage-earner of Jacksonville who purchased land in one or other of its suburban developments. It has also made it a rule to share its profits with its patrons, and it is to this progressive and upright policy that must be attributed the fact that today it has not a single dissatisfied patron.

The officers of the Jacksonville Development Company are all men of integrity and standing in the state.

The president, Judge W. B. Owen, is one of the leading jurists of the South, and a prominent financier, being vice-president of the Commercial Bank of Jacksonville, and a stockholder and director in a number of other Florida corporations.

The secretary and treasurer, and the real inspiration behind the remarkable success of this company is Mr. James A. Hollomon. Mr. Hollomon is one of the best business men in the South. Commencing life as a newspaper man, he gradually worked himself up in that profession until he became editor in turn of a number of leading papers, including the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Jacksonville Times-Union*. Mr. Hollomon is a man who has a wonderful insight into the future when it comes to making an important move. Like the scientific chess player, he can very easily see sixteen to twenty moves ahead—that is why the Jacksonville Development Company stands where it does today among the business institutions of the country.

No better illustration of the intelligent and successful management of the Jacksonville Development Company could be adduced than the fact that during its whole term of life it has paid an annual dividend of ten per cent to its four thousand stockholders.

The Tampa Bay Land Company, of Tampa, Florida, with branch offices at Chicago and Minneapolis, is a subsidiary corporation to the Jacksonville Development Company, and Mr. Hollomon is its president.

ONE YEAR OF TAFT PROSPERITY

By C. L. ANDÉ

THIS is not, as its title might indicate, a review of the first year's administration of President Taft, but the story of the marvelous growth and development of a beautiful little town in the fertile Kissimmee Valley of South Florida that bears the name of the chief executive of the United States.

Less than a year ago an undefinable part of the great pine forest of South Florida, its site unmarked, its existence barely dreamed of, Taft today—with its many fine residences, its up-to-date electric lighted hotel, its two-story schoolhouse, its large saw-mill, and its substantial stores—is the happy home of nearly a thousand people.

And the growth of Taft is as permanent as it has been marvelous. Not one of those towns that spring up today to disappear tomorrow, with no excuse for its having been, Taft—the capital town and strategical center of Prosper Colony—is erected on the solid foundations of permanence and thrift.

Beyond question, Prosper Colony is the most substantial development in Florida, the fertility of its lands, their perfect natural drainage, its contiguity to the markets of the world, its perfect topography, its abundant supply of cool, sparkling water, and, above all, its un-

surpassed climate, all combining to make it an ideal home for the man who desires to succeed.

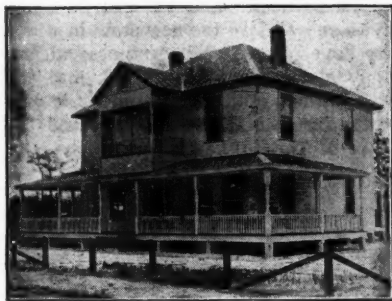
In selecting the site of Prosper Colony, its builders chose well, and in the interest of the settlers.

Situated on the main line of the Atlantic Coast Line, and extending to within three miles of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, it affords the colonists adequate facilities for the rapid transportation of their crops, and at competitive rates, while its nearness to Orlando, the picturesque seat of Orange County, and to a number of other important towns, ensures a ready market for the overripe fruit that would not carry to distant markets. The number of magnificent lakes that are to be found within its borders and its unlimited supply of deer, turkey, quail and other game, will afford the gunner and angler genuine and profitable sport for all time to come.

As nature's greatest gift to Florida is her salubrious and even climate, so in all Florida no spot has been more greatly blessed in this regard than Prosper Colony, which, situated in the very center of the Peninsula, and on the highest point of the Kissimmee Valley, is fanned day and night by the cooling and health-bearing breezes of the Ocean and the Gulf.

In the success of any enterprise nothing is more important than the personnel of its management. In this regard Prosper Colony is singularly fortunate. Unlike most other colonies, whose destinies are controlled from a distance, and by promoters who have no real interests in the state, Prosper Colony is owned and managed by Florida men, who have a patriotic desire to assist in its upbuilding.

The President of the Prosper Colony Company is Mr. B. Beacham, of Orlando. Coming to Florida about twenty-six years ago from Georgia, a mere boy, and with a very limited capital, Mr. Beacham purchased a few supplies and some tools and



A PROSPER COLONY RESIDENCE

ONE YEAR OF TAFT PROSPERITY

started into the woods to clear twenty acres of land and set out an orange grove. Today Mr. Beacham is one of the largest citrus-fruit growers in the state and has accumulated over a million dollars.

The secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Prosper Colony, the man upon whom all the practical work has devolved, and who is chiefly responsible for its wonderful development, is Mr. W. L. Van Duzor.

Mr. Van Duzor came to Florida from Chicago in 1883, when only nineteen years of age. Like Mr. Beacham, he too engaged in orange culture, and today points with pride to the fact that he is still one of the large producers of citrus fruits.

But Mr. Van Duzor's chief work has been in other fields. Four years after his arrival in Florida, he was engaged by the Atlantic Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Company—the great drainage company fathered by Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, an immortal name to all Floridians—as general superintendent of its work, and he remained in control of its destinies until the completion of its contract with the State of Florida—in 1893.

Enthused, as were all others associated with Hamilton Disston, with the tremendous possibilities of a developed Florida, Mr. Van Duzor has continued in the field of Florida development, a worthy pioneer, and Prosper Colony is his latest effort to assist in the upbuilding of his state, and in carrying to effectual completion the life work of Hamilton Disston.

One thing that impresses the mind with the fact that Prosper Colony and Taft are established on a lasting foundation, are the elaborate preparations that are being made by the settlers to develop the colony along permanent lines.

For instance, the colonists have formed a co-operative company among themselves to develop the manufacturing pos-



NEW SCHOOL, PROSPER COLONY, TAFT

sibilities of Taft, and at the same time create an immediate market for the Colony's standing timber. Their big saw-mill is already in operation, a shingle and lathe mill is in course of construction, the machinery for a sash, door and blind factory has been ordered, and a large plant for the manufacture of barrels, crates and orange boxes is to be erected in the immediate future.

A visit to Prosper Colony and to Taft is a revelation of what American citizenship, prompted by an honest purpose, can accomplish in even one short year. On every side is to be heard the buzz of the saw and the tap of the hammer, new settlers are arriving daily, houses are going up as if by magic, farms are being cleared and fenced, and active preparations for placing the land under cultivation are being made.

Strangers in a strange land, these sturdy settlers of Prosper Colony are nevertheless all quite at home in their new surroundings. This new land spells prosperity to all of them, and they feel it. No voice of disparagement, no word of discouragement, no whisper of doubt can be heard anywhere—all love the new state in which they have planted their destinies; all are happy and contented; all look into the future with an optimism that bespeaks well for the future of Prosper Colony and the future of Taft.



THE EXPERT AND FLORIDA SUCCESS

By H. B. MILLER

TODAY is the day of the expert. In every walk of life there is an insistent demand for the man who has made a particular study of one thing, whether it be in science, medicine, architecture, agriculture, horticulture, or, in fact, any other field of human endeavor.

In the few short years, however, that the soil expert has been a recognized factor in the success of American agriculture, he has demonstrated beyond dispute that he is, of all the experts, the most valuable, for upon him, as upon no one else, depends the success or failure of America's most important citizen, the farmer.

It was with the hope of gaining a few facts as to the part the soil expert would play in the new Florida, that the writer called upon Mr. C. M. Griffing, one of the best horticulturists and soil experts in the South.

Mr. Griffing is an enthusiastic believer in the future of Florida and of the South.

"Knowing the agricultural conditions of the South and of Cuba, as I believe few do," said Mr. Griffing, "I recognized two or three years ago the enormous field that presented itself to the man who would be willing to study scientifically the soil conditions of this the most favored section of our land, and I immediately devoted my attention to this branch of horticulture. No land is more responsive to proper treatment than the soil of the South.

"More wonderful results have been attained by people of moderate means in fruit and vegetable growing in the South than in any other section of the globe. Men with merely enough to live on a few months have rented lands on a share crop basis and made from one thousand dollars to three thousand dollars in a season's work.

"Mistakes are expensive even to those who after a few years of disappointment and failure ultimately succeed. Planting



C. M. GRIFFING
Soil expert and horticulturist

the wrong crops or trees costs time, labor and money. Possibly not all, but the majority of mistakes may be avoided by proper counsel and advice from one having a range of knowledge of soil, climatic conditions and crop results over a wide range of territory, who can advise the kinds of crops, trees and fruits best suited and most likely to prove profitable for the particular location selected, and who can point out to the settler the pitfalls that beset his path.

"Let the settler *start right* and his success will be assured, and the only way to *start right* is to employ a recognized soil expert and horticulturist of integrity and standing."



THE football season is on, and the summer baseball fan has resigned himself to watching the struggles of the gridiron, and cheering as enthusiastically at the "goal kick" as when the baserunner landed "home."

Baseball will probably always hold its own as our great national sport, but the new football rules going into effect this fall will do much to make the struggle "within the lines" less dangerous and a close second to baseball in popularity.

* * *

COMING through Southwest Pennsylvania on the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad, one passes an ambitious looking little depot, that seems to have a certain aggressiveness coupled with its newness. "Red Raven" says the sign above the door.

"Where's the works?" asked a fellow-passenger of the brakeman as he called the name in passing.

"Oh, they're up town a mile and a half out," he replied. "They use motor trucks to connect with this road."

"Why don't folks with a business like that get on a railroad line?" queried the fellow-passenger disdainfully.

"Oh, they are, but they've 'passed it up' for this road." And as the train sped along to the southward, the story was told of the establishment of the new town of Red Raven. Located in a little hamlet some twelve miles distant from Pittsburg, the townsfolk wanted to call their village Red Raven after their leading industry. So they applied to the local railroad, asking that the freight and express offices

at that point be given the new name, which was denied.

But the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad passed within a mile and a half of the town and the resolute villagers petitioned its officers for the establishment of a station called Red Raven. In return they promised to ship over that road, and a line of heavy motor trucks was installed to convey their product from the village to their new station. The railroad accepted; the sign for "Red Raven" was duly hoisted on the Bessemer & Lake Erie road, and the little depot was put up without delay.

In keeping with the plan, an office of Wells, Fargo & Co. was opened in the village, using the line of motor trucks to handle the business between the new station and the little depot.

News of the transfer of a town's business from the local railroad to another a mile and a half distant reached Pittsburg business circles; it was a novel situation. The attention of motor truck and automobile manufacturers was attracted, and the different railroads learning of the undertaking, awaited developments with a keen interest.

It seemed almost an anomaly for a town so situated on the line of a big railroad to do practically all its shipping over another line a mile and a half away, but the business interests of Red Raven say that the experiment is successful, and they are thoroughly satisfied with their new departure. Today fully nine-tenths of all the freight and express arriving at or leaving the village is carried by the motor truck line through the new station of Red Raven.



Real Food Clean and Fresh

DON'T think of Uneeda Biscuit as a mere lunch necessity, or as a bite between meals.

Uneeda Biscuit are the most nutritious food made from flour, and are full of energizing, strength - giving power.

Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and fresh and delicious when you buy them. Their sensible, dust tight, moisture proof packages prevent the unclean, tough condition so common to ordinary crackers.

(Never sold in bulk)

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

5¢
for a package

LET'S TALK •IT OVER

AN advertiser who says the National Magazine is exceedingly interesting to himself has got it into his head that the magazine cannot possibly be, and, therefore, is not of any considerable interest to women.

This man handles the advertising appropriation for a favorite food company's product—something that should be regularly advertised in the National.

There are other doubting Thomases who "have got to be shown" that women read and like the National; so let's have a letter from every appreciative woman reader, telling how much she thinks of the publication and saying what departments are particularly interesting. Many of our women readers have expressed special regard for the "Affairs at Washington" department, the travel sketches, and the descriptions of states, which some men folks think are written expressly for themselves, and are of no interest to women.

We want to have such a deluge of letters from our loyal women subscribers that we may prove to advertisers that the National is read and appreciated by both men and women—yes—and by the children, too. Let's have a loyal word from everyone.

* * *

ALARGE sight-seeing automobile was rumbling down Broadway, its raised seats filled with eager sightseers. In front, with megaphone in hand, the announcer pointed out the places of interest, supplementing his remarks with curious bits of history. They were passing the corner of Duane Street, where the street numbers on Broadway were under 300 and rapidly going down-scale.

Waving a hand to the left, he called the passengers' attention to the figures "4711." The reason for the appearance of this number among the smaller ones was interestingly explained: It is the trade-mark of Mülhens & Kropff toilet preparations. Back in 1792 the business was started at 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne, Germany, and the reputation of the goods grew until the street number became a household word in the minds of the public.

"Go to 4711," said a host of enthusi-

astic customers, whenever the conversation turned to choite soap and perfumery, and in this way the simple number of the street became the trade-mark of a familiar and much-appreciated line of toilet preparations.

Many NATIONAL readers have doubtless wondered why the trade-mark "No. 4711" is made so conspicuous on the Mülhens & Kropff advertisements, and the explanation throws an interesting little sidelight on the growth of a great business.

* * *

ON July first the Bureau of Mines was established in the Department of the Interior. It was originally planned to transfer the entire Technological Branch of the United States Geological Survey to this department, but an amendment assigned the investigation of the structural materials to the Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce and Labor. Analyses and tests of all explosives and reports thereon will be made to prosecute the development of mining operations in all parts of the country. Every coal mine accident that has occurred in the past two years has been carefully investigated, and the work of the Bureau of Mines will be of special interest as a part of the general conservation of all coal and ore deposits on government lands.

The special railway cars fitted up as portable railway hospitals for the victims of mining accidents have been already placed on duty by the new Bureau. They will be stationed at central points of the country, ready for emergency calls. One will be located at Billings, Montana, to cover that state and northern Wyoming. The second car has not been definitely assigned as yet, but it doubtless will cover the coal fields of Colorado and Utah. The cars are fully equipped with rescue apparatus, and have airtight rooms at the end for use in training the men to oxygen helmets. These rooms are filled with poisonous fumes but the miners are trained to remain inside two hours in an atmosphere that would be fatal in two minutes without the protection of the helmets. The Bureau at Washington plans to cover the country thoroughly with these branch rescue stations.



Victor Double-faced Records give you more music, better music and cheaper music than you ever had before.

More music. Music on both sides of the same record. Double enjoyment from every record.

Better music. Every record made by the new Victor process—one of the most important discoveries ever made in the art of recording. An improvement that results

in a new tone-quality—sweeter and clearer than ever before.

Cheaper music. Putting two selections on opposite sides of the same record means a saving in materials and workmanship, and gives you two records in one almost at the price of one.

There's no two sides to this fact: that every Victor Record, double-faced as well as single-faced, is a record of quality—a musical masterpiece.

- Victor Double-faced Records**
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25
- Victor Single-faced Records**
10-inch 60 cents; 12-inch \$1
- Victor Purple Label Records**
10-inch 75 cents; 12-inch \$1.25
- Victor Red Seal Records**
10- and 12-inch, \$1 to \$7

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



There's a Victor for you at whatever price you want to pay—\$10; \$17.50; 25; \$32.50; \$40; \$50; \$60; \$100. Victor-Victrola, \$125; \$200; \$250. Easy terms can be arranged with your dealer if desired.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors
To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE growth and development of the 5 and 10 cent stores in the United States, inaugurated by Mr. F. W. Woolworth, have played a prominent part in the revolution of retail trade. There seems to be nothing under the sun in the way of little necessities for the house and person that is not included in these 5 and 10 cent shops with their striking red fronts and characteristic and modern methods of doing business. The installation of these stores in England is one of the American enterprises that has met with immediate success; sixty thousand people inspected the rooms of the Woolworth Company on the opening day of the first stores in Liverpool.

The whole proposition was a novelty in England, where the custom is not to expose the variety handled—the customer is supposed to know what he wants before he goes shopping.

Five Woolworth Stores have been opened there, selling their goods at one penny, three-pence (6c.) and sixpence (12c.), a slight advance over the prices in this country, so consequently greater values are given. The throngs who daily visit the stores grow enthusiastic as they find on the counters all the little things which are needed for everyday life rather than those things which it is impossible to possess. The English people appreciate the right given them through the Woolworth plan to enter a shop and look about without being obliged to purchase, and doubtless their advent will revolutionize shopkeeping in Great Britain.

All the stores are centrally located, and are large and roomy, and will soon give the English housewife the same delight in shopping which is enjoyed by her American sister.

* * *

"If you want to grasp the meaning of 'artistic' watch the right kind of Italian workman laying a stone wall, or making a plaster cast," said a well-known architect. "You would think at first that both these processes are merely mechanical—but they need not be. There are untrained Italian laborers who will build a masonry wall that is a delight to the trained eye because of the arrangement of the stones. The same thing is true of making casts. The competent

Italian workman treats casting as an art. At every step in the process from building the mold around the model, through the operations of pouring the plaster, removing the mold, finishing and putting on the ivory tint, the Italian is inspired by the artistic sensitiveness that has made his country the Mecca of all artists."

There is no place so good as the workrooms of the Boston Sculpture Company, in Melrose, for seeing and feeling the value to the final quality of plaster casts of artistic good faith in the workman. Teachers are of course familiar with the general idea of plaster reproductions of famous—and sometimes of infamous!—sculpture; but a visit to the workrooms of the Boston Sculpture Company will make doubly significant to them thereafter every fine line and every beautiful detail in a plaster cast. They will realize, after watching an Italian at his task of "finishing" a cast, how utterly at the mercy of his sense of artistic obligation is the final truthfulness of the completed cast. Naturally, all casts of the Minerva Giustiniani look much alike to those who do not understand how a little too deep-cutting here, a little lack of cutting there, may subtly falsify the true proportions, and weaken the true expression of the original sculpture.

The Boston Sculpture Company will gladly show to visiting teachers all the details of the processes carried on in its workrooms, up to the hundreds of pieces in its studios and storerooms. These range from the Winged Victory of the Greeks to Louis Potter's new busts of President Eliot and "Mark Twain," which have just been received from the sculptor, and are now in the process of casting. The Boston Sculpture Company takes great pains to secure faithfulness in its reproductions, and has used the greatest care in selecting its Italian sculpture workmen, on whom excellence finally depends.

The Melrose Studios of the Boston Sculpture Company occupy a large building standing in the angle between Main and Green Streets, Melrose. Through cars from the lower level at Sullivan Square will take the visitor to them in thirty minutes. Teachers are especially welcome.

STEINWAY MINIATURE

Steinway principles of construction and workmanship are not borrowed. Steinway tone is not emulation. Steinway leadership is not assumed. All are distinctly *Steinway*—by right of Steinway initiative.

The Steinway Miniature Grand, in an ebonized case at \$800, is an achievement in grand piano construction.

Illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL

107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

Subway Express Station at the Door.

*"The
Smallest Grand
That's Safe
to Buy"*



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE steady stream of "callers" visiting the editorial offices of the country in the way of manuscript "copy" represent as interesting a study as does any cosmopolitan gathering. Some of these callers arrive in daintily perfumed envelopes and are neatly typewritten on tinted linen; others come in mechanically typed on straggling manila; some are penned in a bold, free hand and still others evidence the painstaking efforts of a cramped vertical on a fine-lined bond.

They are all welcome, and while it is impossible, when thousands are received and only ten required, to use them all, the editor is glad to have them every one, and his personal choice is always subordinate to a desire to serve his readers with a variety touching on all the different phases of life and sentiment.

And occasionally the serial story comes in more auspicious shape—done up in boards, and transported by express. Then does the managing editor scratch his head many times as he pores over the bulk of pages and tries to decide whether the manuscript has enough of that delicious suspense to hold his readers through a series of issues.

After the decision is finally reached, the story must be properly announced in due form, and a biographical sketch of the author given to make the readers feel "at home."

When Frank E. Channon sent in "The Great Coup" to the NATIONAL, the editor's impulse led him to rush it off on the press and get it in the next issue without preliminaries. He thought his readers ought to have it right away without introductory bows and explanations. Mr. Channon has written several short stories for the NATIONAL which our readers will doubtless remember, but "The Great Coup" represents a more ambitious achievement in his literary career. It is natural that tales of mystery and adventure should always find a popular response.

It seems perhaps an appropriate sequel to Dr. Carter's "Just Back From Mars," for it whirls through realms of space, and sounds the heights of aviation, as well as thrills with the kidnapping of European kings and queens. It has a bit of America, too—but then, you have read the opening

chapters, and we will not interfere with the enjoyable suspense of "what's to come."

We want to know how this first installment of "The Great Coup" impresses you. Does it seem like your kind of a story?

And when you write, tell us what you think of our stories in general. Some of the readers have said they preferred "light fiction" to information and history; perhaps you are one of them. But our duty is to have something every month for all in the family arc of the NATIONAL. The commendations and criticisms of our readers are always of intense interest; for they are guideposts that tell whether or not we are going the right way.

At any rate, we have a clear and inspiring conviction that the purpose of the NATIONAL is right, and we believe that we give our readers wholesome matter. Now we want to give service. History, you know, has been said to be divided into ages of faith, building and service. Our purposes, therefore, are in line with the spirit of the age, and we would like to know if the NATIONAL is giving you real substantial service in your reading circle.

* * *

WAS it a Bishop who insisted that he composed his best sermons while shaving? How little we realize how much valuable time is lost in rushing to and fro on street cars, giving an unsatisfactory glance at the newspaper and other distractions.

More ideas come to me in a walk from the office to the house—four or five squares—than during all the rides, reflective or otherwise, I could take. Nothing is more conducive to creative inspirations than a quiet walk. Some famous actor said that while art represents things, nature reproduces them, and in a meditative walk it seems as though one came into unison with the primal forces of nature which stimulate creative thought and reproduce ideas—the ideas that have perhaps been in the minds of thousands of people before, and just re-created.

Take a walk every morning—the earlier the better—and see if you don't find that some new and helpful inspirations are born. Then you have an appreciation of the beauty of the world you live in.

Peace and Plenty

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



POVERTY destroys a man's courage and weakens his natural inclination to look you in the eye and tell the truth. ☞ Money is the counter in this game of life. And while we do not love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone. And earning power, for all of us will surely go some time—this we know. ☞ Money stands between you and the fear of want. When you insure your life you insure your peace of mind. Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you. It is not want that eats out our hearts, and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. ☞ Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself. Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also—the well meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class who know just how to double it in a month. ☞ Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy, which instead of being paid in a lump sum, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live, payable for twenty years in any event. It works either way. It will provide an income for your own future if you live. It will provide an income for your wife (or your son, daughter, mother, father, sister or other dependent) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Agencies Everywhere! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide a monthly life income of \$.....payable at my death to a person now.....years of age?

Name

Address Age

LET'S TALK IT OVER

OF unusual interest to advertisers and publishers was the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America at Omaha, July 18, 19 and 20.

The President, Mr. S. C. Dobbs, manager of sales and advertising for the Coca-Cola Company of Atlanta, prepared a program of unusual interest and strength. The speakers at this convention were men of national reputation, not only for their ability as speakers, but on account of their achievements in the advertising and business world.

In his work he had the hearty support of the Omaha Ad Men's Club, who had particularly in their charge the entertainment features of the program. These were unique and highly entertaining. They did not, however, conflict with the business sessions. The dominant feature of this convention was educational.

Since Mr. Dobbs' election in Louisville a year ago, he has visited every state in the Union and almost every advertising club, carrying with him the standard of higher ideals in advertising. Few men have wielded so great a power in making advertising a profession, as well as a vocation.

Mr. Dobbs not only received the endorsement, but the co-operation of the best advertising men in America in his efforts to stamp out fraudulent and untruthful advertising and establish in its place honest, believable publicity.

Mr. T. W. LeQuatte, chairman of the Farm Paper Publishers Committee, and advertising manager for *Successful Farming*, was most enthusiastic in his support of Mr. Dobbs throughout his administration, and in an article recently published in *The Voice*, the organ of the Associated Advertising Clubs, Mr. LeQuatte makes a strong appeal to do something as a special tribute to the President of the Association.

Recently the agricultural publishers, under the auspices of this committee, held a meeting in Chicago and eloquently demonstrated the "do something" spirit, and the benefit accruing to agriculturalists all over the country today is a conspicuous proof that agricultural papers have not been printed in vain.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, once said that the American people were the most intelligent nation on earth, and that this high order of intelligence was to a large extent attributable to the fact that more than twenty thousand newspapers were published in this country. He might, with perfect truthfulness, have included the farm papers, for, through the influence of these papers, farming has been brought up from drudgery and aimless toil and placed upon a scientific basis. The hired man of yesterday is being displaced by the college-bred farmer who is making two blades of grass grow where formerly there was only one and the deserts of ten years ago are today blossoming like the rose, as a result of scientific treatment.

* * *

EVERY year emphasizes the appreciation of James Whitcomb Riley as the people's poet, as the many selections from his poems sent in for "Heart Throbs" clearly demonstrated. The hearty, wholesome ringing in his lines appeals to people of all ages, and his work has inspired many young authors and artists throughout the Middle West.

Howard Chandler Christy has for years delighted us all with his illustrations of the Riley poems, and the "Christy Girl" was long ago taken to our hearts as a distinct American type of beauty and womanhood. The next issue of the gift book edition of "Heart Songs," to appear in a few months, will contain a three-color illustration especially designed for this volume by Howard Chandler Christy. A cover for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, from the same facile brush, is also scheduled.

These arrangements have been made at the request, and even insistence of hundreds of NATIONAL readers, who want to know "why Howard Chandler Christy has not appeared in the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE." Their wishes are to be gratified and if you have other candidates name your favorite.

The NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a magazine of the people. All we desire to know is what the people want. We then get busy and attempt to fill that want. So come along with your suggestions.



"SEND A NIGHT LETTER"

The Western Union's "Night Letter" service to those whose duties take them from home, and to those left at home, is a great comfort.

The absent one is enabled to keep in intimate touch with home affairs, letters by wire reaching him anywhere overnight—or sent by him with equal dispatch.

Abbreviation is unnecessary, the new "Night Letter" permitting the sending of fifty words at the rate of a ten-word day message.

"Night Letters" may be sent or telephoned to the nearest Western Union office any time of the day until midnight.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

A HOME-MADE RUG

By Mrs. Dan Adams

Old soft rugs, cut bias, one-fourth inch wide; gather through center on coarse thread, carpet warp or twine, so that the gathers will not slip; do not shir too closely, just enough to hide the thread; have this woven as rag-carpet with warp put in "shy sister" fashion, or slats; two threads in one, split and skip one all the way across; about five hundred threads are required for yard wide. One hundred and thirty yards of chenille will weave one yard; in weaving, put in one thread of chenille, then two of warp alternately.

A thing of beauty and a joy forever—cannot wear them out. Have rug twelve by thirteen feet and the widths will stay in place without being sewed together, making it easily dusted.

FOR BOIL READY TO LANCE

By L. R. F.

When a boil is ready to lance, try filling a wide-mouthed bottle with water (hot), and empty quickly and place directly over the boil. The core will gradually come out into the bottle.

FOR PILLOW SLIPS

By Mrs. R. L. Clutter

Make pillow slips of outing flannel for winter use; also wear bloomers made of outing or real flannel instead of so many heavy skirts. They are warmer and more comfortable.

To Mend Granite Ware

A good way to mend granite ware is to press a little piece of soft putty over the hole letting it come well out over the edges. Set vessels in the oven and let bake four or five hours.

HOW TO COOK RHUBARB

By E. D. G.

Get, if you can, the variety called "wine-plant"—it has color and looks prettiest.

Wash the stalks, cut into inch long pieces, and fill a dish (not metal); pile on top as much sugar as you think will be enough, then pile on some more—*no water*—place in a steamer and let it steam a long time; when done, it will show every piece whole, floating in a clear, amber-tinted syrup; an attractive dish and very good to eat.

Serpentine Crêpe

The charm and economical utility of the most unique of all fabrics ~ ~ ~

Serpentine Crêpe is commanding the largest sale of any printed crinkly fabric in the world because no other fabric gives so much beauty, wear and style for so little money.

The dainty soft white makes Serpentine delightful lingerie that never requires ironing. The printed patterns in their new designs and colors are prettier than ever. Look for the "Pacific" trade-mark when buying.

If your dealer does not show you satisfactory styles and colorings, write us for free sample book.

PACIFIC MILLS
BOSTON, MASS.



A New Harold Bell Wright Book The Uncrowned King

Size 4 3/4 x 7 inches. Over 100 pages. Ten Illustrations in Tint and Color by John Rea Neill. Bound in Cloth, Stamped in Gold.

Price, Net 75 Cents

The Uncrowned King is different from anything previously done by the author, but it is distinctively a Harold Bell Wright book. It is a beautiful piece of literary work, that is unquestionably, the expression of inspiration. It appeals to everything that is true, noble and wholesome within us, and we feel that the author has given us in this volume, an insight of the temple of truth in our own lives.

Other Books by Mr. Wright

The Calling of Dan Matthews

HIS GREATEST NOVEL
180,000 COPIES SOLD

By the Author of

"The Shepherd of the Hills"—490,000 Sold
"That Printer of Udell's"—185,000 Sold

Chicago Daily News.—"The story is strong and wholesome, sincere and uplifting in ethical purpose, delightful in character-drawing and general literary craftsmanship."

Oregon Journal, Portland.—"It is this almost clairvoyant power of reading the human soul that has made Mr. Wright's books among the most remarkable works of the present age."

Illustrations in Color by Keller
12mo. Cloth, \$1.50

The Shepherd of the Hills { Bound uniform with
That Printer of Udell's { above. Each, \$1.50

Sold by All Booksellers

Or by the Publishers, The Book Supply Company

CATALOG Size, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2
FREE. Big Savings
Books of all the Publishers
WRITE US FOR IT TODAY

Our mammoth catalog advertises books of all publishers, Bibles, Periodicals, etc. Bargains on every page. Books on all subjects. **Hundreds of Fine Sets and Fine Bindings for your library.** Every book carried in stock. Orders filled promptly. Great reductions. Big savings. Catalogue sent postage prepaid, free on request. A quarter million buyers testify to the advantages we offer. Every purchaser a satisfied customer. We want your orders. Our prices are convincing. Unequaled service for handling Public, Private and School Library orders.

The BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers and Booksellers
E. W. REYNOLDS, President
ESTABLISHED 1895 220-222 Monroe St., CHICAGO

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

THE HOME

ROAST TAME DUCK

By Mrs. W. H. Hopkins

In the evening, dress the duck, mix salt, one teaspoonful sugar and plenty pepper; with this rub the fowl well inside and out, place on earthen or granite dish, and set in a cool place until morning.

Stuffing—If you have not biscuit baked, make a light, rich bread of wheat flour, using either soda or baking powder. When done, add a very little sage, salt to taste, pepper, one or two eggs, two or three medium sized onions chopped fine, about one pint tomatoes chopped up, a lump of butter, size of a walnut, and sufficient milk and water to make a soft thick batter, fill the fowl, place in roaster, and then peel one lemon and place thin slices all over the top of fowl, and set in oven and as soon as brown on top, take out and cover with remainder of stuffing; fill roast pan one-half full of boiling water, and baste at intervals until done, then make a gravy of liquid in pan. The lemon takes away that strong, unpleasant taste so objectionable to most people. This is delicious.

Banana Pudding

Heat one quart sweet milk; into this stir the beaten yolks of three eggs mixed with a little milk and one teaspoonful flour or cornstarch. Boil a few minutes, set off, add vanilla, a pinch of salt; when cool, add three bananas sliced thin; frost and set in oven for frost to brown; serve cold.

Cream Surprise Cake

Break two eggs in a teacup, fill cup with rich cream (or use one-half cupful butter), one-half cupful milk, one cupful sugar, one-half to two cupfuls flour, a little salt, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder (or two teaspoonfuls cream tartar and one of soda); flavor with lemon or vanilla, and the size and beauty of the cake will be a surprise.

Caramel Pie

For two pies. Line two pie-tins with rich pie dough, and bake until a nice brown.

Cream—One cupful sugar, one cupful cream, enough milk for two pies, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter, the yolks of three eggs, pinch of salt, flavor with vanilla; add the milk, cream, butter and eggs together and heat, then thicken with sugar and flour added together.

Caramel—One cupful sugar, one cupful cream, one teaspoonful butter, salt; cook until brown, then add vanilla; add the cream, beating rapidly; pour into crusts, and frost with whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and set in oven to brown. This is delicious.

WHEN CREAM WILL NOT WHIP

By L. C. H.

When cream will not whip drop the white of an egg into it and beat together. This will work like a charm.

TO CLEAN WOODWORK

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

The woodwork around my kitchen sink became very dirty and I wanted it cleaned and revarnished. This easy method of getting the dirt and old varnish off at the same time was told me and proved to be a boon. The instructions were to make a soft soap from common yellow laundry soap, and when it was nearly cool to stir in one tablespoonful of concentrated lye and one-half cupful of coal oil. When the mixture was like a heavy paste it was ready to be spread over the woodwork with a paint brush. I followed these instructions, letting the soap remain a day and a half, and when I washed it off with plenty of hot water, was pleased to find the dirt and old varnish come with it, leaving the clean wood exposed. When it was dry, I varnished it, and I had a sweet, clean kitchen again, with very little labor.

Substitute for Beeswax

My supply of beeswax was low and did not last until the ironing was done. The woman who was working for me did not seem to mind it the least bit; she merely poured some kerosene oil over a folded newspaper and used that instead of the wax, finishing the ironing with as much ease, it seemed to me, as though she had the wax.

For the Enameled Sink

About once a week I go over my enameled sink with turpentine and salt. I dry the sink first, then rub it well with a cloth saturated with the oil and sprinkled liberally with the salt. A good rinsing with warm water, then drying, completes the process and leaves the sink in a condition better by far than any other method I have ever tried.

FOR THE CHAFING DISH

By Mrs. Lizzie Dickie

The outside of a nickel-plated chafing dish should never be immersed in water; simply wipe it off and give a final polish with a piece of chamois.

For Blood Stains

Nothing takes out blood stains better than cold soapsuds, to which kerosene has been added.

For Sponge Cake

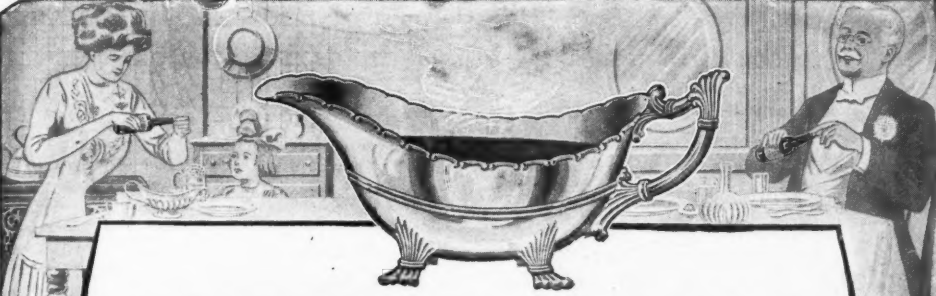
When making sponge cake, dust the top lightly with powdered sugar before putting in the oven.

For a Smoky Fire

A little salt sprinkled on a smoky fire will quickly clear it and give the blue flame that is needed for grilling.

For Furniture

When polishing furniture, add a little vinegar to the polish; this will get rid of the dull, oily look, so often noticed after cleaning.



GRAVIES Test the ability of a cook. To obtain the right seasoning use

LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Chafing Dish Cooking and Salad Dressings are improved by its use. Leading Chefs and Cooks know its value as the "final touch" to many a dish. Try it!

Refuse Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

THE Famous

Rayo Lamp



Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

The Rayo Lamp gives a white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easy to the eye, because it is absolutely free from flicker. You can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light, because there is no eye strain. A strong, durable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. This season's Rayo Lamp has a new burner, which adds greatly to its strength and appearance. For sale by dealers everywhere; or write to our nearest agency.

THE HOME

MOCK HEAD-CHEESE

By L. W. R.

Bake a roll of sausage in your covered roaster, let it get very cold, slice thin, and see what delicious, cold meat you will have. You will find it tastes much like the old-fashioned head-cheese which "mother used to make."

Another Meat Dish

A delicious way of using scraps of meat is the following:—Run the meat through the grinder, chop fine a small onion. Place meat, mixed with onion, in bottom of pudding dish, season to taste. If you have meat stock, use a little. If not, bits of butter and a little water will do. Cover the entire mixture with a layer of mashed and seasoned potatoes, which has been thoroughly mixed with a well-beaten egg. Bake until browned over, in a moderate oven.

A Work Saver

When the blueberry season comes again, do not tediously look them over, one by one, or even a handful at a time. Try the following plan:—Place a quart or more of berries in a pan. Fill the pan half full of water, and in a short time, all the leaves, twigs, poor berries, etc., will rise to the top of the water, and can be poured off, leaving the berries clean in the bottom of the pan.

TO FRESHEN HAM

By A. B.

Lay the sliced ham in a dish and cover with luke-warm water, slightly sweetened with sugar; leave about two hours, remove and dry, then fry.

To Remedy Squeaky Shoes

Let the shoes stand over night in a dish containing a small quantity of olive oil, so that the soles will be saturated; this will also protect them from dampness; wipe very carefully on removing from the oil.

To Keep Jelly

Dip circles of white tissue paper in sweet milk and cover the jelly glasses; when dry, the paper is stiff and hard as parchment, and keeps the jelly perfectly; better to use two circles at a time for each glass, as the paper is so very thin.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

By Inez DeJarnatt Cooper

To take a cake from a pan without breaking:—Before turning in your batter, grease the tin with lard instead of butter and directly on taking from the oven, lay it on a cloth thoroughly saturated with cold water, wrapping it well about the sides of the pan. Let it stand about ten minutes or until the cake shrinks away from the pan. Then run a knife around the sides of the pan, take hold of it and invert hastily, meantime gently loosening it, and turn onto the cake dish. This is easily done and a method to which you will cling.

TO TAKE CASTOR OIL

By E. S.

One may find a dose of castor oil quite palatable if poured into a glass *almost* full of cold water; moisten the edge of the glass with water before putting in the oil; also, take a sip of cold water from a second glass, before drinking the water and oil; the latter slips down without an unpleasant taste.

An Especially Good Broth

An especially good broth is made by using beef, mutton and veal for the basis, subjecting them to slow cooking.

An Aid to the Rheumatic Knee

A woolen sock with about two inches of the toe cut off, makes an excellent, as well as convenient, "warmer" for a rheumatic knee, the heel of the sock fitting nicely over the knee-cap.

THE DESPISED CHEWING GUM

By Mrs. J. M. Prewett

The despised chewing gum has its uses:—A hole in the bottom of the washbowl was successfully stopped with it; small holes in bedsteads, the lurking place of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" are filled with it, flush to the surface to the utter destruction of this "pestilence." The rounds of a cranky chair were held in place with it; and, no doubt, many other uses, beside that of chewing, could be found for it.

Mock Maple Syrup

Take a good handful of hickory-bark—the kind known as scaly bark—and make a strong tea of it; use it to mix with brown sugar, and cook to a smooth syrup. Excellent!

TO CLEAN WOODWORK

By Mrs. Charles M. Norton

Painted woodwork should never be cleaned with ammonia; it eats off the polish of the paint; instead make a mixture of three quarts of hot water, with soap enough to make a good lather; add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine and two of milk; you will find the woodwork will look as if freshly painted, instead of a dull, lifeless appearance usually noted after soap and water has been applied.

To Clean Lamp Chimneys

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all traces of greasy smoke, when water alone is of no avail.

TO CLEAN THE CHIMNEY

By O. L. Darter

Instead of throwing away potato peelings dry them and burn them in the stove. Those who burn soft coal will find this a great help. The potato peelings burn with such a fury that they carry the soot out of the chimney.



' From the struggling rays of the lamp, she locked upon the stranger''

(see page 201)



REVERIE "LA PENSEROSA," THE PENSIVE ONE

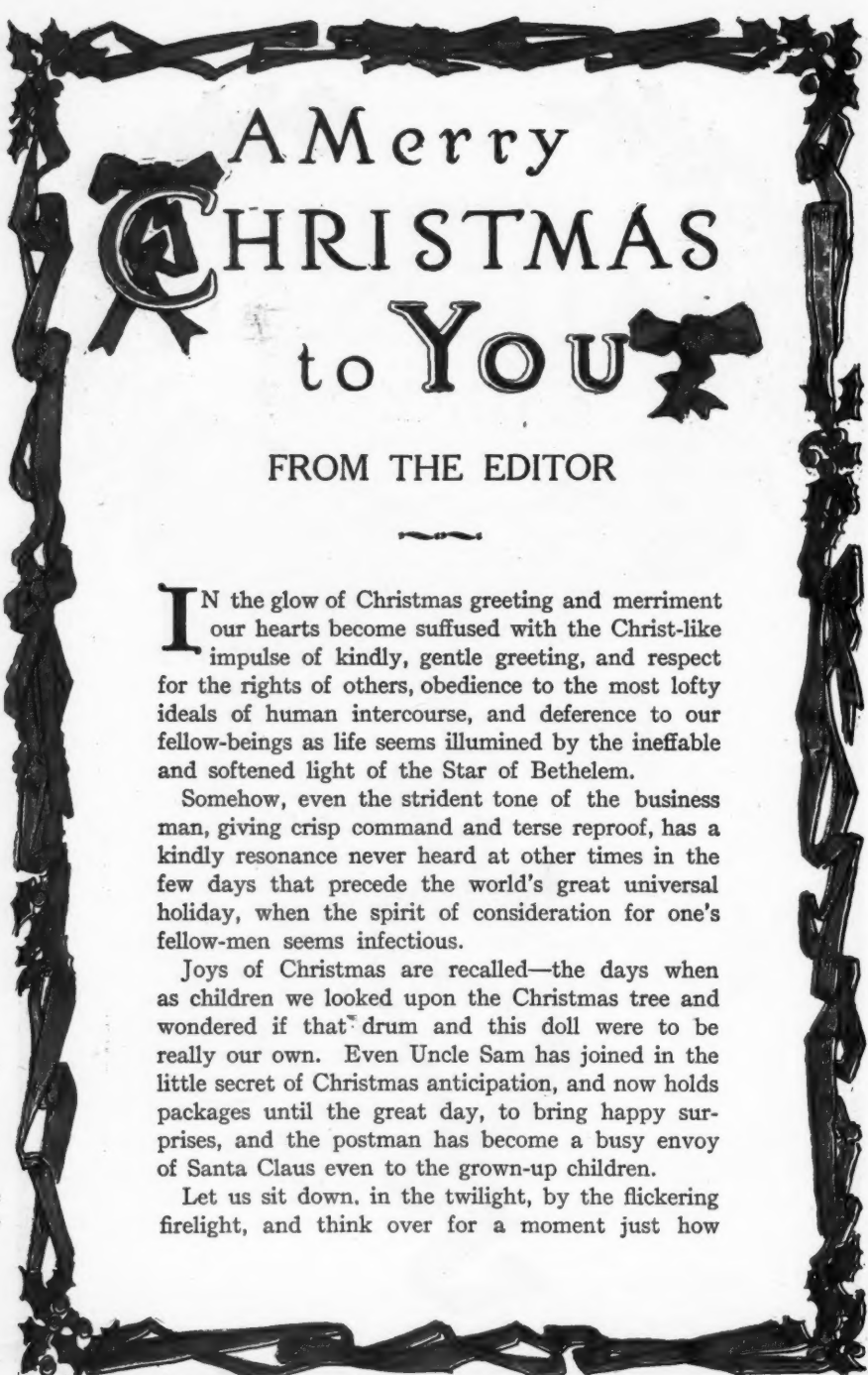
December

NATIONAL

MAGAZINE

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

1919



A Merry **C**HRISTMAS to YOU

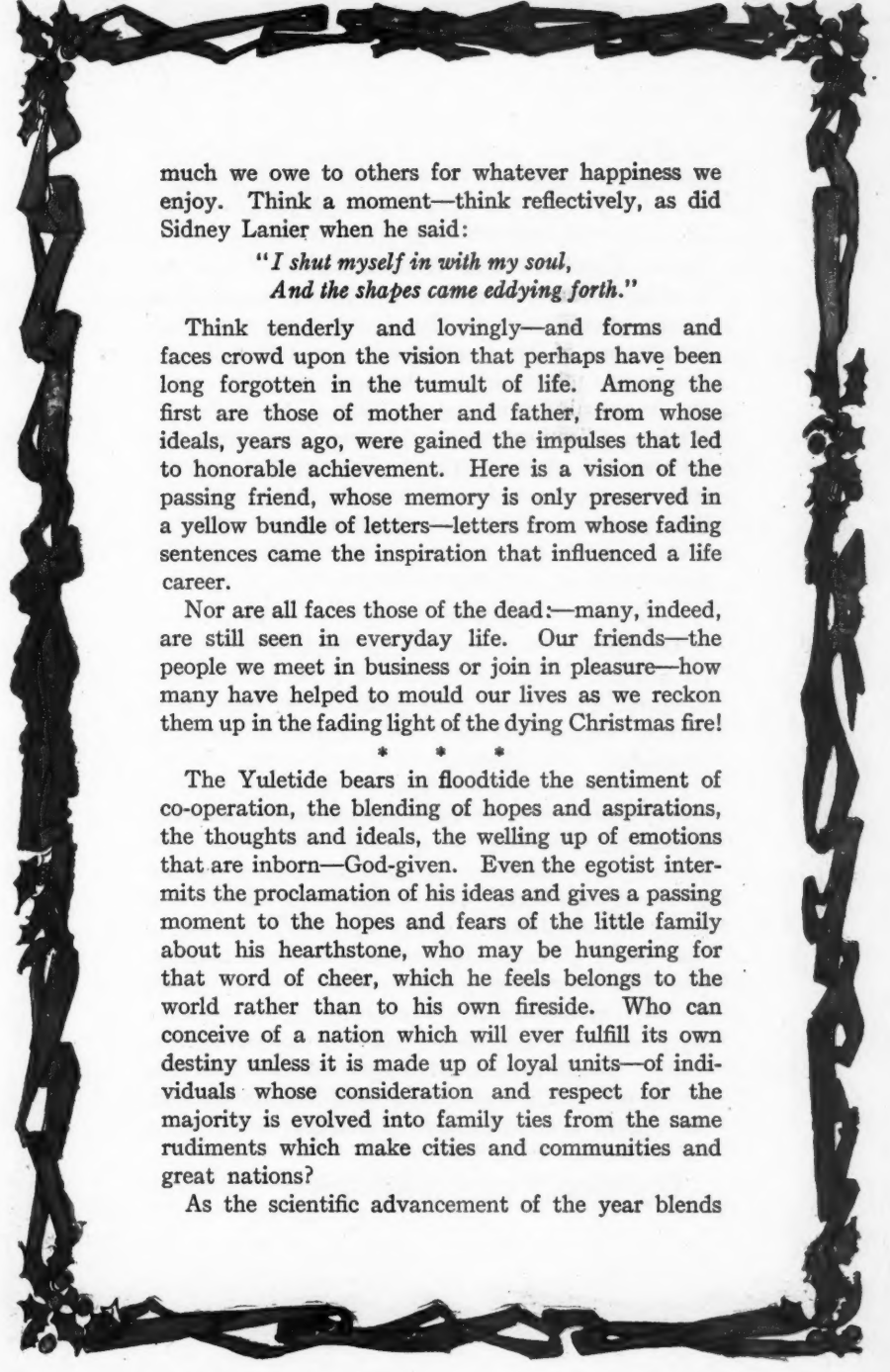
FROM THE EDITOR

IN the glow of Christmas greeting and merriment our hearts become suffused with the Christ-like impulse of kindly, gentle greeting, and respect for the rights of others, obedience to the most lofty ideals of human intercourse, and deference to our fellow-beings as life seems illumined by the ineffable and softened light of the Star of Bethelhem.

Somehow, even the strident tone of the business man, giving crisp command and terse reproof, has a kindly resonance never heard at other times in the few days that precede the world's great universal holiday, when the spirit of consideration for one's fellow-men seems infectious.

Joys of Christmas are recalled—the days when as children we looked upon the Christmas tree and wondered if that drum and this doll were to be really our own. Even Uncle Sam has joined in the little secret of Christmas anticipation, and now holds packages until the great day, to bring happy surprises, and the postman has become a busy envoy of Santa Claus even to the grown-up children.

Let us sit down, in the twilight, by the flickering firelight, and think over for a moment just how



much we owe to others for whatever happiness we enjoy. Think a moment—think reflectively, as did Sidney Lanier when he said:

*"I shut myself in with my soul,
And the shapes came eddying forth."*

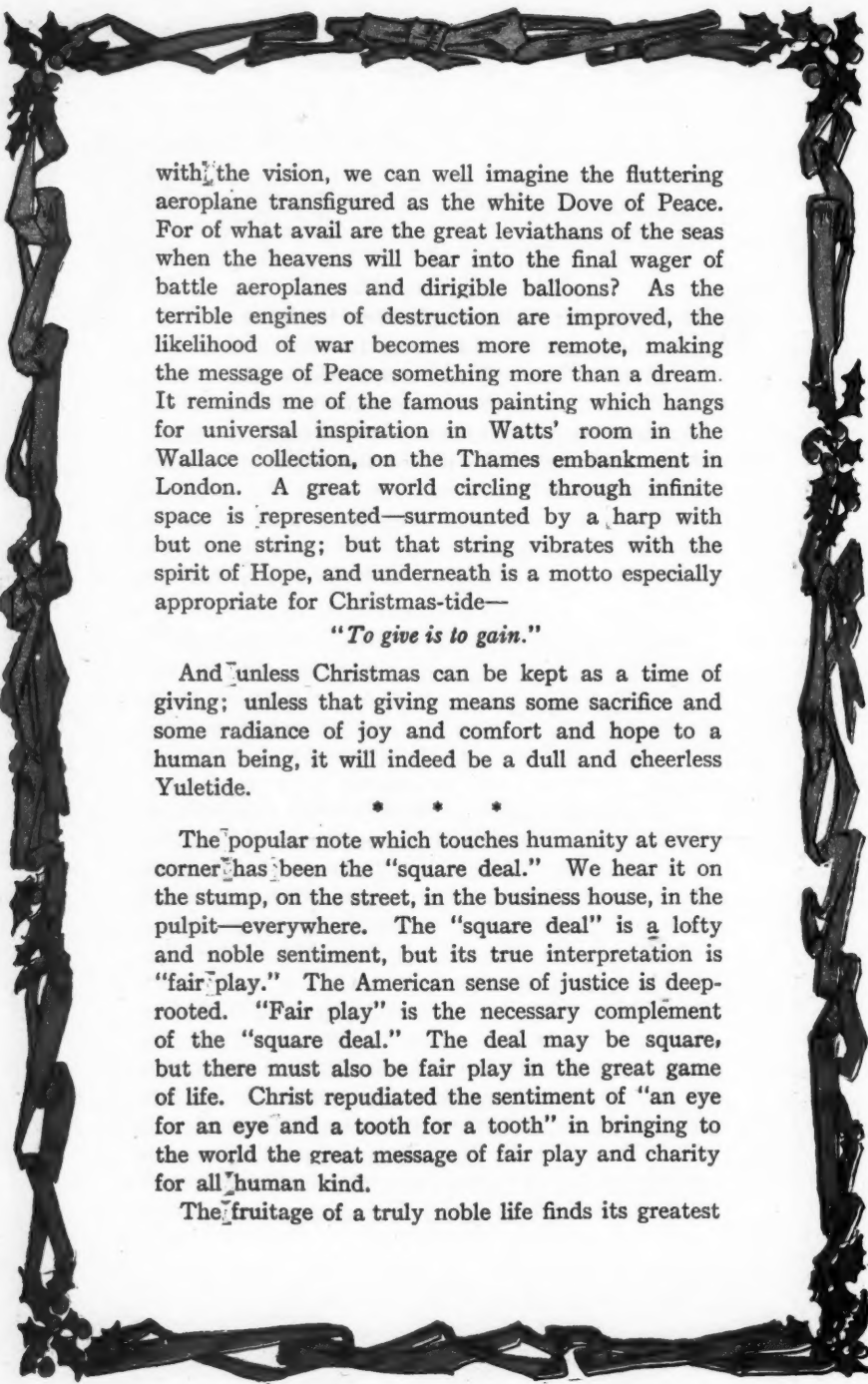
Think tenderly and lovingly—and forms and faces crowd upon the vision that perhaps have been long forgotten in the tumult of life. Among the first are those of mother and father, from whose ideals, years ago, were gained the impulses that led to honorable achievement. Here is a vision of the passing friend, whose memory is only preserved in a yellow bundle of letters—letters from whose fading sentences came the inspiration that influenced a life career.

Nor are all faces those of the dead:—many, indeed, are still seen in everyday life. Our friends—the people we meet in business or join in pleasure—how many have helped to mould our lives as we reckon them up in the fading light of the dying Christmas fire!

* * *

The Yuletide bears in floodtide the sentiment of co-operation, the blending of hopes and aspirations, the thoughts and ideals, the welling up of emotions that are inborn—God-given. Even the egotist intermits the proclamation of his ideas and gives a passing moment to the hopes and fears of the little family about his hearthstone, who may be hungering for that word of cheer, which he feels belongs to the world rather than to his own fireside. Who can conceive of a nation which will ever fulfill its own destiny unless it is made up of loyal units—of individuals whose consideration and respect for the majority is evolved into family ties from the same rudiments which make cities and communities and great nations?

As the scientific advancement of the year blends



with the vision, we can well imagine the fluttering aeroplane transfigured as the white Dove of Peace. For of what avail are the great leviathans of the seas when the heavens will bear into the final wager of battle aeroplanes and dirigible balloons? As the terrible engines of destruction are improved, the likelihood of war becomes more remote, making the message of Peace something more than a dream. It reminds me of the famous painting which hangs for universal inspiration in Watts' room in the Wallace collection, on the Thames embankment in London. A great world circling through infinite space is represented—surmounted by a harp with but one string; but that string vibrates with the spirit of Hope, and underneath is a motto especially appropriate for Christmas-tide—

"To give is to gain."

And unless Christmas can be kept as a time of giving; unless that giving means some sacrifice and some radiance of joy and comfort and hope to a human being, it will indeed be a dull and cheerless Yuletide.

* * *

The popular note which touches humanity at every corner has been the "square deal." We hear it on the stump, on the street, in the business house, in the pulpit—everywhere. The "square deal" is a lofty and noble sentiment, but its true interpretation is "fair play." The American sense of justice is deep-rooted. "Fair play" is the necessary complement of the "square deal." The deal may be square, but there must also be fair play in the great game of life. Christ repudiated the sentiment of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" in bringing to the world the great message of fair play and charity for all human kind.

The fruitage of a truly noble life finds its greatest

recompense in that fellowship and friendship to which Blair paid the charming apostrophe:

*"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!"*

The cultivation of friendship is a true mission of love—the little factory girl who eats her luncheon alone may have a heart hungering for a word from the associates who merrily group about for their noonday meal. The lonesome soul has a gentleness, which, if understood, could be developed into a disposition far from melancholy.

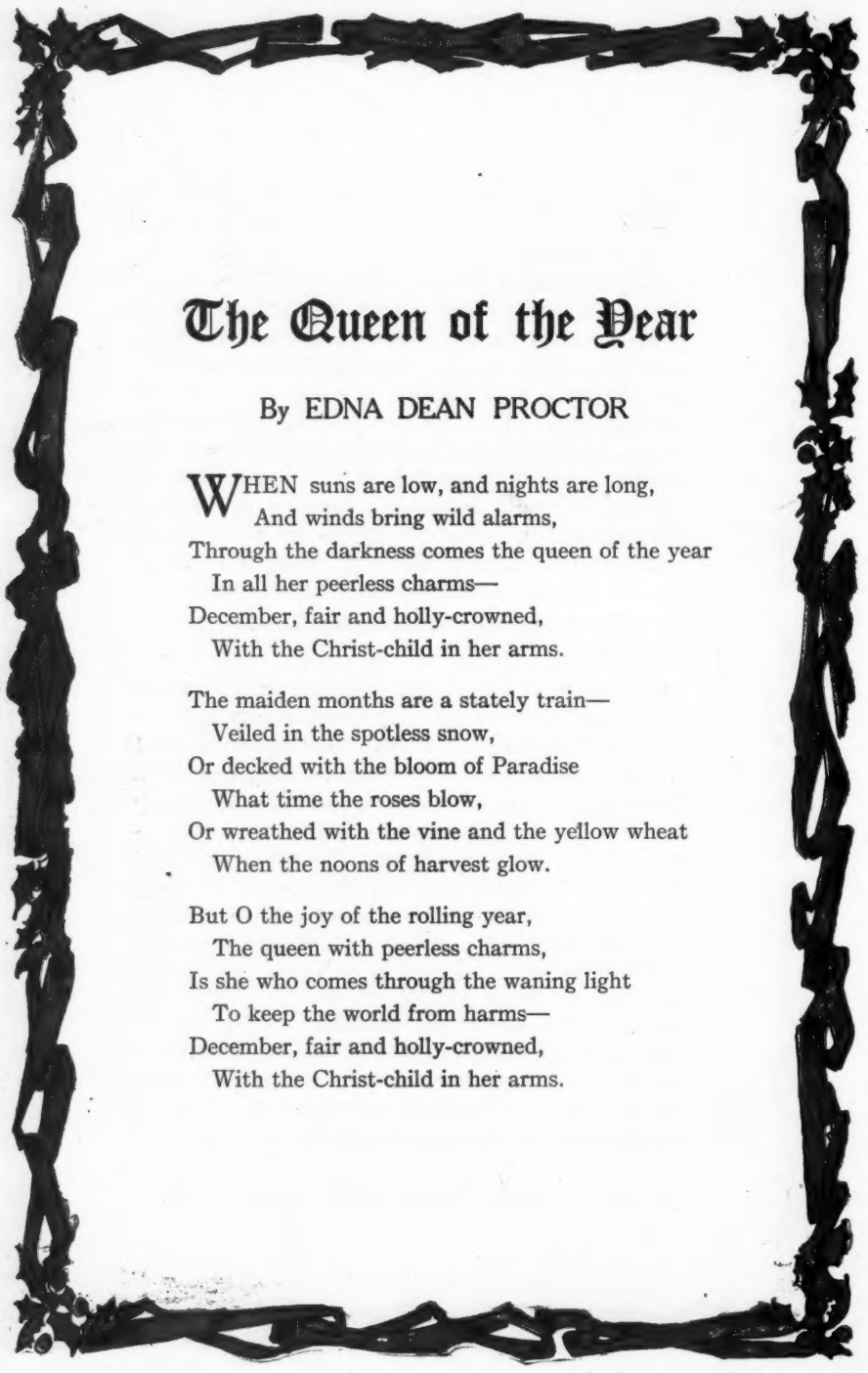
Would it not be possible to conceive of a nation in which man could see in a fellow-man not only his failings, but give him credit also for all his virtue? Can we not say with Browning

*"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides"?*

Think well of your fellow-men—let the Christmas spirit enter your heart, and every reader will, in perusing these lines, feel the Christmas spirit as I feel it, sitting by the hearthside and wishing a Merry Christmas for every individual and family gathering. Let Christmas of 1910 be one of happiness, and the new year will be radiant with hope and filled with the impulse of doing *something* for *somebody* every day. The books will balance if the impulse be actuated by fair play—fair play to every fellow-being.

With this sublimation will come the great consciousness of peace and benediction from Him who having lived a perfect life on earth now reigns over that universal kingdom toward which the heart and soul of man have ever turned for the "peace that passeth understanding" and the good will whose primal chord vibrates the harp-strings of Hope.

For Mitchell Thapple



The Queen of the Year

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

WHEN suns are low, and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
In all her peerless charms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train—
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But O the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.